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WILLIAM BREWSTER
All important systematic notes are copied into "Systematic Notes, Vol.1-68." I copied all the notes and they are all checked.

Walter Deane, June 10, 1899.
January 27 — cloudy most of the day, the sun shining briefly for a brief
interval in the afternoon. Light snow from the E. S. then 26° at
sunrise, 32° at noon.

visited Burt's Hill to-day for the first time this winter.
Taking the 10:16 a. m. train for Westford and crossing
the river on the ice which was nowhere less than 6'6
inches thick. Most of the open country was wholly bare
of snow but in the woods there was a good deal of
icy snow and dusted one with a thin layer of fresh
snow while few ground footprints to unusual advantage.
I have seen before seen so many tracks of foxes, rabbits,
red & gray squirrels, mice and partridges as I found
to-day in the woods near Burt's Hill. The rabbits especially
seem to be becoming thin this year. Scarce a pair
in the bushes the surface was literally covered with
them, the squirrels too, had left behind their recent
excursions in more than one place. I do not
remember to have seen these tracks in January before.
I started at least seven different partridges but most
birds were apparently my reason for I saw only a little
flock of chickadees near the cabin and two brown
coops in some pine woods. As I was crossing the line I heard
a few thrushes call them 1 or 2 times high up in the sky.
Squirrels immediately on Redtails had been flying in the trees
near the cabin for an hour or more and every time the frequent
of their chits came to ears. A Partridge had wandered all
around the cabin and along the same path. I know 7 or 8 other
large birds that called while my short steps, then not
observed on crossing on opening the first prints made an
1897
January 27

Another thing:

Dear Bulis Hill in the Golden Mowrins is block
of snowwords of fifty (I counted one forty) cows
were walking about on the ice. I was surprised
to see so many there at this season.

As I was walking along the ridge of Davis's Hill
I noticed a Red-tailed Hawk from one of the low
pines. As it flaps off one the frozen ice it utters
its hoarse scream twice or thrice times.

Returned to Cambridge by Am. 4 P.M. Train.
January 31  
(No. 2)  

The [The blue Coiices] contains a story which rhie Arms brought. 

They were recently about the finding of a Male drake's nest 

with eggs in the Maple Swamp. Last summer, Arms was shown 

the nest after it had been robbed. It was an old ground 

among bushes, and had a good deal of drake colored down. 

The eggs were hatched under a hen but the young all died 

soon afterwards. I consider these statements reliable enough, 

but I suspect that the drake was really a tame one that 

had "stolen" his mate in the spring. Although the man who 

found it turned it loose, that the hen like a wild bird 

flew off one of the nights. 


Boothby also told me that he examined the nests of 

this same heron which contained eggs or young ones on the 

leaves. They were all in maples in the southern part of 

the swamp near Heron Pool. He brought me one nest with 

a fine lot of fine eggs. Passing around Heron Pool to-day 

I counted five nests of this same heron scattered about one 

area of an acre or two, all in maples that are among bright 

olive or light. This comes pretty near being a colony of 

blue Herons. They did not used to uncommonly in any 

part of the Fresh Pond Swamp. Thirty years ago, Boothby 

says that about all the nests were formed in small brooks. 

According to Robinson (who has studied them considerable 

the past two years) the numbers which use this 

area are far fewer than the six a year, Cotton, Cotton 

Plants, and Mustards. The first nest would have added the 

bunch. Weasels a gamebird, which is great favorite was 

shot late in November 1876. Arms to me by Robert Brown. 

The Maple Swamp has suffered no serious deforestation within 

the past decade, and most of it is as wild & beautiful as it 

was thirty years ago but it's days are surely numbered for I have 

seen that the blue Heron will soon attack it.
January 31

A most remarkable day, cloudless and absolutely calm from daybreak to dusk, the air singuilarly clear, the sunlight exceptionally brilliant. From 5° at 7 a.m., 28° at 10 P.M.

Spent the forenoon in the Maple Swamp, with my camera, driving up at 9 a.m., waiting back an hour for dinner at 1 p.m. It would be difficult to conceive of a more perfect day. The air was cold and quite early but by 10 a.m. the sun was setting on southern exposures and the rays of the sun were almost uncomfortably warm. I found the sound ones deep when it had not cleared and worst deep in the drifts. The bushes were covered down with it and the branches of the trees covered with their winter coat aside. It was dry, floating snow & brilliantly lit & sparkling everywhere back from the woods.

I saw the following birds, all in the Maple Swamp:

Blackbirds 2; Pine Siskins a flock of 10; Goldfinches heard; Song Sparrow 2; Red Brested Grosbeak 2; English Sparrow 1 p.m. Rush - 5

For afterwards on our return we almost walked the Siskins were finding on older trees clustering in the tops of a single bush and windowing many moments at a time before changing to another place. I met with the same flock time and different parts of the swamp.

I was disappointed in the signs of small mammals, leaving but three a dream human trails in all & these looked like the tracks of a rabbit. I met Robinson early that he had started a Cotton-Tail Rabbit in this swamp about a month ago, the old Grey Whistle with whom I had a word or two to day told me that he had seen their signs within a week but I could find no traces of their presence.

Toby - [cursive]
March 11-23. Since March came in the weather became milder and hillier from day to day and the snow has melted rapidly under the influence of the warm sun and one or two rains until now (March 23) the ground is everywhere bare, the roads nearly dry, and the grass is fast turning up in patches and sunny places.

11 A bright, sunny morning with calm N. W. wind. Gone around Fresh Pond (9-9-30 a. m.) Saws two Bluebirds (one in full song) and heard a "Blackbird Shooting" and the wild, plaintive song of a Meadow Lark. One of the Bluebirds was in the fields near the foot of Bassett Road; the other was high up on the hillside field in Belmont. Looked and listened in vain for Robins, Song Sparrows, Redwings.

18 Heard a Song Sparrow singing steadily this morning in the hemlock bush on Mr. Samuel Sunder's Place, Main St.

19 Cloudy with light, cool S. W. wind. Walked (2-100 a. m.) to Cambridge Cemetery. The Song Sparrow again singing in Mr. Sundell's field. On the Cambridge Farm between the Creek & the Cemetery I heard at least six or seven Song Sparrows and saw several others flitting among branches of dead hedges. A "Blackbird Shooting" in the woods on the knoll & the fidgeting of a Blackbird too. Overhead, a least Black Crow fluttered about on the meadows in the woods. Further down a young birch had lost its leaves, & I passed directly beneath, plucking Song Sparrows singing everywhere and making my ears ache with their incessant ditty, churring the sweet voices of the Song Sparrows at times of exasperating annoyance. The pretty cedar-tipped hemlock is fast melting away under the attacks of the ground ants.
March 22

Calm and warm with thin clouds veiling the sky.

Drove around Mt. Auburn, through School St. to the Payson place and back by way of the road around Fresh Pond and the Shawmake, crossing at 9 a.m., the country was alive with early spring birds a heavy flight having evidently arrived during the night. Saws or heard about twenty Robins, thirty or forty Song Sparrows, a Grosbeak, a Catbird, and various others.

There were apparently no Robins in Cambridge this morning but early in the afternoon one appeared in one garden and just before sunset they were heard about everywhere between one place and another. Sitting in the tops of the trees, calling, there were three together in one of the big oaks just below the reservoir on Highland St. and as I stood watching them one began to sing, at first in low subdued tones, then building up into full song and keeping it up for several minutes. This delightful strain was finally interrupted by a small boy who threw a stone at the bird and drove him away.
March 29

Clear, warm, and calm through the early forenoon; afterwards with a chill east wind.

Starting at 9 a. m. I drove into and around Mr. Archam. Bids in seeing or hearing some Squairms, a Thrush (shouting in the crows were then two), a Red-wing (spring in the little pond where I used to trap musk rats), a pair of Starlings, a New Jay, and various English Sparrows.

I was astonished at the abundance of Gray Squairms of which I counted 34. Most of them were in maples in the extreme top; of these there among the slender terminal twigs outside they were leaping up their buds. I saw two in one tree and four or five in each of several trees. At a distance they ascended fairly well, and I actually visited one of them for an old Oriole nest. In one place where the path curved sharply around some trees I discovered twenty of these Squairms finding on a broad piece of land. They started off all together in the same direction and for a distance of thirty yards or more ran so closely connected together that a large flaxman would have covered the whole bunch. Then they entered the upper tree (a large oak) they swarmed up its trunk in a perfect stream some of these in the tree actually having to wait until a flaxman was cleared for them. A good many of them Gray Squain were young animals but little larger than Real Squairms.

I have only one Chambersells, the Cemetery officials have urged relations with the species for several years past for the alleged reason that it eats flowering plants.
March 31

Cher with story, chill N. S. wind.

I came to Concord last evening and was settled
over some in the House in my old room - the back room
with one big window and then facing the west. The early
morning singing can seldom be heard to advantage from this
room and this morning although I was awake early I
heard nothing whatever. But when I went out after breakfast
and ramble about in the fields and orchards I heard
and saw Robins, Finches, Redwings, Fox Sparrows, Gray Sparrows,
Grass Finches, a Phoebe, Corn Birds, Juncos etc. Then
some in Flaxen or Meadow Bunts. An Up and the Sparrows
saw my summons and their songs came at times from my
direction.

Gilbert came at 10 A.M. and in dinner down to hear this
afternoon, then out to the Cabin in order, dressed, and then took
a long afternoon walk in the woods which was
unusually silent and apparently empty of life.
In Brown's fair in hand Chickadees and at least one
Canada Waterthrush, perhaps the same bird that I heard
there last Thursday. Song Sparrows & Chins were the
only species that appeared to be as usual numbers. There
were a solitary Robin, a Pine, two Chickadees, two
Song Sparrows, and two or three Fox Sparrows in the
Chickatee along the road front and the Cabin. Mr. Plumb
at home. Then Partridges & Juncos, two Red
on Gray, one of the Partridges, a fine gray cock
flushed by Mr. L. day. rose in perfect silence & flew up
into a firm rising and pursuing to exactly like a
Corncrake Hunk that I mistook him for that bird
in drove back to Concord late in the afternoon.
April 5

The weather during the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd of April was remarkably uniform with countless flies, cold nights (the ground freezing hard) and warm, sunny days. The wind has held steadily in the W. to S. and, as a rule, has been very calm. Last night it rained heavily and this day is cloudy with light showers and a warm S. W. wind.

I have spent all of these few days at B acid Hill going and coming in the sailing course, after the first three days over the mountains, using the sail at least half the time. Now the water has fallen so that the windows are uncomfortable by boat.

Kinds of birds of the common kinds such as Song, the Sparrows, Thrushes, Redwings, Robins, Robins, Blackbirds, etc., have been very numerous. The Fin Sparrows have been hanging glibly in the early mornings, but alas! I have not heard a Single Clay Spencer although I saw at least a dozen of them on the 1st and since then two or three daily near the cabin.

I saw the first few hens on the 1st when they have been daily observed in hourly increasing numbers; the bulk of the flight, however, has not yet arrived.

There have been very few ducks. On the 31st March and 1st April I saw a few 7. on the 3rd of April, 2nd of April, and 3rd of April Black Ducks, April 4th, a few Black Ducks, and on the fourth, a few. There were two flying Ducks three to day.
1897

April 1-5

When I came here on March 31st there was no snow in any

...or deep trenched hollows in the woods but
although the roads are dry & clear in most places there
was no thing of green on even the summits of the grass.

...I noticed the first green grass on the afternoon

...of the 4th on Mr. Barrett's farm, and also along the

...banks where the canoe grass was standing up fresh

...beauty in many places. So many of the fields are

...distinctly green.

...The willow flowers in the woods and the barberry

...blossoms of the rue weathers are in their fullest perfection

...now. The heathers near the cabin had their flower buds

...fully developed & on the very point of unfolding this

...afternoon. No doubt they will be one to remember.

...On Saturday (April 3rd) after noon I heard the first

...frog a solitary wood frog which croaked distinctly in

...a few times in the little pond behind Balsillie Hill.

...The bearded frogs began the next morning and at

...noon their barking rose and fell over the whole

...extent of the Great Meadows although I do not think

...that on any one farm there then a dozen or so were

...enjoyed in this county.

...We heard the first pecking of hens this evening (April 5)

...perhaps for all but in all our part farms in:

...the North Brook woods near the dam & R.R. crossing

...about the earliest place for them that I know

...of in Concord.
1897.

April 1-5

Concord is a good place at which to note the arrival of Aplomado Finch this bird does not winter here in any numbers. I heard one "chirping" on the Bridge from opposite the Cabin on the 3 1st and another the next day. This morning (April 5) I heard them, one near the Woods, another at Harris Pond, and the third at Balls Hill. Here I conclude that the first and flight from the South occurred last night.

2. While passing through an opening in the pumps on Mason's Lawn this afternoon I started a pair of hoopoe, a large bird & whom I suppose a female. She was flushed straight for butt above the ground away from these & drank branches and did not take wing until I was within them or four yards starting on by her sudden appearance to begin to fly. Receiving something (which looked like a stick and half drowned Partick) on her tawny the fanned heavily off across the opening & into some bushes beyond where I failed to follow her again. She had either lost or was unloading her tail feathers for the tail was very ragged with one more than half its feathers of normal length.

3. On both these evenings a little before sunset I saw two or three Red-winged Blackbirds feeding on stubble fields near the river bank and singing at short regular intervals on the ground, usually hopping and waving their heads as they sang the trembled and then combing one in quest of food. They were not together but at different places.
April 25.

On the afternoon of the 4th I started a voyage on a blue-coated mare, Anger's Hawk, from an old man's barn. I rode the open field it disappeared among the pines on the east end of that hill. Returning the same way I found a fowl on the north end of that hill. Returning the same way I found a large cock Partridge which also flew towards the woods just mentioned. Less than a minute after it had flown beyond my sight it reappeared apparently directly back over my head with the Anger's Hawk in hot pursuit. But forty or hundred yards in the air, the Partridge went fully three yards to the Hen's own and had disappeared in the woods towards Holderness-Turner. The Hunke was in the same place as the last time. I noticed that where it came to a cut in the hill around which the Partridge had circled sharply it took exactly the same course, I do not know, however, that it caught the Partridge.

The song of the Red Squirrel has been constantly ringing in my ears these past few days. Despite its exquisite melody it goes ill with the surroundings. If I close my eyes while listening it comes at once transformed to the far north and by the slightest effort of the imagination can one think of the wide, brown tundra, half shrouded in low fog, covered with gray mosses and dotted with clusters of flowered Squirrel. Such a wild, primeval scene has no place in these soft meadows and half woodland woodlands. Also! I fear it will not be heard here many days longer.
April 6-10

During this period the weather has been coldly sunny. The wind with rotten cross cutting winds but no force. It has rained a good deal in front with a cold overcast day and on the 9th all day and very bribery rain too.

Under the influence of these rains and such vegetation as in these broad expanses has advanced rapidly. The grass is now grown on all portions of surfaces and along the rims becomes the first plants an inch or two inches tall. My hothouse now in full bloom on the 6th and Claytonia the whole day.

I have spent every day at Rosie Hill with the help of Poe and a commoner, Anderson by name, I have planted most of the turnips from Hume's field with young white peas.

Almost nothing of especial interest has fallen to my notice respecting the birds. A few migrants have come in. Trips in the east by the 8th at Rosie Hill. One in the east Thursday evening on the 6th. Stephen Sharp (Two Kingfisher, Rosie Hill) on the 7th. A Field Sparrow at Daniels' Hill and a Ruby Crowned Kingfisher in Rosedale's pine woods on the 8th. A House Swallow on the 9th (with about fifty) flying near the windows near Rosie Hill.

I saw the last 7 of Sparrows (near the cabin) on the 8th and believe that all have now departed. I have wholly missed the singing of these Sparrows this spring.

The Sparrows have longed up to the 8th and although I have seen them for a few days longer.
1897
April 6-10

When I made my first visit to Balsis Hill on March 31st, a Phoebe was singing near the cabin. I have been hearing her daily since but always above up to the 8th when she was accompanied by a mate. The pair are now apparently settled and I have strong hopes that they will build on a shelf which I have built up for them on the corner on the east side of my door.

Everyone agrees that Drieks have been unusually scarce this spring. The last observer up to this date was on a point of Groendieks which I started from Harris Pond on the morning of the 5th as I was fishing on a string. I heard some hooting on the morning of the 7th.

There have also been numerous Herons. Thus I have seen only one Red-Tail, one Ring Thrush, one Cooper's, one March Heron and one Goshawk. This is the first spring, I think, that I have not seen the Fifth Heron down but perhaps I shall yet get him on this list.
1897

April 6-10

According to the best information which I can obtain the

Muskrats do not arrive during the high water in March

was something unprecedented in late years but with them

are a good many G. L. and nearly the usual number

IV I should say. For the first 10 or 11 days I was

they were fun on the many and my hammock

tried up home to the fogs. They are actually in

pains but I have written about their mark on

board then produced a remarkable thing year. In general

occasions the hunt has been very low the place is doubt

clumsy the other by diving and carrying eggs well when we

the river leaving the more crossing about alone in these

looking for our with evident anxiety. The Muskrats

eyesight is evidently not of the bird even in the

evening twilight.

Painted Turtles have been out in numbers this year. At

April 13 I have heard several fresh shells on the

river banks. On the 14th I heard a rustling on

the leaves on a hill side several hundred yards

from where I go. To the shore found a画过的 hose

crawling laboriously upon the high margin. Could it

have been thinking of laying its eggs this early?

Wood Frogs, Leopard Frogs and Pickerel's都有

been heard daily since they began their. No swimming

lurpings but with one of the three as yet in many

mudflats. I cannot understand this for the first in

all hot of the mudflats and the water is unusually

warm for the season.
1897

April 10  Cloudy and calm all day.

H. M. Spelman joined us yesterday after noon and we spent the night together at the cabin. Nothing wrong near the cabin this morning excepting the Chickens, Fly Brooms and Red wings. After breakfast we walked to the meadow field and back through the woods. A Don coming at short, regular intervals in Bocchitt's pine Its voice very solemn, imposing. In the field are coming from the depths of the woods.

Two Pine Warblers in full song on Davis's Hill. A Sorrowful whining about in front of the cabin this morning and a Red-tailed Hawk in the same place late this afternoon.

Mrs. Spelman gained about noon and in the afternoon she and her husband walked to the meadow field and beyond shooting a pair of Doves and two Partridges.

11  Cloudy and calm. The sky clearing & the sun coming out about 5 P. M. Floating the canoe with strong, fair light.

An old slept in the cabin last night, the Spelmans occupying the upper chamber. The chilly, cloudy morning evidently depressed the birds for there was but little early morning singing. We took several short walks finding the feathers of a Partridge, which had evidently been frightened by a Hawk on the edge of the woods behind Nalls field and seeing a farm cottage which alighted in our walk on Davis's Hill.

At sunset I planted a Cannon (the Spelmans left it by the 4:10 P. M. train) shooting across the meadow which has been again planted by the recent rains. A Great Blue Heron passed near flying down river. Spelman saw them of them passing together yesterday.
1897.
April 12.  Clear with moderate N.W. wind. There was a hard frost last night; the ground and hollow places in the wood were frozen this morning.

Elbert arrived by an early train and on June 1, afternoon, fishing away in Mr. Wallis's garden for the summer and fishing up the open corn for my use. The concern in the morning.

In the afternoon we drove to Batman's Pond for rock flowers and to swim in for hope to get any supply of both. In some but few birds and many impressed with a large flock of American Geese in the water, giving about ten P.M. without place.

After our return and just before sunset, however, as I was standing with Miss Hoge in front of the house for Canada Green suddenly appeared coming from the direction of Fairhaven and passing directly over

Red Bridge at a height not exceeding 100 feet, though the grass I caught in their wake. They were playing my morning and appear to be through and undisturbed whether to adjust or to keep on. The final settled in the latter course and rising slightly more 30 of the northward over the mountains, drowning.

13 On the morning of the 13th I went to Concord, where I spent the coming week. Chipping Sparrow arrived in from in Concord this morning according to Mrs. Nutter and Mrs. Hannah Broth and anyone in Concord. I am very poor these weeks since Concord yesterday.
Sunday evening — I did write once with a rough lead but
A. Bartlett was born in Sleepy hollow, April 17.
(Foxen has been only once in Stonewall Arlington region)

Marula migratoria. A year or two ago, I noted what seemed
to be a small Robin heart in same down
young homes on the N. E. side of Balls Hill. This
season I have seen them build them in only one
occasion June 17 when Robin seems to have
a dozen or more come in from different directions
but chiefly from the S. & S.W. I think they were
all made by one great covey one hour for
a few minutes past before dark making all coveys
clamorous & exceedingly chiefly S. W. wind was
blowing this evening and they doubtless sought
concealment from it among these farms under the lee
of the high ridge. Robins have been rare these month
as compared this spring.

Hesperornis irroratus. The first birds on Balls Hill
April 26 — I long heard that morning. By April 30
the birds were established, one opposite the cabin
on the W. side from here, two opposite Davis's house,
on the farm house, none on any part of my
land. One of the birds opposite Davis's house regularly
and at frequent intervals interrupted in his song
the first call (four whistles) of Hesperornis irroratus
imitating them exactly. Hence, also, I heard him
give the 6th whistle of their death. I have never before
heard a Thrush make any other call. This
Thrash was a remarkably fine singer.
1857 April

Sitting comfort. — W. Bartlett tells me that Canada Authorities

\[\text{[Text obscured]}\]

\[\text{[Text obscured]}\]

Virgo stilltina. — The only bird which I have met with

during this month was a black in full song near the cabin at Bolivia's Hill early on the morning of April 17.
1697
April

Constriction: affection. A remarkably handsome & affectionate dog, Bashi's Hill on April 21st, and stayed until the 26th, although much of this time the weather was very warm (with 82°F on April 25th) and the nights cool. Probably some hens fed which I scattered over the ground every day or two, on which the bird appeared to feed exclusively. Was this attraction which held them so long. He usually left when the sky of birds in front of the cabin, but became my tenant. In the early morning he usually hung a few times & he was always ready at our house to respond to a good imitation of his song, which was remarkably pleasant & varied, & invariably was preceded by a low clucking call like that of ahen given by the strange sparrows. Allegedly he found here a previously attractive & interesting bird neighbor.

Storms were frequent. Scarcer than last year. Early in the month I noticed two birds, one on the wings from an elm tree near the swimming place. On May 1st I could find their remains below the limbs of the tree.

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April 1897

Convers aux americains. During the latter half of the month, the cows in the farm about Concord have been unusually boisterous making all the various sounds which I have heard from them in former years and in addition a peculiar succession of low whining and moaning cries which the girls were to me at times more strange resembling those of young kittens, or others' children calling to play in low tones. I have heard them many times in different places, always when two cows were together even when a yoke was engaged in ploughing (April 30th) in the top of a low field on Concord's Hill. Apparently tiring they were low notes, long, often followed by a burst of bustling cameos.

Sycamore Phoebe. Every year since my log cabin was built a Phoebe has hung about it in early spring as if thinking of building there. This year I found them there about March 31st and up to April 23rd he sang regularly every morning on the cable over my door and during the day hunted his insect food from various places about the wire bands were as before. On April 8th he was accompanied for the first time by a mate and after this came the two birds were constantly together but they were seen on the 29th at least once the cabin. I cannot understand why they will not nest there for there are many suitable places on the rough top under very 2000.
1897
April 21

My notes: Professor, on April 1st I began observing

my usual seat in the early morning near my
cabin. The Chickadees found it an easy

place to come to it regularly, through I knew

often a Red-Bellied

bird sometimes came occasionally. On April 9th

a more steady coming and not a day passed

after this. When I did not visit it from one
to ten or twice, apparently crying his first
at each visit. The uncommonly subject first

on the branch just above the first heading

crossing and looking knarly about in every direction

for a moment or more evidently to make sure

that no danger threatened. Once satisfied on this

he gave himself up readily to the pleasure

of his meal, changing head in the freedom of the

tree to the height of foot and digging with large

mouth fulls of a generation of Ogden Tortoise.

On May 1st he appeared in company with a

mate. This being the first occasion on which

we saw a female warbler. I noticed

that this mate came of an hour during hearing

them in clear weather. On my hourly they

be appeared & feel exactly as close than 3 or

times (as probably were). He flings on this

closer as never quite the locked & completely

unseen fooded.

April 21st. A single bird came was, Gould's ship of

intervals during this month. On April 30th

two appeared together for the first time. They then

were more than one hour in the afternoon flying back

forth over the land, 300 or 350 from

the island. What did this mean?
1897.

April 28

Bonesa umbellas. Last year the Putridges drummed regularly through April in my woods, one on a small bellworn log at the west end of Davis's swamp, another on a stump on the north side of the Blackmore ridge, third on the stone wall bordering Holden's meadow just north of the eastern extremity of Bon's field. I have seen a Cuck Errick in the same meadow locality almost daily this season but have heard no drumming there. Besides the above putridges have been occupied, but no other has the bird drummed at all regularly or frequently. I have heard only two drummers I doubt if there have been any others.

On April 29 as I was cutting Davis's Boomp by the little used part with a thin Putridges once a few yards ahead I flew strongly off elsewhere. While going to the farmhouse I found a nest built on the top of a mound between the hind upright stones of a large beanery bush. There were eight eggs all sound and firmly with heads not on could be seen until I removed the leaves and with a thud. This nest was in the mound itself (some unwrapped straw) but not over 10 feet from the other one on the crest of the swamp ridge which I found & photographed a nest with 9 eggs two years ago. I have no doubt it belongs to the same bird. It is one 2007.14.
Gallinago delicata. During the first ten days of April the Great Meadows were, as usual, flooded but after
the 10th. contained warm dry weather caused the water
to fall steadily until by the 21st. The river was in
most places well within its banks. No doubt there
had been some on the Great Meadows of Concord long
before this but the first time that I noticed was one
that drummed a few times near Balls Hill on the evening
of the 22nd. During the remainder of this month I
heard them very evening as well as in the early morning
whenever I happened to awake at the right time. In
the evening they began drumming about 15 or 20 minutes
after sunset, keeping it up about till light had faded
out in the west (I did not once hear one after it had
become fully dark), in the morning I heard them from
4.15 to 4.30 o'clock. They were most numerous on the evenings
of the 23rd and 24th when the meadows seemed to be fully
lined with them, thus or from being unusually engaged in
drumming on one turns while others were collecting or "staying."
As a rule the complete was seldom heard until near the
close of the drumming period when, for ten or fifteen minutes
it would come from every part of the meadows. In
quality it is very like the cutlin. cutlin of Rallus minor
coming and anyone hearing it for the first time would be
nearly sure to conclude that it was the voice of some
species of Rail. It varies somewhat in tone and form and
greatly in duration and rapidity of utterance.
Ordinarily the repetitive note is repeated about 15 or 20
times at the rate of about three or four to the second but
sometimes they are continued without this slightest pause
for several minutes. Again they are sometimes given
Gallinago delicata] much more slowly at the rate of about three to each two seconds. So far as I have observed, however, the rate varies during any one cocked period. The tone is usually rather dry and harsh but occasionally it is soft and almost liquid—a kind rather than a key sound. The call note is very peculiar in quality for it may be closely heard half a mile away when there is no wind.

The drumming carries even further under favourable conditions—quite three quarters of a mile when the air is still. It varies considerably in tone and fitness with different birds & to some extent with the same bird.

On the 27th I heard a single drum sound three or about 9 a.m. The sky being bright but not directly close to the time. On the morrow of the 29th, a bird drummed almost continuously on the windows opposite Brigh Island from 6 to 8 o'clock although the weather was clear and the sun, after 7 o'clock, very warm. At first there was no wind but a fresh breeze from the W. Strong up about 7:45 A.M., although the wind was with me. I stood for a long time on the shore at Brigh Island using our glasses finely we did not once get our eyes on the bird & unfortunately we had no means of estimating the time. At times however the sound was drawn within 200 yards or less judging by the sound of his wings while drumming. He cocked every now and then. He heard him first from just beyond Balls Hill a distance of fully half a mile.

On the evening of the 31st drumming at 8 A.M. About half an hour after dinner he was at it again & I have not heard him again since.
April 21

Clear and cool with fresh W wind. A heavy frost last night the ground and water frozen. (Nights before Cast on this morning fall to 22° Fbek).

After spending a week in Cambridge I came to Concord this morning. Most of the forenoon was consumed in transacting some business in town and getting a lot of plants, seeds, etc., down to the river bank from the garage. Indeed, it was past noon when I got down and found in the canoe and at hand. The first Throated Green Heron seemed to tell that I would not be long and reached the canoe without having even clipped my paddle in the water.

On the way down I heard but few birds singing, I saw a good many Red wings but very few brown sparrows - most of them of four or five in all. About 20 Swallows seem flying over the meadows, rather more than half the Swallows, the remaining Barn Swallows and our Martins.

Stopped a bit from the river bank just above the minute man. Another managed to fly through the late afternum in the usual place on the north side of Grant's meadows.

Soon the canoe I found a White-throated Sparrow, a flock of ten Yellow-rumps, a Robin (singing), a Song Sparrow or two Chickadee.

Walking to Davis's hill & bayard late in the afternoon I started them pretty well together & heard a small drumming in the distance on the Blacksmith hill.

Saw a Cowbird down near a Red-billed Magpie, Ivan Paine nones. Purple Martin (nonemb) in threes.
April 22

Closed and much winds with James S. W. went.

Spent the day planting trees near the cabin when I heard a heavy chink, a Plumb, their yellow, Robin branches, on a few yellow wings, a black & white, Crape, and the usual rounds of Robins, Redwings, Thrushes, etc.

Early in the morning as I was standing on the top of bothkill I heard a Smartphone chirping a & for it looked as long as the biggest Red tail. It looked over the rim toward beyond the Ewing and on reaching Brown's field began to ring as a Thrush there back but none for its excessively long tail, short wings and long back. I closed and home behind it to be on (after) Brown being he looked exactly like a big Cooper's Hawk. When I was still in light a second small Red tail crossed the same way Davis's Hill.

A little after I went to Brown's field where I heard a single round musical tones apparently one the meadow just north of Holden's Hill.

The house was peeping by Aus składa this morning but there was no other birding voice except than of a few single [?]. I heard Wood Thrushes singing in Camberly on the 17th.

Mrs. Booth had to go this afternoon. She was a fine looking person just as he [Mr. Booth].
April 23

Weather very like that of yesterday, but much warmer (about 70° at noon) with high S. W. wind.

Spat most of the day planting pines but in the early afternoon I went to Putnam's farm north and spent an hour or more rambling about the beautiful openings or clumps under the trees (very grateful to-day) of the woods. The birds were very silent. Indeed I heard only a field sparrow and two or three pine warblers during this walk.

On the 21st I was following the wood road which leads through these pines where I started a Don from a very large. I Bosky white pine which stands in the spring south west of the Glacial Hollow. A Don near a pair of young in a nest in a large cedar near this pine three or four years ago and something in the manner with which this bird started on this occasion made me to suspect that the flew from this nest but I could not see any thing that looked like it. To-day I found one again from the same tree and looking more carefully discerned the nest placed on a short branch directly against the main trunk about 15 feet above the ground. I did not examine the nest.

soon after the first left it a Don, perhaps the same in ding dunk, began coming in a fenceroom in the woods just about the Glacial Hollow. I heard a Don come near this last

1897.
April 23
1897

There were few birds near the cabin to-day and very little singing anywhere. In the morning I heard one yellow warbler and one yellow robin. Martin besides, of course, blackbirds, song sparrows, thrushes etc.

In the afternoon an Osprey flew directly over the cabin carrying a large fish in his talons and a little later a Pigeon landed on one of the posts that stick out of the water and followed by a gale of wind blowing before the strong wind with amazing velocity.

Shortly after sunset a single Osprey drumming on the meadow opposite, too near for comfort. When I first heard this bird another bird from the keep-keep-keep-keep call a coracle very distinctly & apparently not over 100 yards from me. I was standing near on the other side of the river.

The air this evening responded with the cheer of innumerable frogs, & locomotive frogs too strong to say the flocks were entirely silenced.

Bloodroot in full bloom to-day & a half from violet blossom on the flowering branch in front of the cabin.
April 24

Clear and very warm with light S. W. wind.

Some most of the day walking and lying on the young pines in the new plantation on the way in Benson. The strong S. W. winds of the past few days have blown them down. The heavy and dry S. W. winds drying up the roots.

Purdee arrived by the noon train. After dinner we walked to Benson's pine ridge and back by the Common where we heard several pipes drumming on the great meadows.

May 25

Clear and a lovely hot day for the season. The thermometer rising to 82° at 2 P.M. Hard S. W. very strong in the afternoon.

He was late and did not start out until 10 a.m. when Mr. Bartlett came by appointment to eat the noon meal together following the turn paths to Pink Island, then walking inland and wandering about through Somers's and Mrs. Barret's woods.

Bents was behind as usual. We heard only a very few birds a D. Cross, a few Mr. Varia a Field Sparrow besides a few Song Sparrows, then 3 rain waterers from Red-winged Bob vectors, 2 which were near the little corner house, one on Down's Hall, a pair on Benson's pine ridge.

Purdee and I took another walk at evening hearing pipes drumming & calling on the great meadows.
April 26 1897

Clear most of the day with variable winds. Much colder than yesterday.

We soon early and started nearly two hours late 7-9 a.m. walking about in the woods. Birds singing finely, but not very many individuals of any one kind.

Took the 9.20 a.m. train for Cambridge where I spent the day returning to W. Bedford by the Cara afternoon train. The evening was very beautiful with cloudless sky and us wind.

“27”

Spent this day walking near the cabin & saw many more birds. At evening walked to Melbourn Hill through the woods. Squirrels were chattering & calling all over the fruit trees. Judging by the sound they made them must have been dozens of them.

I heard a fox barking also.

“28”

Cloudy with S.W. wind, cloudy late in the afternoon, the following night cloudless with a brilliant display of stars and cool, frosty air.

Spent this day also fishing once twice & thrice. Heard a squirrel scream turned towards 8 o’clock.

Took carriage by the 5.30 train to spend the night after tea in town the old wooden boat and rowed up to the Berlin dam rapids. The water was high, able with Squirrels & their chattering & cleaning for an hour a worm was almost unheard.
1897
April 29

Clear and calm with a warm front in the early morning and a mild temperature at noon.

Took a boat around the island and then returned by about 6 a.m. and again a short walk. I

wondered how they would stand a sudden change of weather. The

sky fairly cast their colors in the approaching

sun and soon began to show a drizzling rain. Our rain coats and

umbrellas were essential, but at the same time the

sweeping rain made it impossible to see any

beauty of the island or the woods opposite.

Although the morning was cloudless and the

sun on the Cotton became decidedly warm,

I heard two Partridges drumming and Mr. Davis's

found a nest with 5 eggs. The bird ran directly from

the nest at a distance of 50 yards. The eggs were

completely covered with leaves that were not 3

thick. He was seen until the evening was obscured.

The nest was on a mound in the middle of a clearing

tangled with bushes.

Will Storrs joined us by the noon train and crossed

camp by the 4:10 P.M. train.

Storm 4 I took a short walk in the late afternoon. The raindrops streaming through a rain coat

a blade of grass with snow and rain as

producing a beautiful effect. It was reading

impossible to read anything. The

sun was shining on the woods, though a grey summer storm was just

on the wind. The flowers in the wind were

April 30

Cloudless, the sun warm and the wind, a
Strong west S.W. wind in P.M.

Storm and I took a number of photographs in
the early morning, spending until 9 the midday
hours lying in the shade in the woods talking.
He left me by the 4:10 P.M. train for Boston.

About the afternoon I walked down to
"The Meeting" rocks and broke walking on
the meadow at the western edge. As I
approached the groups of trees standing on the cliffs
I was reminded of a few words written by
his famous poet. After I had turned an hour
with a frequently "prompted" train in full wind.

At evening I walked to Benner's beyond having
a Dean calling in to have dinner, a Boston, Field
Spots and some fish in the fields. It was nearly
dusk when I reached Benner's ending on my long
walk. The hypos, sea and fogs I made very wetting
ousliens than all over the meadows but after
it was new at about evening it woke an hourly
groaning voice of a fly who walked for ten minutes
or more near the middle of the weeds. Gilbert had
bored an inch or so and then passed over
the meadows to-day as I often went of the gases they included.
April 1st, 1839

Today was cold with strong E. wind which brought a heavy rain storm the following night & day.

Spent the forenoon finishing my tree planting & putting the cabin in order for its long summer rest from occupancy. Paid a visit next to my Dows next and was relieved to find that the weather was all right & that setting growth my attention on how accounts were done chiefly to the foot of a tree & Garden's Manual appeared yesterday when I started both books together from one of my friends on Davis's Hill and asked how the meadows to the northeast. I soon they had taken up them through on my land and was cleared of the round flags of the brooding region as they did them a few years ago.

At 3:30 P.M. I closed the cabin and started for Concord, followed by road on the bicycle, I by train in the country, & walked practically the whole distance. On reaching the village, in fact among the course and its contents in the barn, I took the 6:15 train for Cambridge.

Early this forenoon I heard two yellow rails and an Oriole singing in the willows on Stead's meadow.
May 10

Cloudy with light rain in the late afternoon and evening.

Left Boston at 9 a.m. and reached Belchertown at 4:30 P.M. Dr. Kellogg met us at the station and we drove to his new house on the hill above the Belchertown House. After tea we walked about his grounds for an hour or more. A fine, light rain fell on the air and fragrant pebbly beds, robin and chaffinch crying, voices of Common robins Answering answered. As twilight fell a brood of crows began pecking and squawking in some tree limbs - a faint singer he was too. Still later two Merriams were singing in the distance. Hyling in great numbers prepared all right over the house.

11

Early morning foggy. Remembered a day clear with warm south wind.

Spent the forenoon walking about once to house with Dr. Kellogg. The familiar titmice on both sides of the pathway scored were busy about their nuts and feeders. Many woods of which I identified by their song, common redstart, red-breasted nuthatch, purple finch, brown thrasher, red-breasted nuthatch, juncos, vireos, thrushes, robins, chaffinches.

There were also a brown thrasher in full song, a solitary june bug, a junco, several red-winged blackbirds, common chaffinches. At 12:30 I started for the boat in company with Marius and Gilbert. The roads were in fairly good condition. The weather was delightful and the air was in every way as pleasant as possible. We saw a good many common blackbirds in the meadow, about 3½ miles from Belchertown. Two yellow blackbirds. In Manton there were many unjured birds seen then.
1897.  
May 11  

11 o'clock I reached Looknide at 6 p.m. and after tea walked along the road to the eastward of you as the dogs howled.  

Heard two Woodcocks singing both in places where I had hitherto heard them yesterday last year; one on the hill above Looknide, the other in the Brown chesnut where we found the nest in 1896.  

Heard also numerous Robins, two Humming Birds (one singing, the other whining) several Robins and a Whippoorwill, the last on the same side of the road in the Brown chesnut.

At Boston the vegetation is about a month behind that of eastern Massachusetts; here it is fully two weeks behind. The only grass in the woods is that of the paper birches or they are only just beginning to unfold their leaves. Poppies were in bloom as far up the road as the Witch but above the North the buds had not opened. The fields here are very green in places, in others the grass is seen & brown. Richardson Balsam on the 9 & 1/2. About this week ago the three quarters grown fell to zero. Flocks one night.

From what I know of the summer birds to-day I think that the first great "rush" of Robins reached Boston this morning but that it had stopped then. As it is warm to-night with a north wind in the south probably the large number of "crows" turn to-morrow.
May 12

Early morning calm and slightly foggy. An east wind blowing up about 7 a.m. Blowing warm which fell steadily from time to time through the remainder of the day.

Taking a short walk immediately after breakfast I saw a few wrens in Varietie but no small birds which continued a Business, two Blackbirds, and a few Yellow-rumps. Witness who went much further reported seeing almost no Warblers. In the afternoon, however, he found the woods alive with them and I found a similar experience near the Baker house where I spent the day on the house boat getting it in order for a float. During the forenoon I noticed no birds excepting Robinies, Blackbirds, Pentland Birds & a few others such early morning sparrow; but at about 12 P.M. Wrens of half a dozen kinds appeared everywhere in the thickets along the shore and one, a beautiful male Blackbird, paid me a visit alighting first on the log the cabin and then hopping along on the tiller.

From this I infer that the great flight meant at Potters yesterday did not arrive at chemicals until this afternoon. It may be known thus they halted this morning on some of the higher ridges a mountain sides and worked them very down to the base almost later in the day.

As I have just said I spent the day getting the house boat in order. At 6 P.M. we started and made a quick run across the flooded meadows to Rockside.
May 12
(No. 2)

1897.

In the way over to the lower house this morning
in company at Percival's Spring. Just as my boat
reached there a female whistler flew from a
large hole in a big yellow brick which stands near
the mouth of the brook & on the very edge of the
water at this house. I had heard that there was a
nest in this tree last season and I was looking
directly at that hole when the bird came out &
without hesitation I did not actually get my eye on her until
the nest was in the air. She started when I was about
20 ft. across the brook & the tree is flying heavily past
us, her wings rustling audibly, but not very loudly
alight from fifty yards off on the flooded meadow.
Half an hour later I again in the afternoon I
was on in company with the boat, flying into the
creek where the nests is situated. The house is a
wooded county nearly two feet in height by a foot in
width with its edge unevenly rounded in by breaks.
The tree is apparently alive and born in this county, being
the nest is about 20 ft. above the ground.

Besides this Whistler in some a pair of Black-backed
Sparrows by the brightness brighten there a large
flock of Thrushes about the bench on the 6
and another flock on the 9 which two birds men
seem on the 10. All these were seen from within
Corrigan Bridge 7 1/3 Points in Percival's Cove.
Early morning cloudy; rain began falling at about 9 a.m. gradually increasing until it came in sheets. There were thus it rain harder than it did for several hours (11 a.m. - 9 p.m.).

The hollows in the fields quickly became floods and the road from Beakside House to the Crowlhy was gulled badly by the rushing brook which followed its course down through Hope. There was almost no wind.

I spent the day on the boat and made no observations worthy recording but I saw and heard many kindnesses along the neighboring farms and hilltops, who spent time on their farms in the保障期 clearing after the Storm began repeated these words simply knowing with several birds.

14. Clear and warm with light W. wind in the early morning and a fresh S. E. from the remainder of the day.

I went one to Beakside in the morning and returned in the very 18 p.m. coming paddling the whole way, keeping close in them, often stopping to watch a listen for birds. On the return near the Beak House where I found a Wilson's Black-caps, lost from a 3 of this species was in full song & I afterward saw a if not far from Beakside. The woods along the south line were aline with birds scattered about & singing freely as well as in brown wide fields. I noticed great numbers of Black-brown

bantons, then Black-crested Java (many Black & yellow crested Java. Heard a Winter Wren & saw a 3 Winter Wren.

At evening a Wilson's Thrush called & an Olivesided Flycatcher sang on the Beakside House.
1897.  
May 15.

Clear and cool with fresh, steady N. to W. W., about 6 a.m.

We breakfasted at 6:30 a.m. and by 6:30 we were off in one of the canoes sailing out around B. Point and down into the cove behind where I landed near Crocker's camping ground and took a walk back into the brush and sage woods behind. They are badly injured and disfigured by the fire I lost spring but few birds seemed to be in a worse state although there were many sitting in the huckleberries near the water. The huckleberry has been badly marred, however, by the lumbermen who lost winter and all the timber and many of the fruit trees which fringes all the way from the landing to the camp where the Indian fisher. Lumbering is a very different business now from what it was twenty years ago. There only the large trees were taken; now the lumber mills destroy everything and nothing is spared thicker than the bull than five miles! The sycamore forests of this cove remain one, indeed, feet walking away of the mountain slopes are changing drastically as the slash uncovers are treated now by the lumbermen leaving only the hardwood to a few uncut and native pines. The huckleberries, however, are not as yet matured.

These changes in the character of the forests must with all the considerable changes in the bird forms. The fish near Crocker's Camp, for instance, has been one of the chief camping grounds for the Bogy headed Wonderer. They will breed there no longer now that all the huckleberry are gone.

Returned to the homer house by 9 a.m. A. M.
1897.
May 13

(Waterou visited and examined the Whistler's nest at the mouth of Pasco's Brook this morning. It contained nineteen eggs, all of the same type as regards both shape and coloring. The nest was not sitting within yesterday (when I looked on the tin) or to-day, the next was a little more than an inch length below the entrance. The eggs, Waters says, were literally piled one on another. They were uncracked but there was an abundance down about them.

I saw the pair (or another pair) of Whistler's flying along more than this ofternoon and on this, as well as any other occasion that I can remember, the duck was leading the drake following closely behind.

I believe that with the Black Drakes also the female always precedes the male when the pair are flying together or least on this season. Certainly this has been the case with all the pairs that I have seen this season including two pairs that passed our house boat this morning (unattended, as I often wood's learned, by Waters were one of the female is largely seen after). The sexes come too equally; certainly this is justified by the difference of form, that being much larger than the male.

Early this morning I heard the chipping call of a Titmouse repeated a dozen or more times. The bird was evidently flying about over the field, on a considerable height apparently.
At certain long and irregular intervals during the dry or very dry periods, one or more of our bird enemies, like the yellow-shank of Grebe or even a large snake, lay or pass over the road, where the bird lives a comfortable life, and where it must have a meal.

Early in the afternoon, Martens and I looked for the nest of the woodpecker that may be found in the woodland clearing. We found one of the birds but found nothing else. In that case, I saw a purple willow in full bloom. Last evening, Martens and I walked into the forest, where they lived, and the woodpecker singing.

There has been little evident change in the appearance of the woods since the first but the birds and insects are perhaps a little more conspicuous now than before. They are not only more than once as yet begun to unfold their leaves.

I saw the first mosquitoes on the 12th, a very large one of a species different, I think, from that which is so numerous later in the month.
May 16 Sunday. Fair, the sun shining at frequent intervals. Temperatures-cloudy, light W. wind in P. C. Cold last night. Sun shining 1/4 with clouds.

Spent most of the day on the boat, fishing, rowing, two short roads, and a walk along the road at evening. Birds very silent and retiring but few fly from a hand. At evening a Grass Finch, a Redbody Thrush, two Savannah Sparrows, and two Woodpecker were all that we heard.

For nearly an hour this morning a Brown Thrasher, the first that I have ever noted here, was in a tree near the house of Mr. Point of the ranch. From what the farm hands told me I think that there cannot be another on R. Meadows. They believe it to be a Mocking Bird.

A solitary Mockingbird also appeared this morning near the laundry's dwelling from ten to ten giving the call with only.
1897.
May 17

Clear, neither cool nor warm, wind light from W. altogether as perfect a May day as could be imagined.

Shortly after 6 a.m. I went ashore with Woodhouse & Selby, and we spent some time here looking for woodcocks' nests, without success although we finished their nests here. We looked and wandered along the road on the eastern edge of Rockefeller clearing, the brook on the upper edge, the Nunn River.

In the cotton I found a Nest of Thrushes with 4 eggs, flashing the bird almost underfoot by strutting with my boots. This bird was about 3 feet 6 inches high. We found one nest Thrushes last year and not since. As yet, from the base of the cotton, a few, only one branch to play, were hopping about. 20 yds. 70 yds.

Small birds were uttery silent, certain the form for the morning was fixed, the time bright & early conduction right for these. Probably the first

The Brown Thrasher sang again this morning on the shore at the base of P. Point. I could hear him faintly but distinctly from the hill top behind Rockefeller, a distance of fully half a mile.

During the day we saw from the boat a pair of adult Bald Eagles, several Frigate Birds and a pair of their young, along with Black & Whistling Ducks. Also a Harrier Haast.
1857
May 17 (No 2)

Shortly after dinner, motions to proceed across the body to the bayou farms. On the way we started some birds which were swimming together off Buck Point across hundreds of yards from them. I took them to be waterfowl, but one was too to identify them certainly. It also has a great blue mass flying over high in air.

Banding at the head of the same we walked up and the ducks broke into the pasture where we found two waterfowl in pastury. They were in the same place regularly when the two birds close last year. Furthermore every one of the fishing and hunting parties who fished or hunted last year does to this season. What does it mean? It is seen this birds on the same individuals or the particular types of they one thinks they move around very coming here certain attractions obvious to all them tribes. It can hardly be seen coincidently for the pastures on all large and two birds concerned twenty or thirty acres each while the particular that one ten the birds can do not know to design in any more than the rest of them form, tangy pasturelands.

The birds can really the barn it is a miracle that could have escaped the dangers of the journey. As last autumn the return this spring. Thus far we have found the hanger has their east of the side, two to the mouth of the bayou.

During at least two nights the past week the woodcock crowded backside being floated up to 10 feet. Our doubts much later. The storm was nearly full. The first night was clear, the second rainy but with the moon breaking through the clouds at times intensely.
May 17

Besides the usual work we heard nothing in the distant chipping from a number of migrants sometimes faintly in the background and an occasional cry of the autumn hawks. But just as we were leaving off from them in the thicket a Barred Owl attains a SCREAMING who-a man at hard and constant contrived in the distance towards A. Raw. offen on bird's head the brown bird in heard thence constantly for an hour or more. I came near then scream together and inquired the SCREAMING any help in collar and screaming needly to often heard along the Florida hawks who with in cannot recall one hearing in the sound. I think there was no sound but heard there from or perhaps from heard, how in the SCREAMING came to one in this one A. Raw.
May 18

A cloudless, calm morning succeeded by a sunny, perfect day with brisk W. wind. Heavenly crimson rhododendrons in the evening.

At 6 a.m. I visited theistrand west in the Snow Clearing to take photographs of it. The wind has been westward for a hermit but any change allowing me to set up the camera & focus on him at a distance of about 4 ft, but giving away just as I was about to expose a second photo. The hermit went back to the eggs, however, which the camera was in position although I wanted for him nearly an hour. During this time the wind blew steady filling about would the heat, whining & giving the right

Now by 10 a.m. western sun in the first 1 hour, birds were singing, partly in some openness and within leaving our, a Black-throated Green, a Towhee, a Black-throated Green, a Black-throated Green, a Black-throated Green. Alas, however, should birds within range. I saw three pairs of Juncos & heard two Redstarts. But the most interesting bird scene was a Heron which I found in a brush form on the edge of the woods just east of Alexandre.

Notions: Gilbert spent the day out hunting looking for Woodcocks' nests were successful in the morning & evening, & it occurred that dried slender in the afternoon that they found absolutely nothing.

Vienna continues and both kinds of rhododendrons in bloom everywhere yesterday & this morning.
May 19.

A brilliant October-like day with sparkling air wholly free from haze, an absolutely cloudless sky and a strong wind from the north-west.

Affairs connected with our still unfinished home boat continue to claim most of my attention. Moreover I have not as yet sufficiently recovered from my illness of last winter to be able to render much service. Hence to-day, after most of these days that have preceded it here this month, has been devoted chiefly to small tasks on the boat. I found time this forenoon, however, to take a brief in one of the canoes breaking up to the bank of theDescription. Corr. form. I found some interesting birds. First a pair of Black Ducks which started well in among the flooded forest (the bank is exceptionally high here for this season) and were forced to mount nearly straight upward to a height of 40 to 50 feet before they could get clear of the trees (shaking their wings loudly against more than one cloud branch among the water). Next two Partridges chamming, one on either side of the boat. Then a Barred Owl hooting almost incessantly for more than an hour (9-10 a.m.) in one place, apparently only a few rods from the water edge. I cannot wait in search of him but decided to find him as he stopped hooting as soon as he heard me approaching. His hoots were greatly excited by his outcry and my responses, flying first to him and then to me, caution loudly.

Of the smaller birds I found a Chub, a Canada wren, Brown-crested Humming, Yellow-rumped, Black-capped Chickadee and a couple of Finches.
1897.
May 20

Cloudy, the breeze calm, a fresh S. wind in P. M. Won't rain.

I spent the early part of the forenoon photographing the
hermit warbler in the maple clearing, mopping my face getting the
pictures of the hermit bird at a distance of about 3 ft.
accomplishing this by setting up my camera with the back down
and then going off into the woods for half-an-hour a move to
give the bird a chance to return. I worked this method by
means of a long cotton cord.

The woods into which I retreated during the intervals of
sunlight proved to contain a large number of smaller birds
including a golden-crowned kinglet, a brown creeper, a grey-breasted nuthatch,
two yellow-bellied sapsuckers, a female Blackburnian warbler, a
Black-throated blue warbler, a Canadian jay, a
wartail \(\text{unreadable}\) (in fruit tree), a hermit thrush (singing), several
Brown-headed Nuthatches, an orange-crowned warbler, and a Canada jay. The last
was exceedingly wary, flying fairly short and with its tail
spread. With screams which, at first, I did not recognize.
Waltz, well back in these woods I heard the clucking of
a Bobwhite passing overhead very high in one
of the trees, which I did not recognize.

While well back in these woods I heard the clucking of
a Bobwhite passing overhead very high in one
of the trees, which I did not recognize. Two Bobwhites flying in company
of

The flight calls only also heard high overhead.

In my way home I found a Cape May Warbler in
full song in the pasture. Stopped just below the road
opposite the place where the cunt path to the creek turns.
This bird has regularly had known nests this
morning. A Cape May Warbler in the same farm last year.

A Bobwhite was hopping in backwade meadow as I passed
through it on my return to the road.
1847

Monday

John the South wind being up just after dinner we
decided to leave and float into Sheep Island. But as
many things had to be done that it was 4 or 5 when
we came off from our mothers hotel.

At first we intended to walk their Point if possible
but when we reached the Narrows the little can at
the north end of Great Island looked so very attractive
that we turned about and stood back on it. As we
were floating into this can the flotilla of me by
moat continued to date which made a beautiful
noise as we went off through the waves quite as
loud indeed as the falling of General doors in your
convention.

A Black-headed Blimp Walker, an Ora bird and a Solitary Viscous
were singing as we entered the can. Later as the sun
rose the falling tone was a piece of music to business's themes.

Every one was heard from here and there all about us. Still
after night closed in no heard nothing but the
falling of spacious andaros and the barking of a
Great Horned Owl in the chimney of the Negronal
farm. It was disappinted in being in Bruce.

From what I saw this morning I was convinced
that the birds first seen around last night
are early this morning. There were very many trees
birds everywhere.
It rained heavily during the night and practically all day, the showers coming through most of the day. The temperature was very warm - almost sultry - with light S. wind, but early in the afternoon the wind changed to N. W. and the weather was decidedly cool.

There was a grand bust of song at daybreak this morning, the Swallows and Wrens thriving in the principal parts. Birds sang freely through most of the forenoon also. The forest about us seemed to be literally alive with terns, especially along the shores of the channel at the head of Great Island, and on the Island at the eastern end of this channel. I noted for the first time a Red-eyed Vireo and a Scarlet Tanager, both in full song. Canada Geese appeared to be common and were singing freely. A Rose-breasted Grosbeak also was seen once in a while. Four Bobolinks flew overhead high in our climbing, Parrot, Black-burner, Black & Yellow & Yellow Warble Woodpeckers were especially numerous and Black-throated Blue Warblers were chiefly everywhere. I heard one Black-throated Blue Warbler (this also is a new arrival) one Winter Wren, one Brown Creeper, and one Bay-breasted Warbler.

Woodpeckers appear to be almost as numerous now as they used to be all around this body twenty years ago. I heard a sound to-day from Hairy, one Downy, one Yellow-bellied, and one Alder-thru-treec within half-a-mile of our anchorage.

There were also several Bald Eagles about as late in the afternoon two Brown Rides went to roost in a broken tree at the head of the bay. We can watch them from our anchorage.
May 21
(No 2)

1897

nearby on horse they left up a bank screaming wildly
a cock in repeated terror turns in quick succession
and to my side the clear clear clear of graphically tell
that we are all driven at first it was harrowed bored
and given more hardly.

At 7 a.m. I started off along in the now cause
paddling through the channel and into the hereon
buddies of wide new rising and whirling about basically
everywhere along the heavily wooded shores but the water
was gentle clear. How the birds sing! It reminded me
of the good old times to hear their songs coming instagram
from many directions and in such numbers and variety as
not be fairly beardly then must have been a heavy
bright last night or else this locality is far more
happening than the backwater region.

As I emerged from the western end of the channel a
pair of Black Ducks soon were the little island when I
took a seat many years ago. Further out unless near
the middle of the Can I could the two other homes
of water-fowl swimming. One pair proud to be also
Black Ducks, the other two birds presented me at
first instead until I got within 100 yards of them.
At a distance they looked like Hooded Mergansers but
as I came nearer they swelled up a pair of long
plumage made I began swimming hopefully away from
one side further. Finally I made them out to be
Red-headed Grebes a breed I have never seen here
in spring before. They were both in the full nuptial
plumage and in just the right lights I could see
1897
May 21

The rich chirstmas of their maloes and the fine celly
the thawing into perfect distarctions. When I was within
some yards they took to swimming, keeping under water a
surprising long time but not forgetting much further
than a fathom or so. would have been under similar
circumstances and with even dodging or trying to pass
under water. After walking they or some clings one
of them rose and flew past me物体ity again about
two yards off. Presently it began calling with a very
loud, harsh voice not unlike that of an angry crow
but of much greater volume. The call was also given
in rhythm and accented with singular deliberation.

Carr; carr; carr; then or three times sometimes long enough
to carr; carr; again submerging in carr; carr; carr; carr; or
ca-as-ca-as-ca. This call was frequently answered
by the other or unseen bird which all the while I
had been facing closely and dodging close in them.
This bird would always join the dropper in quacking
from 7: the cry was sometimes preceded by
an expression highly unlike that of a 7: the like. Suddenly,
I could not make the fly to whom I left him
the 7: the otter bird (or much in doubt) geenly
swam together. I could hear easily that them
both back I them so minded.

There is evidently a Black Duck's nest on the small
island at the eastern end of the channel not 50 yds.
from our anchorage. We saw the duck fly directly
out of the woods this afternoon. Presently we made
joined and the two had together almost within gunshot
of them feet. Half an hour later the duck flew back to the
island for there was only our food. The
May 22

1897.

Clear, the sky filled at times, however, with masses of clouds driven rapidly before the violent W. W. wind. Much cooler.

Although the wind did not rise until half-past six this morning, there was almost no breezing at daybreak. Indeed I heard only a Wren, a Blue Tit and the songs of several Sparrows. It was a great contrast to yesterday morning. No doubt the cause of this unusual silence was the sudden fall of the temperature for, as I walked up formerly later in the day, there were plenty of birds about. Although less I think, than yesterday. They sang with less intensity, but at nine o'clock in the early afternoon despite the loping wind but when the wind fell at sunset and the air became freshly again the waters were again silent and to nearly so that I heard only one Blue Tit, a Wren and (on the Haywood) a Savannah Sparrow and a Red-winged Blackbird.

Just before breakfast this morning we saw the pair of Black Ducks again swimming together close inshore near the little island at the western entrance to Otter Island channel. An hour later we landed on this island and searched it systematically and as we searched thoroughly but without finding anything near an old nest of a Red-throated. On the way back to the boat, however, and within a few yards of it I noticed an isolated patch of rust-colored Moor which we had all passed by on first landing. Having decided to examine it I suddenly saw one of the Branches move slightly and a long dark wad was thrust up within ten or twelve feet of where I stood. The next instant a Black Duck rose with a prodigious flutter and loud quacking and went
May 22

1897.

out through the two and off over the coast. Without
moving from my position I could see the eggs through
them, certain in another couple of years perhaps. There
were thirteen of them, none in the last couple although
there was plenty of down under and about them.

The nest was placed near the edge of the end of year
(which covered about 20 feet square) on firm clay ground
five or six feet above high-water mark, near the eastern
extremity of the island, and about 30 feet from the
water's edge in that direction.

After making this interesting find, we landed on the
island at the western end of the channel and searched
there, closely but without result. We then crossed the
farm creek and followed it westward, turning to its
eastward and tapping on all the holes that had
promising looking books but without finding a single
nest. We saw from woodpeckers of four species: the
Downy, hairy, Yellow-bellied and Golden-crested, at the
end of the corn in planted two Mealies and a
Brown-crested Towhee.

Early in the afternoon I paddled along the shore
to the mouth of our anchorage as far as the Maywood
Pines. Between the channel and the deserted stumps from
the woods our bow and sternway with a rather clear
growth of brush and bowmans. In these woods near the
home I heard the Cape May Woodcock singing.

Landing on the stumps from I walked around it
finding a Rata's nest (with two eggs) in a postern frame
and having a number of curious birds.
1897.

May 23

Clear and calm up to 9 a.m., when a continually green

started increasing to half a mile by wave and bringing
cloud masses which at length meant ten what they

much worried.

The birds were visible at daybreak and up to the time

the wind rose but I heard only them in one little can

for my sole excursion during the day was to the little

island at the entrance to the channel to photograph

the Black Duck's nest. Then if we went in the

boat, and then when we went in landing (although we

were there on land yesterday) started the little

bird, who rose again directly from the water and

went straight up through the trees in the opposite

direction from that which the wind yesterday after

taking a number of photographs of the nest yes I left

my camera in position, first watching it with green glass,

hoping that the duck would not return it on her

return. But if she returned to the nest with all her

eyes opened, the largest object for at intervals

during the afternoon I saw her flying erratically about

it is land in company with her mate. At 1 P.M. I

sent Gilbert for the camera. He reported that the bird

was not on the nest.

Watson found another Black Duck's nest to-day

(coming down among the young leaves on the trees) on a small island

on the west shore of the finest Curr. He nearly took a

the little bird who scattered off to the centre edge

before taking away. The mist rose but at first for a Rabbit

this was made 10 40.
May 24

May 24. Heavy rain last night and frequent brief showers during the forenoon. Afternoon fair, the sun shining
forth at brief intervals. Light & mild all day. Warm.

I spent most of the forenoon on the boat to inquiries, just
before dinner, a paddle around the eastern shores
of Great Island. Birds were singing freely. Besides the
regular summer resident species I heard a great crested
figurine. Also heard numerous climbing birds in an
opportunity migration (11.30 a.m.). At the southern
end of Great Island forty fifty chimney swifts with
an equal number of swallows were flying about one
hour before this letter.

Walter's hunted the forenoon along the eastern shores
of the channel between Great Island & the Haida Hall
and among the islands S.E. of the Haidas. He found
a Blockish and a Black Duck west and talked with
them in the afternoon. The Blockish was near
the S.E. extremity of Bear Island, the Blockish
in one old log near near the canoe to the Haida Hall
place. Charlie Tisdwell's canvas, tells me that
a Duck of some species nested in this place every
year when he lived on this farm 12 or 13 years ago.

I took my large camera and photographed both
them with as well as those of the Black Duck found
by Walter in the house can yesterday. The light
was exceptionally clear & good and, as afterwards
turned out, I secured some fine negatives. I went
in the new canoe, Gilbert & Walter in one of the boats.
May 24

We were out all the afternoon—albeit did not get back until after our usual dinner hour. I saw a great many birds but nothing of especial interest except a monkey. A fisherman came to an uncommon bright and one Great_bird, then diving off our the movements towards the edge. Came jumping off his wings slowly becoming creaks etc. almost immediately, leaping their rise for fully 15 minutes. Finally his wings appeared leaping in great curles a thousand feet or more hopped him. He however, kept an inventory, flapping & flying off his former level.

Nearly every one of the small densely wooded islands which we have visited in search of birds was has its pair of Bay spoonbills and Southern spoonbills. There are almost certain to be found. There are also, usually, a Red-breast or a Pecan_woodpecker, a new Red Squirrel on their Island.

Great Island is simply alpin with birds from one end to the other. I think most of the will strong & fierce. Animals—though less numerous are the most numerous I saw. There are also Noy. breasts in every variety of the. Can never see one anymore the only Winter Morn and Brown Creeper that I have found since leaving California. There were two Storks haunting this near the first canoe but I have not seen them for two days past. Nor have I seen either of the Black Ducks today. Kissing Gulls fly to & fro although the "gust" occasionally enter over were.
May 24

The entrance to the Whistler's nest was a vertical slit apparently formed by the elongation (and to some extent widening) through decay of a Thistle's hole. It did not look as if a stick or any kind could possibly descend into it (the edges were jagged in places) but two large tufts of down clinging to the tufts a few inches from the hole assured Watson that there was an occupied nest although he could start nothing by raffing on the tuft. This morning, we did a most vigorous hammering with our T-hatchet bits when we reached the nest this afternoon and no sign of life above. But when Watson began to climb the tree — indeed immediately after the first stroke of his climbing iron — a female Whistler emerged from the hole and flying within a foot or two of me with legs and wings hanging down, made off over the back calling tune, tune, tune, tune, tune, in clear, quiet, tones. She alighted about 20 yards off and after hammering about for another five or six fathoms away. Watson this morning saw five Whistler together in the water, not far from this nest. Three turned to females, the fifth being a fine, old drake. (I chanced to get that when the female flew from the hole this afternoon and wings extended audibly but with a hollow tone something like that of a hammering top. According to my experience it is unusual for a Whistler to sit so closely as did this bird. Ordinarily they leave the nest before you can turn your head alongside the tree, and I have never before known one to fail to start at the first thing on the front of the tree.

This nest had 12 eggs; three were fresh, the others representing many stages of incubation up to about 2 or 3 days.
1897.
May 24

There is a condensed summary of the chief points of interest respecting the tern nests of the Black Duck that in turn formed them for.

May 22-23

Rest on top of kine at S. end of small densely wooded (mostly with spruces, firs, bald-cedars) Island at S. end of Great Island with channels. At base of hemlock thun at edge of bed of:

1. 12 buns and 1 hog give by which both nest eggs were well concealed.

When found May 22, nest filled bird rose at about 12 or 15 ft. After we had made her repeated visits she became much stagey often rising as we were coming (at 20 yds. to one of less height). She always rose straight up through the air to a height of 30 or 40 feet and then the branches as casually as a Ptarmigan. Usually the flies directly from the nest but near the river a few yards first. We were found many of the eggs covered (perhaps this bird does not come down unless suddenly frightened). On the evening of the 20th on the morning of the 22nd on both the days I have seen

summing about together finding within 150 to 200 yds. of the nest. On both occasions I was the first to return to it by rising and flying directly towards it, plunging into the woods only a few yards above the ground. I doubt if the nest was out of sight of the island.

After photographing the nest 7 eggs 6-7 a.m., May 23 I left about 11 a.m.

the camera in position, practically covering it by the head I a

large brush for the most part with many

Although in some trees the whole fowlers the duck

would not return to her nest. At frequent intervals on some

her with her nest. Digging over 5 acres the island evidently

abandoned, or at least unfinished. She returned to her nest soon

after I returned the camera at 11 a.m.
May 24 (No. 5)

Next, 10 eggs, S.E. point of Prince Edward, about 20 yrs. from land, in their direction on level, perfectly dry ground 45 ft. above high-water mark, ground covered with a covering of dry leaves perfectly free from undergrowth, weeds, grass or other low plants but partially shaded by large thin shrubs, yellow birches (as yet leafless) and a few scattered thorns. Recess just formed near the foot of a beaver (4 in. diameter at base) much covered by dry leaves mixed with down. The rim rounded prominent in size, it measured 16 x 11 miles across the top by 3½ miles deep.

So utterly inconspicuous was this nest that the lightly buffy eggs contrasting strongly with the wood because of the general surface could be quiedy seen from 15 yrs. away in every direction and a man looking down from above must have been entirely lost. A slight wind had been sufficient to disperse them. They were not covered in the least.

When Nathan found this nest this forenoon and again when I visited it with him in the afternoon the bird flushed at about 10 yrs. going straight off through the trees. On the 25th Nathan tried to in vain on the west by running quietly past the spot in his boat but the wind before he got within thirty yards of it.

Next, 10 eggs, northern extremity of island in outer Bight of Prince Edward. Island heavily wooded with thorn, thistles, white pine and birch with the densest thistles undergrowth of young thorn. The nest was about 30 ft. from the water in these directions and near the middle of a cluster of thin little thorns (3 to 5 ft. high) which were crowded to tightly together and as close around the nest that I doubt if any larger bird, even a Pintail, could have waded up through them. Mr. Drake died most attentively, under other
May 24 (No. 6)

1497.

Moutons found the nest on the 23rd a when I visited it with him on the afternoon of the next day but on both occasions the rain in the weather ceded them first time directly under foot (Moutons says he nearly flattened on him) the second time when it was about 5 ft. from the nest scuttling off through the broken reeds as fast as a man could run on open ground. On reaching the water they fell about 40 yards or slightly swimming slowly off towards the bank and went back forward like a flume as the rain and fell gracefully on the water.

This nest measured in at 18 x 18 inches across the top by 31/2 inches deep. I took from 5 photographs of it here.

Before I left I examined the edges in the morrow. The nest was a rather thin nest of reed reeds & brick leaves stained with brown and lining a charred perfectly clean with a round rim formed underly by the earth although the birds had scraped out of the middle.

In respect to size and general construction all three of these nests were remarkably uniform and the distance at which they were placed from the water was practically the same in each case but one was in a very exposed situation, another will concealed, and the third is perfectly hidden under outers reedings or hedging over the same if the leaves or their branches it would have been impossible for a person even to see in so much as one of the eggs without from above as it the nest from from above or from a distance I from just among the reeds elevation.

I have now run across them nearly all the Black Heads which had not this large place their nests on island & this unfortunatly is to escape danger from the force.
Although the sun set clear last evening it began raining again in the night and through nearly the whole of today there was a steady rain times heavy downpours.

We spent most of the day on the boat but later in the afternoon I sailed through the "jet" and across the Brent Cove. There I met three looking for a piece of cedar to make a paddle of, told them that a pair of Barred Owls had been operating steadily for an hour or more on the coast there.

During the entire day birds sang freely in the woods about the boat where our vessel lies at anchor. I heard the Brown Cuckoo, Winter Wren, one of the Caja May Woodpecker and a Picolet Swayne besides a host of common species.

Walker tells me that there are fully as many Martin and Swallow Swallows at the Gibbs (Heywood) place as there were last year. I seldom see the Martin about our boat but the same Swallows visit it daily in numbers in company with Barn, Hir & House Swallows. Yesterday I heard Martins near Nine Island 7 on the 21st I saw a number flying over the fields of the Gibbs Farm.

The vegetation has advanced very freely yet nothing really large.

This week broccoli, the hopbush & beans are now in 1/4 to 1/2 leg. Sand bush is in full bloom. Rhodora buds are hardly touched as yet. Where the forest growth is of brush, yellow brick & maple there is as yet scarce a thing of green.
Cloudy and cool with rather fresh N. W. winds.

I spent the morning in the cabin writing. At noon
three fish hawks entered our cove and flew around it
all afternoon. As we walked through the wooded shores
that of the Martin which it somewhat resembles. One
of the birds carried a small fish in its talons but
another of the other two attempted to molest it. An
eagle had just passed through the cove and just as I
went out of the house appeared.

Immediately after dinner I started for Gosnolds on
the very canoes walking the distance from the cove to
Gosnolds Camp in just thirty minutes, under sail.
After getting some things at the hotel I paddled back
keeping close under the western shores. Every part of
the lower arm of the bay including all the coves
was literally abounding with hundreds of thousands
which were thoroughly mated but on the contrary were
very evenly distributed. I must have seen upwards of
thousands in all and thousands who shone the day up.

The broken reports that every point of it, as far as
least as Pine Point, was similarly crowned by the
presence of these birds, of which the large or some hundred
thousands. They all flew very close to the water
over the swamps swimming until over the crest of
the porpoises.

At evening the Herring Gulls delighted in our cove
and I knew about for some time close to the edge of the woods.
May 26

As I have just found another (\#2) went up
the Rock this morning. They spent the day among
the thickets near the Outlet and also crossed down the
river and into Sweet Meadow. They found them
Martin's笔记 one with 8 eggs just west of Second's Pond,
but not in either of the spots where we found last
year), the other two in Sweet Meadow. One of the
latter was in the bank at the east end. One where we
found an addled egg from egg shells last year. A Martin
flies from it to day when W. left on the boat. On
approaching to the west he found that it contained two
eggs of the Martin and all of the second youngster.
The third nest was only about seventy-five yards
from the one which contained the youngster.

Martin's also found a Phaethon woodpigeon nest in
an old flush in the cane between North's Rock and
Middle Carry. The 3 came out when he left on
the turn I flew to a neighing flush where the called
a few times bringing them 8 when at once flew to
I found the hole where W. left

The northern Shelduck is now in full bloom. I saw
some fine flowers this afternoon along the western
shore of the North Lake. Several of them grew out
over the water with a wall of dark green foliage
(hemp-start, sphagnum & mosses) forming an effective
background for their many blossoms. They seem just
as conspicuous at a distance as on the dogwoods
(basswood Florida) along the western rim. One was of
about the same form & shape as the Asia apple tree
in our garden at home.
Although the wind was west and the whole day rain fell continuously and heavily from morning to late into the night. Indeed it was not because I was unseasonably out here.

I spent most of the day on the boat. But both in the afternoon and early in the evening there was a steady stream of birds from the cliffs. I landed and called on the owners, and I was told that many of the more prominent birds in the Martin Bay are only now beginning to breed. A dozen or more large birds were coming on the ledge of the boat looking very wet and very watchful.

The Common Shelduck are just beginning to build a few of their nests - perhaps a dozen - here with their ten or more hours and are in perfect condition. Birds, says a great many, are very hungry. He thinks the birds "cannot find the right kind of wind." A fine male March Spoonbill was coming over the pike near the house and began to dabble its wings, calling on a piece of mostly submerged ground.

All day long the long wave on the anchorage was calm with Penny Don, Penn and Donic Shelduck with a worm for hawks, and all the rest of thousand birds but none a Martin coming there. They all went clean over the water, catching insects just after it a frequent wadding them from the glossy surface. I tried both eye and brain to watch them long as they spread their legs wide for the turning at climbing and crossing each other's lines of flight in an interminable manner, dancing on the waves so as to set the water at the time making the birds look as large as Pegion in the air.
1897.

May 28

Early this morning we felt very sure that the hurricane, or more tempest storm was at an end. The wind changed to S.W. and all around the eastern horizon the clouds began breaking away, showing them gray in places. But by 10 a.m. the thermometer had settled less on the mountains again and during the remainder of the day and went into the night, showers succeeded those in rapid succession. The wind was light from the S.W. with frequent intervals of calmness.

Four of us started for the Outlet at 9 a.m. Water's Gallop in the St. Harman ship, Jim H in one of the larger boats. The lake was almost perfectly calm, and one could see, if it, from the Shanes to the Outlet, swallows in groups of two numbers (but as a rule very rarely this number) were skimming close to the surface. The gulls, of which there were fully 100, were flying much higher and usually about a mile or so.

Four hayir bulls were seen off Black Island, two standing on isolated rocks, two swimming well out in the lake.

We were in sound without ear. One of the scenes in nature a melody of bird voice sounding up from the woods, but I noticed nothing of especial interest among the performers. Ponders, nighthawks, and Brown's Albatross turned to Eternity woman. Every scene in it's own beauty and its Bearness.

[Continues]
May 28 (No. 2)

On reaching the Outlet, Watkins took us to the west of the predicted Woodhouse, which he found on the 26th. It is in the flooded forest of dead trees nearly opposite the mouth of the Yegliwauy and about 40 yards back from the north bank of the Anahsoppa, The tree is an old and newly decayed brown oak about 15 meters through at the base, branchless and almost wholly divided into boles. The cutline hole is on the W. S. side of the bank, about 20 ft. above the water which, at present, is from 3 to 5 ft. in depth. The hole is somewhat irregular in shape, the lower left-hand corner having a large niche. It looks as if it may have been excavated by an animal. It is sufficiently large to admit a person's arm without having to climb down to the elbow, but not reach the bottom.

When we first reached the site, we learned it had without breaking anything. A minute or two later, while we were still listing in the boats on the bank of the river, the 8-kg. canoe came flying directly towards it and alighted on a small flat rock about 6 ft. from it and perhaps 10 ft. above the water. After landing, down on us suddenly with an expression of concern for a moment he turned his gaze to the west and alighting just below the cutline hole with his legs wide-spread and his tail firmly braced against the trunk, clung there motionless for an instant looking in. He then he made as if to water standing in his head, but instantly withdrawing it with a jerk and turning it on one side to look down at us suspiciously. He kept this up for fully a minute until a dozen or more fish struck but each time going further and further in...
1897.

May 28

until finally he quite disappeared but a few beams
later he turned out his head having evidently turned
within the last almost as soon as he reached it.

After looking down at us a moment with evident
anxiety he came out and flew first to the small
field and then afterwards to a tree about 300 yards away
where he perched several times. Then he started
for the distant green woods crossing the narrowing
reign of flooded fields on a level plane floating
slowly and continuously like a barge. On reaching the
ridge near Wren's Rock he began drumming rather
as a rough rusty like a Pecker or a Sparrow

Woodpecker's only many times louder. It was to loud
indeed. But although the bird was now merely a speck
of a mile off the sound reached us with striking distinctiveness
and entirely covering the echoes, too, in all directions.

I have no doubt that it could have been easily heard
a mile away and probably were further. The bird continued
drumming as well as occasionally cooing (or humming)
in one place for ten or fifteen minutes. Then he crossed
to Bernard's Pond and drummed and cooed there for an
great length of time. He and thought that he was trying
to call his mate to inform her of the danger.

The drumming was not but if he looked for presently
he stopped and suddenly his apparent above. Also boats were seen practically hidden
behind some brush thirty yards or more from the
nest. The boy's voice called and unit other a bird was
from us at that distance for he entered the nest this
time without hesitation or delay. After waiting a few
minutes to be sure would reappear unremotely of hearing
him in the bushes.
May 28

The foregoing literal account of my first expedition was a mistake, for it fails to convey any idea of the impression which the fine bird made on us all as he clung to the trunk of the tall oak from twenty feet above the heads. His scarlet crest erect, his eyes flashing, his white plumes fluttering rather uneasy, his abundant voice, and a wild untameable spirit, no wonder that such a creature induces as disapproves before the assault of the settlers. The primitive forest is as indifferent to his existence as it is to that of the Moon or the Bear or the Wolf.

What danger can it hold for him? No lives above the reach of four-footed war banders and it would be a bold hand or even boy that would venture to attack so marked a brooding fellow armed as he is, set with long, sharp bill. As for the four human custodians sitting in their boats at the foot of his haunter who he was, it must be confessed, must be a mark of doubtful. Evidently he did not trust them, nor presumed to come near the nest and strange to one of observe in his own Fish with a

The stream could not especially instruct. It ran out one the whole country and with the same hunting manner as the four bells have been very in the dead night of some quiet villages. I hardly expected to hear it answered from a distant neighboring and I see a bunch of big scarlet-tailed woodpeckers ever climbing down on us. But nothing appeared from a big brown eagle soaring listlessly above the hunting ground of the tree, but there that deemed as one...
It had now begun to rain heavily so we could not make our way to Lake Umbagog. A pair of bears swung hastily out of the forest and we followed them as we approached the lake. We could see them walking along the shores of the lake.

The camp proved to be large—indeed every thing was just as we left it last autumn. Some of the Porcupines had made their homes with the woodchucks and foxes behind the camp. We found some of them all to thrive.

We hunted in the camp and then I took a short walk around the lake, finding the following birds: Snowy Egret {Egretta thula} (1), Ruddy Turnstone {Arenaria interpres} (1), Comet {Icterus galbula} (1), Black-billed Magpie {Pica hudsonia} (3), Yellow-crowned Night Heron {Nyctanassa violacea} (1), Snowy Egret {Egretta thula} (1), Black-billed Magpie {Pica hudsonia} (3), Snowy Egret {Egretta thula} (1).

Some after this Jim & I started back for the home boat. Hearing nothing & seeing no sign of the depression of the day, we were able to start. We found only two birds of the Kestrels and both in Black-capped Crow. They did not make a very close examination of these birds.

The outline of these about the outlet was simply filled with small birds. Our Blackbirds & Thrushes were nearly as numerous as they went to a camp. We were out of the same kind of the Lottery & Yellow Cuckoo broke through them only one. Many Sparrows were singing on every side, although there was not a yard of dry land for a quarter of a mile in any direction. Rainy-day Yellow Wagtails were also numerous. We saw an American Cuckoo with its three young ones from a nest in 1879 & 1880. The old male & female were there.
May 26

A Canada Jay was heard screaming in the direction of Brown's Pond. There was apparently only one nest Red-winged in the whole butter experim.

We found five of our Blackbird's nests, all in hollowed logs near home. Most of them were empty or apparently not quite finished but two held sets of fine eggs each, one hot being fresh, the other slightly incubated. One of these nests was as bulky and elaborately constructed as any of the nests which are placed on the branches of trees, the other was a thin flimsy mass securely lined with dry grass. In the case of the former the hollow of the tree was large enough, in that of the latter the nest, slight as it was, fitted it closely all around.

The five swallow nests as if they were singing out in their nests open away of their nests.
May 29

The early morning was dead calm and the clouds appeared to be breaking away. Indeed the sun shone out bright and warm for several brief intervals. But by 10 a.m. the mountains were once more shaded in mist and a fresh brisk wind brought another debris of rain which lasted over into the afternoon. The sun was clear, however, with a few rainbow.

In the forenoon I took several photographs (with Selbke's help) in the first on the head of Great Island and along the western shore of the Great Con. The birds were fairly at first but later in the day adopted into flocks and collected in flocks along the upper bluffs.

I saw them. thighs - and they are very amusing and a morning beauty. The Con in the woods on the

In the forenoon Wilson's Kittiwakes around the

day edge of the Cape form being a great Partridge with its

Western Sparrow - a thin bird very shaggy and in nesting


Ripples and common Grades in nearly full bloom. Yellow Grades,

Vegatation
The sun rose clear this morning and it shone those of the town through the day although the sky was at times half covered with cumulus clouds. A light fresh breeze blew most of the morning and through the afternoon.

The birds evidently appreciated the return of fair weather after so long a period of gloomy skies and drizzling winds. I often saw them almost without cessation during the entire day and in the early morning and at noon with a more frequent visit in the evening. We heard the morning count of songbirds with a great delight. We got away from town early in the morning in trying to watch the waterfowl in the large pond at someone's pond for, after Sunday mass, the men from the town would go fishing and without much difficulty rescued the open boat and cast themselves on the pond, which we had been so kind as to let them use. Some of the common species of this region were represented (except the Robin-Ardis) but the Seagulls' and Canada Geese were by far the most numerous and prominent. At least two of the Canada Geese could be heard from our cottage and frequently four or five would fly in rapid succession one beginning just as the preceding one crossed the pond giving the effect of a continuous long drawn song of from five to seven

lengths. This happened so many times, indeed, that I became satisfied that it was not mere coincidence but a natural phenomenon also gave their flight songs a down
Mrs. T. H. Hemenway, a Brown Eagle, soared high overhead soon after sunset, and a Herron flew down to roost in the old haunt or the white stone behind the island. Then a Minute out a Silvery Furrow across the pond and a Great Hound Owl began howling in the distance towards Mexico Rock. After this I heard only the Flamingo trumpeting of the Hyeres which lasted long into the night.

But the most interesting experience of the evening remains to be mentioned. Soon after we had cast anchor from Wisteria, all, as far as I could make out with my glass, females, began flying about our tents in the familiar manner now rising high above them, with ascending and descending between the trees, then soaring with wings uncrooked as in ordinary flight, first describing a succession of circles in the center of which stood a remarkably tall one with a feathered, jovial top. Around this they would pace a
1897.  
May 30  
(No. 3)  

Leonard's Pond.

Desert times or more gradually narrowing their circles and climbing nearer to the stumps until at length one bird, leaving the rest would flit with its commotion, then swiftly upward, this moving its wings but using them at the last to check rather than increase its headway. On reaching the stump it would try to alight on the largest top. Usually the attempt failed when the bird, continuing its flight, would disappear through the trees, presently reappearing above them to begin circling again; but twice it gained a foothold and actually remained perched on the top of the stump for several seconds although it was obliged to keep its wings almost constantly in motion to maintain its balance.

On several occasions it seemed to select its perch above towards a point or two below the top of the stump and once when we were upon the right circling I distinctly saw two fly in quick succession from this part of the stump. On examining the top from the opposite side next morning I found that it had at first this place a round, neat-looking hole quite large enough for a Wren's nest and without doubt containing a nest and eggs.

It is remarkable, however, that these nests should have existed together in many times about this time but at times two or three would go off leaving the others two to continue their quarrels. They were all silent except at times bent once or twice I heard the least continuous cack noted him last year.
A beautiful day, calm & overcast at first but afterwards clear with gusty variable winds which seemed to temper what would otherwise have been an uncomfortably high temperature.

I had sometime exceptionally fine weather & had early this morning, and it lasted well into the forenoon.

At 8 a.m. I went out to join in the Pilate Woodpecker nest. No birds, however, when we reached the thicket but hooting ther in one of the others? The noise might have been I set up my camera with the trifled family looked to an old tree & a place ready for them.

We walked nearly two hours without seeing or hearing our long-cock. I begin to fear that something has gone wrong with them. As I have already noted only the wood-pecker family has not insist but Wither was sent both birds on the 26th when the # after being driven from the nest called up its mate when entered it to take its place.

While waiting for the long-cock I saw a number of interesting birds in the thick forest about us. There were at least three pairs of yellow-bellied Woodpeckers, two or three pairs of Downy Woodpeckers, a pair of Brown Gnatchers, many Red swarder, Parula and yellow-rumped woodpeckers, a Red-winged Blackbird, Cedar Long Sparrows, and a Black Capped Flycatcher. The long sparrows have feed entirely on the floating bogs and other driftwood. They went, no doubt, in Old Woodpecker holes (I found a nest years ago in a Downy Woodpecker hole in Leonard's Pond). They are very much more numerous than the Downy Sparrows. These maps are wonderful.
Besides the birds just mentioned of hand Chimneys, I noticed a large flock of plovers on the red rocks, and saw a Cooper's Hawk fishing in the clefts. A large brown snake also appeared and passed directly near me within good gun-shot.

Megallany Rock

After an early dinner, an old man came up the Megallany valley with a boat and walking hastily along near them before all the others their head Woodfowl birds or类地燕鸥 places for ducks' nests. In a few only these make a female sound. ducks and a Battery Mahon, the former in the meadows opposite, Perfect Rock.

The brown woodcocks were mentioned everywhere among the trees. They evidently spread out this which again enabled the Brown Mahon to avoid evidently engaging in colonies and of which we saw none up the time to-day. The song sparrows appeared to be almost as widely distributed as the brown woodcocks but it is not found far back in the forest but only in the shores of the stream 10 to the turn brooks. We heard them singing in several places along the Megallany as far up as Perfect Rock.

In the flooded meadows opposite this stream one brown floating was marked covered with brush-waddle - admirable places for brooks of several kinds to rest but apparently quite barren. We found a nest of a hairy Woodfowl in this meadow containing young which judging by the condition of the clumps that they were when the parent (always the 6) left them must have been at least a week old. This Woodfowl is evidently one of the earliest kinds to nest in this region.

The woods along the Megallany were filled with small birds in many places and besides Soy, Great crested Warblers, Brown cannot Harriers & Parulas I was glad to hear...
May 31
1897

A.alight (forty), the Merion Anglers, and in less than Solitary Birds as well as a Herring Gull. All of them have evidently increased in numbers since last year (excepting, perhaps, the Herring) but Merion Menhaden are not numerous. I did not see one this afternoon.

Holding an insect over the floating coverts of a jewel\n
bird, while Jim Unruh had tried to cross the wire on the floating logs of the large drain there passed down two or three weeks ago, were two Canada Jays, all old birds, they hung about the wire for several minutes, regarding it closely from some overhanging alders, then walked off along the wire, making short flights and hopping along the floating logs to1 draftwood. Dupont House, Calern.

Early this morning I heard a pitter patter a down a worn trail in the clump of Curtis Meadow which, known, is usually a mile off with dunes just invading.

William found a Whistler's nest this morning in a short

cupper bush where in broken from a nest containing 3eggs last year (I have photographs of the eggs taken last spring). It had been eggs now 9 which were curved. This nest is within 70 yards of the one in the tall stand about which the three Whistlers were calling yesterday. I thought them both on this which departed from the nest and might have another. They might have gone from to this nest.

It was cold and very windy this morning and there was

nothing noticeable from the racoon birds. The skyscrapers, peered more closely than for weeks a

minute.1
June 1

Cloudy with a strong and, for the season, a butterly cold wind from the N. to N. W.

Maurice and Gilbert went up to the Megallony this morning finding a thing fabric nest (from which they started the bird) in the rear bough near their tent. I spent the entire day on the Great writing etc. It was disagreeably cold outside and an hour and the words were almost silent although very soon and then a water thrush's song would be heard above the rushing of the wind & the cracking of our canvas.

Having gulls visit us here almost as regularly as they did at our last anchorage behind Great Island, I went out of watching and admiring their graceful flight as they beat back and forth around the shore of the island their many plumage contrasting beautifully with the sombre green of the background and the bareness and barrens.

About half an hour before sunse this evening I found three of these gulls perching on a large dead pine at the eastern end of the island. Two fully mature birds, no almost a pair, were standing side by side almost touching on one stem, the third, in immature plumage, was lower down on another branch. I paddled almost under them before they would take wing. It was cloudy & dark at the term & I believe they had gone to roost for the night.

A Robin, two Sparrows, Red-winged Blackbird, two Red-winged blackbirds, and from water thrushes even the only birds that I heard singing this evening. The Rosamund's thrushes were crying high and far.
June 2

Cloudless with raging N.W. wind, the air refreshingly clear and uncomfortably cold during the earlier hours, the mountain actually free from haze.

Join has cut a passage through the basins on the north side of Corrie's Pond near our anchorage and as the banks at this point are now flat or six inches under water we easily cross the narrow strip of submerged land in our boats and enter the Megallanean a mile or more above its mouth.

As we emerged from this channel at about 8 o'clock this morning we started a pair of Hooded Merlions which had been swimming near the middle of the river, the canoe, heading his pair cross direction, just as we crossed the water.

I made the first stop at "Parvis landing" where Nations found a Kingfisher's nest yesterday. The hole was in a boulder of stone, hard clay about two feet above the water. It was in a perfectly upright but ascending slant for a distance of exactly four feet from the face of the boulder to the base of the nest chamber which was nearly circular in shape with smooth, finished walls and measured 4 inches in height by 12 inches in diameter. The bottom being slightly sloped and about 3/4 inches below at entrance of the second chamber, the entrance to the tunnel measured 4 inches wide by 3 1/2 inches high, but perfectly fresh arranged in a circle long on the boll clump clay in the middle of the channel. There was absolutely no trace of a nest - indeed no exterior materials whatever from our search for them.

When we first heard on a rock within 25 yards of the water I thought, as we approached, the other
was in the nest. She made no sign when I thrust in
a long, slender rod bent into a curve down to the nest from
above and just as we broke through the roof of the chamber
the emergent from the interior both and fell by in silence.
I have offered the feminine promenade to this bird but
as a matter of fact I was unable to get a sufficiently
good view of motion of the brain to make out which was
the female and which the female.

From here up kept straight on to Botto Brook Pond,
seeing only an eagle, a few white ducks & three
Blue Jays. The strong, cold wind blew the smaller
birds almost completely. It increased in violence until
at times we could scarce make headway against it.
Just above Green Brook as we were approaching some
tall, dark elms, Eagles & Crows hung by the dozen
overhead directly under them there a sudden
burst tore a huge limb from one of them. As it
struck the water with tremendous force, turning the strong
high in one, we shored out into the middle of the
stream. But when we reached the bank and went to
work searching for roots we were obliged to cut the
stems and take our chances. During the day fried heavy
shadines fell within a few rods of us and over a long
time came crossing down not far off but out of one
sight.

It was most difficult, too, to handle the boats. They
were frequently whipped quite around by some unexpected
burst. There was no compensation, however, in the absence
of compensation columns of deadly flies & mosquitoes
which are fond preying upon
June 2

The water in Bottle Brook Pond is now about forty feet above the normal autumn level, and the shores in many places are submerged. It is flooded about six feet among the fine old White Maples at the northern end of the pond near the house of Mr. Sim. It would be difficult to find a more favorable place for artificial nesting boxes than this ancient forest for many of the trees are dead or dying and they furnish both wind breaks and coverings of all sorts of shrubs and vines. Some of the largest trees are three or four feet in diameter at the base and eighty or ninety feet tall.

Wattles have found two Western nests, both in natural cavities in maples about eighteen feet above the water. One was evidently a last year's nest, the down being wet and disarranged. There were no eggs or egg shells. The other nest contained seven eggs. They were badly stained and covered one with small fragments of shreds of rotten wood which had dried finely on the flakes. There was no down under or around them and the spiders had spun a close netting just above them. No bird was ever near the nest. These facts satisfied us that the nest was deserted and although I did not care for it more and described a nest in thought as a pity to lose them. The eggs greatly surprised me, as being taken since day, to find that six of them were perfectly fresh, the seventh was slightly stained. They were in cleft wood with each of the contents so encased in the secretion of the wood as to be almost impossible out of the consistence of damp wood. This egg is unlike the others in shape. Can it have been in the nest once the winter? If so, why was it deposited so long before the others six?
June 2 (No 4)

Two or three hours later we found a third Wariace's nest by watching the birds while we were eating lunch. The first alighted on the water near the tree and for fifteen or twenty minutes swam or drifted leisurely about keeping his feathers. Then the floor out over the pond describing a great circle or rotating loop rising gradually until the head attains a height of about twenty feet when the male directly for the nest which was about thirty feet above the water. On nearing the tree the jutted up sharply the remaining ten feet keeping its wings in perfect motion up to the last moment but checking her flight very suddenly just before she reached the hole. Some interfering branches prevented me from seeing just how she entered it.

Half an hour after this we paddled quietly across to the tree. As soon as I had taken a position which commanded a good view of the hole Wariace struck the base of the trunk a single slight blow with his paddle. This was immediately followed by a scratching sound in the hollow above and then the Wariace's head and neck appeared at the opening. The next instant she was in the air and darting off over our heads. It was all done so quickly that although I was watching the hole with the closest attention I actually did not see the bird leave it. Indeed she appeared to burst forth at nearly full thrust and I was half inclined to believe that she began her flight within the trunk. I certainly did not see her open her
June 2 (No. 5)

1897.

wings. It seemed incredible that so heavy and clumsy a bird could emerge from such a place so cleanly and yet under full momentum so quickly. Not that this particular hole was exceptionally small.

In the contrary it was of rotten genuine pine. The shape & position can well shown by two photographs which I took of it. I also photographed the other nest with the fresh eggs.

Upon first entering the pond this evening I noticed some female thunderbirds from somewhere near the forest end. Then birds kept coming back at intervals throughout the day, calling high over the pond eddies coming together I calling buzz- buzz, buzz- buzz. This time was accompanied by a snake, or pine, fellow in full bloomage.

A female Wood Duck also came flying past us through the maple woods a number of times. No other Ducks were seen here. The sounds from Black Duck mate in vain.

While in was calling back a pair of Broad-winged Hawks rose high in air and banked in circles one of them at length beating Straight down with closed wings from a height of 400 or 500 feet, a beautiful sight.

Two Night-birds also appeared and flew about over the bank, squawking; every now and then alighting on the branches of the weeping.

Then were about 25- Barren Geese flying over
June 2 (No. 6) 1897

The hand but strange to say was other species of
the family was seen here although drafts were
seasons.

Happening to direct my field glass towards the summit
of Mt. Dustin, several miles away, I discovered banking
above it a large dark-colored eagle which two
smaller birds, apparently motionless, were missing.
I
could not help thinking that it was a golden eagle
and at such a distance it was impossible to get
an identification.

In some fallen trees near one of the points toward
Black Hawk Mountain were hatching about only a few
feet above the ground. A few hundreds band to
some others on Bear Mound.

On a floating island in the bend a large
Sharpeas was hopping and barking. Some
sharks found their nests as well as an were one
unit greatly finished.

There were several pairs of Domino & Yellow-billed
Woodpeckers about the slopes of the bend and
we found no nest of the former species. The
entrance hole was the smallest I have ever known
of Domino to make. When in captivity on the Ark
I the female bird thrust out her head it turned to
fill the opening completely and when, a moment later,
the expected to follow it with her body she had to
struggle violently for 10 or 15 times before she could get out.
June 2

June 5 (5 a.m.)

The crowning hour of good fortune of the day as well as pleasure this far from Cannon's just as we were about to leave the pond. I had landed on the eastern three Americans opposite the end of the lower point at a place where these gigantic woods (these become celted trees) came quite to the water's edge and had taken two photographs when we were leaning off the baot. Join said, "Is not that a large piece of wood plank?"

Looking up the first thing I saw was a scene with a large-looking, warty-headed block in the trunk of a dead tree, the second a & B streets running up the shore of the next beyond. I had only a glimpse at him before he flew back into the woods when he presently began drumming making an even rapid roll very like that of a domino and much faster (perhaps this was because his drumming place contained more wood when he changed his position, as he did three times after this; the roll was practically of the same quality or at least not heard). After drumming a down tune a man he gave a long rattling cry closely similar to the Kinautine like "with the Hardy Warrick, but decidedly less strong & penetrating."

I followed him back a little distance without seeing him again and then returned to watch the next hole from which I suspected we had driven him (I had put up my camera within a few yards of it & Join had not drawn several small lines that interfered with my view making more enough to shoot almost any sitting birds). My success would correct for us having been everything...
June 2

again then I heard the familiar hollow melancholy
of wings which all woodpeckers make when taking
short, hacking flights, and the next instant the bird
struck against the trunk of the dead tree a few
feet below the hole. Up to this time I had taken it
for granted that at the least I had stumbled on
an overgrown nest of Picoides arizonae, a good find,
of course, provided it proved to contain eggs. But
when we reached the spring and delight thence with
the birds in bloom soon and some ten yards
distant I saw at once by his trunks thin and
the white bands on the beak that I had
discovered an of the very loveliest of dunn-dunn
birds nests and on one nest was in the tree. And
P. arizonae americana. It was the same bird that
in had driven away from the nest - the male - on
a beautiful creature he was with his clean yellow
crest (the feathers of which he raised every now
and then in a showy way) contrasting finely with
the black and white of his general plumage and
the background of dark conifer foliage. He did
not appear to scold us at first although he looked
bitterly around before clambering up to the hole. Just
as he reached it I was conscious that his bright
broad eye met mine, eyes which, of course, were
pointed upward. Instantly he turned to one of
the branches that I had ever been prejudiced
by a bird friend to rest and was
tricked and with suspicion of its near presence. He
begun pecking at the trunk just below
the hole putting off small pieces of bark by
force.
behind others as if in search of food. There very deliberately and with an air of the most perfect nonchalance he worked away from the bank and around the trees. Just as he was disappearing

one of my companions made a slight noise with

on our pond and then bids at our feet and disappeared

in the woods. We waited some fifteen minutes for

his return but nothing more was seen or heard of

him. Evidently Peneus americanus is a shy and

cunning fellow whom none of his hosts. Of course I

left the lake unexplored this day but I should return

to it some time if nothing happens.

Bottle Brook

Bottle Brook Pond at about 4 P.M. on next circuit.

Bear Brook up which I paddled about a mile. The

abre Terbile which borders the winding channel was

deep in water and it was most difficult to get a

boat through them but I landed in two places, one

to search for the rest of a Black Duck which was

on near the edge of the woods, again to look for that I a

pair of Rusty Blackbirds which were making a great

weather among some densely growing young oaks. The

boat was beached in landing on the west but in two and

found a great many interesting birds among them a

Porcupine which was within the usual clump, also

car. There was also a Brown Creeper and a Hawk's

down ten very many birds chiefly Blackbirds, Black-throats

in my future. I found two Cragins and two old, thin

the great Osprey. Once I thought I heard a Horned Puffin

in it was just the place for them. Yellow Bill and White-throats

in several places.
1897.
June 2

As we turned the boats at the first point to which we could proceed (the adzes closed the channel completely above) the winch of the barge was started. A few minutes later the two down stream were making a great "plashing" for some reason the horses appeared every time in the through.

The return down stream was commenced first at 1.00 o'clock the barge boat at about 6.30.

For the first time this barge we were somewhat troubled by both flies and mosquitoes but they were not really numerous.

Clouds gathered at noon and the night closed in dense foggy with light rain. From 8 to 10 P.M. began a monotonous rumble when I stood with keen eyes on the calls of rain and the heavy thunder. They are known to be strong or not known. But not always heavy rain and thunder are not satisfying. I heard no other birds.
1897.

June 3

Cloudy, with heavy rain through the forenoon and showers in the afternoon.

I spent the morning on the boat. Some after dinner we all went together to the Philetarum barge to visit opposite the mouth of the Philetarum. I began to fear that it had been deserted for no bird was in the hole where we landed it and soon came near it during the two or three hours there. A great depth of the tanks. I have already noticed that only three days was seen during our visit on May 28, and that he was about a long time coming for his nest. Possibly something has happened to him.

I found and took a young common 'snest with four fresh eggs and attempted to take a common 'snest but the rope which was attached to the tents did not prevent it from toppling over at the boat and all of the five eggs were broken. The west country is on unusually systematic hunt over.

Two 'smerals, both females, attached in the water within 400 yards of us and for them swimm away, their wings erect, slowly expanded. One of them from back to front by me a number of times after a while I think they were from a great distance away.
June 4

A sunny and very warm day, dead calm during most of the forenoon, with a light S. S. wind in the afternoon.

Starting at 7 a. m. we rounded the Magellan to Booth's Rock Point. Stepping out over the way — at Pulpit Rock where we intended to take a photograph & get some notes on the sheep.

It was an exquisitely soft and beautiful morning, and the birds were happy with unusual freedom at least for this gloomy season. Folding our maps and note book on starting I kept noting of everything seen on board during the trip between (and including) Boettcher's and Booth's Rock Points. Here is the list with the species given in the order of their occurrence: Sturnus unicolori 17, Dunedin mantra 12,

1. Stegodyphus muticus 9, Cryptothlypis americana caudata 7,
2. Spheniscus cornellii 6, Fregetta albicilla 6, Dunedin
3. cornellii 4, Cryptothlypis americana 3, Melopsittacus 3, 4,

4. Mynandra cristata 4, Astrapia cristata 4, Hestris plumosus
5. 3, 7, fascinatus 3, Dunedin menura 3, Procellaria
6. 3, Cretospheniscus 3, Fregetta plumipes 3, Pachyrrhynchus
7. cornellii 3, Thalassodroma prionias 3, Dunedin phalanx

8. D. caniceps 2, Melopsittacus unicolor 2, Parnes
9. bidentatus 2, Kaguinus tristis 2, Kaguinus 3, 2, Pyrrhura
10. ptilura 2, Hydrornis continuus 2, Myzostis

11. americana 2 (at noon), D. caniceps 1, Dicaeornis 1,
12. Carinaria americana 1, Carinaria americana 1, Geococcyx
13. pulcherrimus 1, Dunedin menura 1, Scott's Erycinus
14. 1, Buius solitaria 1, Tamen athertoni 1, Splendidus

15. ornatus 1, Dryobates formosus 1, D. melanocephalus 1,
16. Guira americana 1, Chloroxochis 1, Strenua cuffa 1,
June 4
(No. 2)

On reaching Bottle Brook Pond in fact paddled around it as silently as possible, studying two or three trees from the water & a third from the west end on the 2nd. This quiet land came out to-day with more reluctance than on the first occasion not moving water butterflies had refused to assist before a number of turns. It was also much less winds about leaving the little one from the first glimpse its lower edge with the fact then opened his四肢.

After leaving them or four photographs of the pond from the eastern shore (one of them showed from the position of the rock not which was standing across the calm surface at the time), we spent the remainder of the day on the west of the island than took Woodbridge taking 27 photographs, then from the water (with the same little spot in length to the edge of the island) and then from the land just within the edge of the woods. Five of those pictures showed the very brook crossing at the bottom of the pond from the shore from above the bank. He was in the most astrin in fact crossed it at about 9 A.M. and the remained near it the whole time up to 3 P.M., although he frequently flew off into the woods for a distance of 50 to 100 yards and disappeared for his mate but always without bringing any response audible to our ears.

I have rarely been a writing bird to absent and lean of hearing as this Partridge. The sound of one piece of thebrightened union of the problems would bring
June 4th

1897.

(No 3)  

Linn at once to the entrance of the lathes, 100 yards away, and every few minutes when in view sitting perfectly still he would look out turning his head in every direction. He would not turn the lathes, however, until one was within a few yards of the front of the tree and after he had examined certain he would return to the lath where in some sitting near its base with the camera directed towards it. Thus I had several good opportunities to photograph him that each required a wait of nearly a quarter hour on base with the investigator of brown flies being

visually.

On returning to the site the bird would usually strike against it about two feet below the bush and running up to turn on a branch, inferred moments would cling to its lower edge alternately looking in and down at us. The chick of the common thrasher did not alarm him but when I moved forward to try to change the plant he unimpressibly flies. He did not come under the bush which was near on the top. The lath near the base is united on the 2nd farm. He sould only to that there was now broken.

When he flies back into the woods he always took one 2 trees closer and along each side not only on this farm but on the farms that one could see on each occasion. He had one particular place on the bank of a large stream where he would spend ten or fifteen minutes at a time cleaning himself 5 watching us before returning to the nest. His favorite cleaning place was against a small

Bottle Brook Pond.
June 4 (No 4)

1897

Brave. Prat

JunnrY prey (a lost leading line) of a bunting. Often but he also drummed on a tall wormed plant.

I can see distant trees which were beyond our range. The bunting stood on the edge of the pond about 20 yards from the west.

I had abundant opportunities for studying the drumming calls to-day. It varied in duration from one to two seconds (were drumming over a period time limit) but was usually 1½ to 1¾ seconds. The intervals were the-uniform to be worth recording. The first ten or four calls were slightly slower and were disconnected. The drumming ones but the second effect was that of an uniform sound similar to that of the drumming piperings but less frequent. Still it carried well 7 drummers might have been heard ½ of a mile away under favorable conditions.

My impression, based on the accompanying figure, remains of June 2, to the effect that Passerina americana is a very much less active and rather brief than P. caerulescens was confirmed to-day. At least this much which I had under close observation for five or six consecutive hours was almost if not quite as slow and lethargic of movement as a sphagnaceous worm.

He would spend minutes at a time crouching to one spot and when he moved up the looks it was in a singularly slow, deliberate manner. Only when in aised, did he show any real animation.

I did not hear him make any vocal sound whatever to-day. When he flew from tree to tree the buzzing of his wings was always audible at some very distant...
June 4, 1897.

not really lined. It was very like the month before.

Tarn, or 'Lyn Bwe, 1897. Be Beek Powe

I took my last photograph at 1 P.M. although
it proved too much for the hitherto exemplary patience
of my subjects. Ten for his afternoon outing
had arrived, for whom he started in much greater
in the hour's 1 and 1 7 run. A moment later
as quickly as he then descended toward black rivers, 1 down and
then forward 1 thousand. Off until reaching a
postion only just barely within our hearing, he
stopped, his rest call for help and home apparently
in our favor. Soon after he seized a horrid man
clinging fast and adjusted direction at the point. I shot
it immediately and found it to be the 2 aside
where we had not hitherto seen. I then waited half-hour
away without learning anything of the 3. He finally
arrived at about 4.20 and I shot him there. It
was perhaps the hardest task of the kind that I
have ever faced myself to face the killing of these
beautiful & most interesting birds. But it was
a duty that I could not possibly shirk although
when they 1 flew away I distinctly hoped that I
should never be driven again.

Upon leaving off the top of the butt in near fullness
to my great disappointment to find that the butt
contained only two eggs, both perfectly fresh & covered.
The 1st I found on dissection the cut yellow, would
have looked but two more. One below in a position
that not yet had a broken by a shot that was about
half-way down the odont, the other, a circular circle
with yells 1 of the twin of a Clothing Group...
egg was still on the nest.

The measuring the nest... I found it to be 39 inches in circumference & 1 ft. above the ground. The body was on the nest side at a height of the ground of 9 inches, 10 ft. 11 inches.

I should have noted what time it was, & whether the prominent enemy is generally inside the nest. I think that he was underlying it as it is uncommonly narrow at the bottom.

It was half-past four o'clock when, after leaving

the bottom of the bank which contained this nest, I climbed back down mine. A chill wind blew in our faces and the leaves were nearly silent.

I saw a brown, a tree, and a pair of Eagles, one

brown, the other white-banded. The latter was carrying something in its talons while the other was apparently trying to catch it. They soon together a brown桌子 a man in guide preservation over a body containing a short distance, many times. This work is usually made to me.

Nature took the nest of the Family Friend on

Northern Moose Pond to-day. It had five eggs,

nightly made. The first was hatching at 9 a.m.,

the last in the box at 4 p.m. on the 23rd, and,

as on our first visit, the had the utmost

difficulty in escaping the body out.
June 5

Cloudy with a cool but light S. & wind and occasion

Waters & Gilbert went up the Megalomy this

morning finding a Swampry Spawns next with fin eggs
and this the hens are with fin the other with 5

eggs, one then were being in the flanked window

opposite Pontefes Rock, the Swampry Spawns one

of the tree floting is Lords near the head of

The afternoon they visited two nests of the

Yellow bellied Woodpecker which they had previously

found in North Island Con. One contained young,

the other fin eggs for advanced in incubation. Waters

unfortunately broke those eggs but he brought in the

nest a week on the 15th in a dry oak leaf. The

c Garrison house is evidently an old one for it is gray

or washed like and the interior has been at least freshly

colored off on very side & perhaps wholly executed this

reason. It is not all uncommon for Yellowgum

to make use of an old both in this way.

The evening we all visited a nest of this species at

the western extremity of Bermuda Pond. It was in a

tree, about half way of a lining white maple about 30 ft.

the tree - altogether a typical barnowl. It

contained for fresh eggs.

The afternoon Waters found a Herring Breakwater's

nest in a smooth maple at the mouth of R. North Con.

It had four eggs which were on the very front of holding

which he did not take.

A print the following by Don't seem about as long as

nothing come through Bermuda Pond this former writing

day 1897
June

A warm sunny day, the sky covered with a cloud of thin clouds. Thermometer nearly dead calm, a light S. S. B. from R. W. 

Join and I spent the entire afternoon in photography, a Brown Reckless which had a nest (with a lot of brown, marbled eggs in a small, isolated hollow) stuck on the north side of the Andes at 4,700 feet from the main camp. The female was a bluish head, the eggs had been incubated for some days and after she had become accustomed to the boat the would usually return to the nest in a few minutes after the camera was adjusted. But to get it firmly fixed in the right position was a matter requiring much time and patience for the water was on least eight feet deep and the bottom so hard that it was almost impossible to make the long ledger which we had loaded to the bottom, stick in the bottom. He succeeded in the end, however, and the pictures came out extremely well.

I also photographed another Brown Reckless nest, not far from the top of an exceedingly narrow canyon, and in the early afternoon I got a good way off in another which was stuck behind a large log of some kind of cactus, which after the woman and a Brown Anansi went, a unique situation as far as my experience goes.

There must be at least twenty species of Brown Reckless breeding in the neighborhood of the Andes. They seem to live at peace with all their human kith neighbors, but when a man appears there is great excitement and from far and wide they gather to watch the main event.
1897.
June 7

Cloudy with occasional shows of sun.

Curtis Meadow

Join and I went to Curtis Meadow this morning returning to dinner at noon. On the south end of the meadows just beyond the front of dead lupines is formed a floating bog, probably an island, and at least 100 acres in extent. It was an immense raft of vegetation, every where literally floating on water six or eight feet deep, and bearing with only thistles, of large elders but hundreds of short, shrubby, brushy but living lupines among with grasses. Were there time, I would tell of 15 or 20 ft. tall, were scattered about frequently, singly or in clusters. One quarter of the bog, however, the island bore nothing taller than Kalamin glaucum, Andromeda polifolia and Phlox. The coast was not abundant but the other two grew in a profusion & by a profusion that I have never before seen equalled. All these now in full bloom beside the Kalamin made the finest show I have seen of many square rods in entire looking more of color. Under this among them there is a flock of birds of various kinds and hundreds of bobwhite quails, the cotton only just coming into bloom. There were other plants than I did not recognize.

The whole island was literally swimming with several sparrows. There were two male and two or three female Red-winged Blackbirds, two Mayhaw "allen thorn," one Song Sparrow and two Savannah Sparrows (hanging on a bare thorn covered with gray-brown wire) besides a Kittiwake. The latter was less frequent than some birds which I heard from
June 7 (no 2)

1897

Barnes Pond about a mile east. The barnyard
the whole forenoon to-day. I got within about 100
yards of him when a channel of open water stopped
any further advance.

I found a downy Dusky Nest with three eggs
on this island built in about day given about
6 inches above the ground. I also found the remains
of a Black Duck that a Fox had killed and eaten
the same time. Having Black Ducks flying about
I also saw them heard of the pond, a G. Hooded
Magpie. On the island I saw what looked like
a last year's nest of a House.

Near the centre of the pond (or marsh) a
Blackwater Hen was calling loudly. I mistook
its shrill pitch for a Red-winged Blackbird's note at
first I wondered whether a Red-wing could be heard
back in the woods among the dense young
Herons.

Robins are more common along the Androscoggin Riv. Robins
thorn shrub in this vicinity. I heard a loud or
least 5 to 10 this morning.

at 3 P.M.

Yesterday, Footman visited the Whistler's nest with
11 eggs near the summit of Barn's Pond. Several of
the eggs were cracked. I sent him there again this
evening just after noon. He found one but two of
these eggs broken. I then went back to the forest
where 

He did not know it until he saw at the
front of the tree. The returning I entered the nest before
the birds were out. Yes morning. He did not come this
morning.
June 8

This is the forty day of Bertha East minds but the
farm has been freshly moved and town through a

Gust of and I rose up before becoming this morning and
at 4:30 were at the Wither's farm, while Watson
visited last evening. It approached it with great caution,
hesitating slowly up to twenty time until distance. The Wither
was absent and at first I feared that the bread would
her jump during the night but on looking into the hole
I was delighted to find them, their ten hundred clover
butterflies in a circle showing a litter for the one was
through it them. There were hundreds only one of them with
the two eggs other contents. What has become of the
remaining few eggs? Watson talks that in their Not
amount than eggs on the 6th of July they have counted the young
first coming but he is very sure that soon 9 the egg
was missing on the former occasion as the nest found
be placed closely with them + the absence 9 as many
as some would have considered as a joke that in could
definitely been found to notice. He is by no means
warranted than them were more than this young and two
eggs lost weight.

Partially cancelling one of the boats (we had taken them)
away the woods about 30 yards from the nest and
not knowing myself on full length on the bottom with
my hand raised just enough to enable me to catch
over the ground I lay there perfectly motionless
for one an hour. No breeze or any wind appeared
until 5:10 when a of Wither came from the

Leonard's Pond.
1897
June 8
[No. 2]

Leonard Pond.

Watching
west of
Wet black

circling alighted on the water a few yards from the nest. After floating motionless on the calm surface for at least two minutes with head and neck erect and undistractedly watching, a suddenity the figs directly to the lower hole (which may have been on the top of the hollow last night) and alighting on its lower edge stood firm for an instant, flapping her wings a little to maintain her balance. Then she paddled in swimming up the spread tube just as her body described much as a duckie often does when diving. I saw nothing more of her attempt. I waited the half hour for summoning her at the end of which time (at 6.15) Captain who had been up to the boat for his breakfast came to relieve me and to keep guard whilst I had mine. It was arranged then as that if the missionary began calling out her young which I was assumed he would shout a few times to let me know of the fact.

I had just finished breakfast when I heard this signal and jumping into the St. Lawrence Hotel as brisk as I could, pull for the nest but as soon as I came in sight of it I knew I was too late for Gilbert was swimming up in his boat and paddling slowly towards the nest. Here is his account of what happened during my absence:

At 6.45 the old duck appeared at the entrance (the lower hole) to the nest where the bat for five minutes bégan her head continually and trotting about in my direction included within her field of vision; then the bent back out of sight reappearing at the end of a minute and looking about as before for another five minutes. At the
June 8

I.  en the end of this second period of observation the feel
2.  down to the water and swam around the little fish
3.  times chattering and calling. On approaching the third
4.  round the shallop directly under the hole and
5.  gave a single loud call a chime when the ducklings
6.  in began swimming up to the entrance from
7.  west and dropping down to the water falling
8.  on top of one another. In other words the brood
9.  literally crowded out of the nest much as that
10.  would fall from one's hand. In a true instant
11.  or brace for an instant and striking the mouth
12.  of the hole but the greatest number toppled out
13.  over the edge as soon as they appeared. All used
14.  their tiny wings firmly beating them continuously
15.  as they descended. They did not seem to mind the
16.  water with much fear.

While this was going on the old Duck sat motionless
17.  on the water looking up at the nest when the
18.  last duckling dropped on the side the steam off
19.  at the head of the brood quickly this appearing in
20.  a flooded thicket a few rods away.

In connection with my own observations I should
21.  have noticed that after the old had entered the brood
22.  two other female Wistars flew several times one
23.  and around me and one of them at length
24.  alighted on the water swimming up close to the
25.  duck and looking at it intently as if she too
26.  had some interest in it. On several former
27.  occasions, however, we have found from two to
28.  four female Wistars hanging about this nest
29.  and the same thing occurred at the nest on
1897.

June

Two or

more young

lay in

same nest.

Lindswell's point as well as near that at Bottle Brook Pond. These facts lead me to believe that two or more birds not infrequently lay their eggs in the same nest. We know that Minnesota Wagamans sometimes do this; I see no reason for doubting that the MinnesotaS take the same liberty with our cousins.

Probably all six of the ten or twenty eggs were thus accompanied & perhaps the increased number laid by an bird does not exceed eight a min. It would be interesting to learn what or use the labor of incubation is fairly divided and also if all the young are cared for by one parent. An unshaded diagram of some of the eggs from the nest indicates this mode

suggests that they may have hatched and the young have been taken away by another bird.

Of another thing I am pretty well satisfied viz. that

the Minnesota is often polygamous. I have seen her this season only from a nest (one near the west at Peck's Brook with a single female) one at

Wells's Point with four males, one at the Bottle with at least four or six females, one at Bottle Brook Pond with four females) to at least twenty & probably

thirty females.

Wagamans thinks that the number of eyes on a

conformed pretty closely with its capacity & I believe

that he is right. When the cavity is small at the

bottom the bird that takes possession of it fills it

with her own set. When it is large other Wagamans

occasionally a Minnesota, also lay in it & it can hold no more eggs. John Brown tells me that he once took 25 eggs from a Wagamans nest.
The first visiting the Muskrat went this morning.

I took one of the young and sent it to a boat by

earlier returning to return it to the next after breakfast.

Your sudden departure of this animal with the

use of the boat departed this from and we have the

reality with certain facts. I have taken advantage of

the opportunity to try a number of experiments. I

first put the bird on the deck when it ran about

freely standing or running always in a nearly erect position,

lying prone with half extended wings when tried, it

called every few minutes in short, rapid tones very

like a young flaxen-shaft, kee-keep, kee-keep.

It did not offer certain play in appearance but, after

many young birds, it was exceedingly stout and persistent

giving very the greatest trouble to how it for

photography; absolutely refusing to remain when I

united it to although it would settle down quietly

almost anywhere else.

Next I put a thread down filled with 1.0

near it. It ran back and forth through this

muskrat times without apparently paying the least

attention of the water.

Next it was placed suddenly but quietly in the

middle of a tank filled with a quantity of water.

For at least a minute it remained floating in

one spot looking about with evident curiously

and without signs of fear. Its tail eye being always

drawn down forward. Occasionally it would twitch them

slightly. Presently it began using them as paddles,

slowly & heart-shape, or first. Indeed it was more

than an hour before it swam at all fast a
1897

Fermi

(No 6)

Behavior of young. It is

eggs. Flies almost as early as before changing

with its change to the adult stage. By noon it

and hatches to fly, either from the water or

bottom of the box, ten or twelve under

strongly,,. This immense brown T. may have

thick legs, was indeed most remarkable and

seemed to get as firm resistance for the upward

spring from the water or from the bottom bands.

Thus far in have been unable to find any

food which the poor little thing seems to relish.

It has fed at and swallowed a little egg yolk

and some wriggling fragments of earthworms excited

it greatly at first but after getting enough of

worm will down its throat it ejected them with

without disgust. Indeed I fear that it will die

of starvation although it is quite willing to try

everything that we offer it.

Both in the afternoon while looking for earthworm

it dropped the fragment which began sinking in

water. It at once thrust its head beneath the

surface and tried to catch the worm as it descended.

This is the nearest approach to drying which

it has been for weeks. It cleanses often and

regularly.

After a bath it dries its body and gives

with great patience to come away to bathe like an old bird.
June 5
1847

When I entered the forest this morning I was surprised to find three perfectly intact and apparently deserted. What had become of the third? I proceeded to examine them. I was especially interested in a pair of Great Crested Flycatchers. The nest was building a downy material but I could not remove my eyes from these birds; it was too long to follow them quickly. The nest was on the top of a tree; many other birds were kept calling it was what it was meant to remain for this nest. I suspect that this may be the nest approach to a young nest. The Great Crested Flycatcher is capable.

The Broad-billed Wren has a female nest in a dense thicket of second growth trees & bushes on the island in Boundary Pond. As this time is dawn birds of both sexes fly by soon after known any way. The sound under the trees is covered with their chirpings. Notions found a Water Thrush's nest on a small root below directly beneath this leaves. It contained six eggs about a week ago but when I visited it with him on the 6th the eggs were all broken and the shells intermingled with the leaves of the nest while the first of morning was shining. It was fresh with the Water Thrush's footprints. Could a Thrush have committed this foul deed?
June 9

First another day of S. E. winds & gloomy skies with heavy rain in the late afternoon and evening.

At 10 a. m. we warped the house boat out of Leonard's Pond and attempted to beat down the bay but the clumsy craft would not work up against the light wind, our casting anchor and centerboard got entangled in seaweed rafts and logs as we were crossing the flats, mariners and at the end of the day we had got only as far as Molly's Rock (about a mile) when we cast anchor for the night. A Hunter Whaler, the Whaler "Wealthy" of Ewing's Harbour, and James with Crossman's flannel were the only boats hanging at coming on the neighboring shores.

Our little boat was Album this morning and her named father and mother and as he would not practically willing it was evident that we could not hope to save him. Accordingly we took him into the flooded forest and putting him on a piece of floating drift wood near the foot of the tree in which he had been lodged backed the boat off a few yards and left him at freedom. He stood erect and motionless for a minute or two looking about him, then entering the water he began swimming toward the flat floating & evidently in some excitement. But very soon he gained confidence and swam out more boldly until at the end of a few minutes he was swimming busily & Attendance skimming the surface.
June 9 (No. 2)

as lightly as a fluff of white down and as convincingly as those of the Canada geese when engaged in their courtship dance. Now he would rise up from the water, and lazily drift as a floating leaf or down, often from some aquatic weed. Then, with a sudden burst of strength, he would whirl him forward with his body and shoot his tiny wings rapidly in the manner of a small bird. The floating sticks and ropes of driftwood seem a large part of the means, this was Evans' point of his story and flat his story rang exactly in the manner of a small bird. The floating sticks and ropes of driftwood seem a large part of the means.

Poor little boy! it was most affecting to see him start off this alone and unsupported on his perilous journey of life, regarding, endure, in his freedom and the novelty of his surroundings and quite unconscious of the dangers which lay before him. I could only hope that one or the other of the two female ducks which were behind from the water near the west end would adopt him or bear him or I was glad to see one of them fly back into the still forest soon after I left it.

A catbird appeared on the island in Leonard's Pond and was to be heard calling or when or the morning of June 6. The head nothing of him on either of the following two days but he was heard singing then again from up to the woods this morning to see if he will probably stay and build.
June 10

Yet another gloomy and very stormy day with
strong N. E. wind. It rained heavily last night and
through the forenoon and the early part of the afternoon
of to-day.

At 8 a.m. we weighed anchor and made a
quick run down the baths and through the Narrows
to Great Island where we shall spend the remainder
of this week. A few swallows were flying about close
over the water but nothing like so many as we
saw a week or two ago under similar conditions of
weather. Probably they are too busy now with their
eggs and young to visit the Lower Sandy. Nor did many
of them return as they came long distances.

Both in the afternoon and evening several
arctic terns flew and landed across the bay
from Great Island to Meteorite Island. A pair of
Great auk was spotted on the water
from one of the Narrows. I heard two horse-strings
on their island.

We landed for a run on Great Island finding a
weather bound blue whale's mass with five young
tor a hermit thrush's with four young young.

Some after noon this running a herring gull
came flying about our vessel attracted by small schools
of small fish which were rushing the otherway glossy
surface of the water as if a light beam had struck it.
This gull would make straight for one of these fish,
slipping swiftly a yard or two above the surface
pumping down tenacity, as if it strived to keep those...
June 10 1897.

Chimney with two middle of the school carrying the fish to jump into the air by dozens all around him but none succeeding in catching any of them although he tried again and again. He would sometimes throw his hand in make under water but never his body. I cannot understand how any bird could catch to catch fish in this manner. A man might as well attempt it by jumping into the water and throwing down his hand.

Vegetation abounds boldly this season. An apple tree on the baywood farm is filled in fruit. The woods, however, are nearly as dense with foliage as they were in midsummer.

Cattle keep that a deer comes out into his field with great regularity every evening a little before sunset. He doubts the statements to often made that deer injure crops of any kind. They with his grass a little, walk through his overfeeding with apparently noticing them and they move through his corn or pastures.
Although the morning dawned cloudy the sun came out by 10 o'clock and the remainder of the day was bright and beautiful. Soon before sunset the edges of a heavy thunder storm passed over us.

At 7 A.M., waitress, Jim, Gilbert and I all went ashore on Great Island with the determination to make the most of the fine weather and discover as many nests as possible. Judging it to be near time for most of the birds to have eggs, or, at least, finished nests, we paid especial attention to them, planning the best of years for nests of the black-throated greens and evening grosbeaks appeared until they asked, returning the observer's handkerchief for them.

We found two nests of the boy, great and black-throated. We were fairly successful finding two nests of the black-throated. Furthermore, besides this one unmarked by birds, one evening grosbeak nest was found with one egg each. Besides these, quite unexpectedly, we found nests of this bird and several thrushes made high up in branches of shrubbery way up from observation points.

I kept a note book in hand to which I wrote forenoon and again in the afternoon, when I went on the shore grounds, and noted down every bird I could name that I heard or saw. In the case of the very uncommon representative species it was difficult to make an accurate count but I was careful to use on the sides of common or white if at all and the number I wished to note in the following list may be safely taken as we can exaggerate. This is the list with the species arranged in the order of the numerical occurrence:

Dendroica cerulea 2,133, D. Blackburniae 1338, D. Meadei 22.
June 11 1897.

D. caeruleus 7 ss, 3 ff with note, D. caeruleus a. varia 7 ss,
Campbellia amicorum 6, Dendroica caerulescens 5 v3.
E. pygoscelis 3 v0, Vireo flavinus 3 v3, Little Canada
S. fulva graysoni 4, Sinuva macrorhyncha 4 v0, Calaudia
americana 3 v0, Anostoma borealis 3 v0, Passer atricapillus
3, Sinuva novaeboracensis 2 v3. Calpurnia pectoralis 2 v0,
Tachysantes castanea 2, Symphoza canadensis 1, Dendroica
Tigrina 1, Conphanalus tigrinus 1 v0, Cyanistes caeruleus 1,
Cercopis auratus 1, Hyllocryptus williams 1, D. nubecula 1,
Craspedornis 1 (started from 3), Holarctis amethystina,
Petronia coturnix 1; vivi in all twenty nine species. So
this list should be added tindus pyramidis of which I saw the
nest there and saw young found by Bates yesterday. The
nest was placed on the side of a little thicket, deep in
the heavy growth and covered by a heavy heavy growth
of fern which was not over 12 inches in height. It is
unsual to find a nest of this sort in heavy old growth
forest for remants from only opening a clearing. (What a
odable place.) The warbler, birds, etc. singing on June 10.
This! morning.

The Cape May warbler was heard singing about 30 yards
from the shore in rotund open woods of large threes,
Cedars, huckleberry, yellow birch. The song of this warbler
is louder or at least clearer and more piercing than all the
other warbler and very pleasant - them that I catch the
song mass Bay - trace on Blackcomb. In this
species it resembles the song of Protonotaria but in
tone or quality it seems more like and indeed very close
to that of Maculata. The bird is perhaps the least
colored and most finet in the ground. It can run
very fine by flying from one tree to another in the
early morning, and has a song passes on extremely
brief with long intervals. The number of
1897.
June II (No. 3)

Great Island

Notes varies from time to time. One of the birds established in the staples farm woods first until of Great Island (I hear both of them birds singing on the morning of June 12). Usually gives only two or three thrums rises the moment to join. The other bird ordinarily gives far more than twice as much. This bird near the house form east of is habitsly does twice.

The woods on Great Island are among the most beautiful and interesting that I have seen in this region. No lumbering has been done there for over thirty years and, though to say, there are no windfalls and almost no fallen trees which can feed, crumbling logs are scarce. Indeed, the ground is almost everywhere forested, being, from logs a inequalities with but few roads and almost no unplanned down trees which, near the lake shore, forms a broad, continuous belt extending around the whole island. Further back the land rises in gentle slopes, and the center of the island is fifty feet or more above the lake, and nearly level over a large area forming a plateau with a large swamp in low ground with fungus, berries and trailing vines at the middle portion.

The entire island is heavily wooded with fine old timber among of the trees, especially the oaks, balsam, and yellow elms, being 7 of the largest size. We found one tree of the west named spruce which had a girth of 4 6 inches a foot above the ground and taper thick with some near twenty feet around. Its top, however, had broken off if the trunk, although alive,
June 11

I examined this day on Fort Island were in Gods of

year a few birds from the lake shore. Many were in front,

rotten ten 50 yds. about 8 miles above the ground, another (3.45)

in closer, rotten ten about a foot above the ground, one

thousand 45 miles above the ground. The rest

were on 15 miles above the ground. Less with you

more large, present log. All these birds were sitting.

Three from this west at a distance of 500 yds. on the

yonder in amber 9; as 1 of them refused to return

to his egg while my camera was in front him about

6 ft. away although I left it there for an hour.

The third bird was more closely than any of

them forward that I have by far to see. Waters

attacked him from within 5 or 15 miles by him with his

three wings flattened him. Better I set up my

camera first about 60 feet away, turn from front,

1½ yards within this 1 on my foot and leaving the

feathering cloth much time to taking both pictures in all

them ten of which by three 50 inches which

supported them until the bird would raise his head

and crown their neck and over the edge of the nest

to get a bottom view of 7 mm. Out all other times

the bird very still merely watching at these regular

intervals. My photographs them from various in

them well. When I had finished my work I

poured up my camera & photos & kept the bird still

hunting on his eggs. Waters took both nest & eggs

out while running on about 8 o'clock when the

bird was absent.
June 12

The morning began sunny and warm, and thunders just as frequent with quick, heavy downpours during the forenoon. The clouds cleared away of boiling storm after storm but a steady 30 mile of wind from the east, and a thunder storm ended the afternoon with a perfect flood of rain followed by a heavy breeze.

Walters & Gilbert arrive. The forenoon hunting for oysters on the St. John River finding several oyster beds in tons that they could not attempt to climb and an M.D. named Blackhaired in low, finished his oyster.

I took a boat hand along the St. John Stream where I found two Cape May oysters in a low, and a third attempt to enter a little 60 ft. up in a dead cove. Rode towards them from off shore. The fireman can wade just above the tide & cross on the wooden peaks I found a thing I have never seen a Maritime do before.

Immediately after dinner we began heaving the bower but thought the channel between Great Island & the island behind us on reaching the open parts of the below islands found and boat down to Black Point where the Menan stream to form another oyster and men off side by side. The boat heaving in the early evening.

Walters & Gilbert arrive more of the afternoon on the wood of Great Island where the former found a west of the Bay. Great oyster beds but 6 feet in 5 \( ft \) of the lowest Gilbert found with one 6 ft. He kept Gilbert after the canoe boat to let me know it. This morning, I found back in the swamp, canker. I examined both woods in little making a perfectly certain identification of the & Bay Room just after Walters started me.
1897

June 12

eggs. She has wonderfully clever fingers to work with.

I was standing on the bank and the branches of the bush were in front of me. I kept a look out and suddenly I heard the sound of someone coming near. I knew that it was the sound of a bird singing. I stopped and listened carefully. The bird was singing a beautiful song in the trees above. I stopped and listened carefully. The bird was singing a beautiful song in the trees above.

As we approached, our evening with the setting sun was filled with the sound of the birds singing. A Corn-fed House was calling along the tree towers. Their notes were rising on the air, rising up to the heavens. A Barred Owl hooted once in the car. The owl was about 5 miles from us.

Hyles have perched on a low fence every night since I returned from the botanist. They rest there on the fence. They always seem to become silent when they leave after dark. Hyles are also food for foxes and other animals. This evening, the hyles have been singing in their usual manner. Their sweet, musical notes seem to fill the air. I could hear them up in the treetops.
Cloddy all day with heavy rain coming not continuously but in showers with brief intervals between.

The weather was so very bad that we decided to devote the day to looking and to take to means for my last trip up the lawn. Accordingly I spent most of the forenoon in the cabin of the house boat and practically the whole afternoon at the hotel.

Mr. Chandler showed me a Barn Swallows sitting on a nest placed under the roof of the pier over the front flags and within two or three yards of the front door of the house. The nest which rests on a fir tree branch about 10 ft. above the floor was occupied two years ago by a Robin which nested and brought up its young in it. Last year it was unoccupied. The house now has just returned by what bird it was built originally but it looks more like a Robin's nest and it has certainly been in its present position for three or four years. Of course the Swallows have added a further lining.

C. tells me that the two Swallows take turns at 

unbuilding a change places every 15 or 20 minutes (I 

saw this for myself two days later). They pay no 

attention to the people walking or sitting beneath them and yesterday one of the young Swallows stood up at the 

front of the house flushed at the next bird.
June 14

Another thoroughly disagreeable day with a succession of heavy showers making clear upon our anchorage here one that already destined region. During the brief intervals between them the wind occasionally shown for a few minutes on the drifting woods.

Join, Watson, Gilbert and I went up the harbor this morning on the Beamer taking two of our small boats in tow. We landed first at Pine Point where Watson had formerly (on June 5) found and marked several Warbler nests. Only one proved good and that had but two eggs and no bird sitting. It looked like a Black-burnie's nest but was placed rather low for that species being placed 20 ft. above the ground near the extremity of the horizontal branch of a red spruce which stands near the end of the point on the upper side of the path that leads from the camp to the landing. The bird came very near it while I was watching it but a male Black-burnie was urging steadily in the way near the nest. I took several photographs of this nest.

As we were following the path which leads around the boat some Join was lucky enough to find a nest of the Bay-breasted Warbler containing six fresh eggs. It was on a short descending branch of a large red spruce about 6 ft. from the extremity, 13 ft. from the main trunk, and 20 ft. above the ground. The nest was well covered, refusing to move when the branch was shaken with firm violence and only leaving the eggs when Watson shook the twigs close to her head until a bay thick. She then flies down into lower young spruce and when the wind immediately joined her. Both birds
June 14

Pine Point.

1897.

(No. 2)

Begun feeding neither showing any delinquency or appearing to notice the approach of Mr. Watson who, with a short rope, fastened the braided family to the trunk atop and then walking out in it secured the nest of eggs. Returning to this I had to ensure identification the up to any certain satisfaction. I also took several photographs I am sure it was then disturbed, for more eggs of this woman it showed plainly enough from beneath looking very like a large nest of a chaffinch sparrow but from above and from every side it was well concealed by the green foliage that pressed close one and around it. Before it was started this nest was hanging steadily about 20 feet from the nesting tree.

This Watson was taking the nest of the Bay-breasted Warbler quick another and much larger nest in the top of the very next tree, a tall but unusually slender and rather slender tree. On investigation this second nest proved to belong to an Old-field Flycatcher which was started in the time but filling up more or less later. This nest was placed close against the main stem of the tree 3 feet from its top and about 30 feet above the ground. There was only one egg which in turn with the nest.

The eggs here was waited in climbing to two nests, both high up in large trees, one in a zipper, the other in a handsome. Both proved to be old nests although they looked promising enough from beneath. Indeed none of them appeared exceptionally neat or symmetrical when removed from the ground. The only way, however, is to climb the tree to investigate the nest from above.
June 14 (No. 3)

It was now 5 a.m. when we all went to the end of Spelman's Point and building a bivouac in the storm for the night in the middle of the little grove opening beneath them with the rain falling heavily off the tree, and the black flies and mosquitoes attacking us in force between our smokes and tents.

The trees and underbrush on this point were rich with birds; more of which I think were surely feeding them as they were continually arriving from and departing to places more or less far back in the forest. In seventy-five minutes of observing, while in some of the canyon or an hour or less was something unusual for such a locality.

Unfortunately I made no list but I recall a Sparrow's Nest, Canada Northcote's, Chickadee, Blackbird, Pica, Green, Black-throated Blue, Parula, and Canada Thrush, three Redstarts and Red-eyed Vireos, a pair of Chipping Sparrows (the first I have found in the forest this season), a pair of sparrows, a Wilson Whippoorwill, a Red-backed Sparrow, a Pine Suet Basket sticking in a tree, and at the terminal wood alpine being the young shrub), a Rose (the bird which has a nest in a hundred feet from the end of the point), a Robin, Ten

Chipping Sparrows
Spectacle Grebes

At 10 A.M. we started down the ladder coming slowly, without entirely stopping or looking, all the way to the Steeples Place below the watertown (where in fact a great

At 10 A.M. we started down the ladder coming slowly, without entirely stopping or looking, all the way to the Steeples Place below the watertown (where in fact a great

Spelman's Point
1897.
June 14
(No. 4)

149

Natives had previously found two Marbled's nests on a
group of Congs. lumbered down to the shore near the tent.

Our friend to be an old nest but this other was
a Yellow-rumped's with four eggs within for advanced in
incubation. This nest was in a hemlock on a stone
horizontally branch about 6 ft. from its extremity, 10 ft.
from the main trunk, 35 ft. above the ground, and the same
distance from the left of the tree.

The 2 Yellow-rumps was sitting and for some time the
absolutely refused to leave her eggs. Natives first shook the
branch and then with a long stick forced and blistered
severely the thing within an inch or two of the head. At
length the hatched one of the nest and stood for a minute
or more on its rim brooding about her. Then the fledgling
dropped downward to the ground with quivering wings and wide spread
tail rising slowly and slightly turned lines on a branch
or cluster of twigs where the wounded lie fastened for a moment
feeling her wings firstly and annihilating the remnant of
a wounded or otherwise disabled bird. In short the bird
primarily as one of the ground-walking birds (example for
example) will do under similar circumstances. Natives
secured this nest & set in the same manner as that
by yr. Mr. Trask. The boy contented content in the day.
the nest was lined with feathers as usual but from beneath
it looked to nearly like a boy. A nest that in vain
are desired. Indeed in water distinguished no difference
whatever the general effect being previously the same.

Ellis on the 12th had found a nest of D.庆典cruus,
finished but empty, in thin woods. It had two eggs today.
I attempted to reach it but my approach took from me no much
1897.

June 14

(No 5)

We next crossed to the northern end of Great Island, landing first on the western side of the Cove to visit a Heron's nest found on the 11th in a big bank 60 ft. above the ground. Watrous reached it with some difficulty when it proved to be an old nest, apparently of D. carolina. We have many such disappointments of late.

A similar heron's nest, found by Watrous on the 11th in a large red granite 200 yards on the west side of the Cove, was visited next. It turned out to be a Bay-breasted containing a fine set of 5 first eggs. The nest was fully 50 feet above the ground, near the end of a stand, dropping branch about 15 feet from the main trunk. Watrous reached this nest by climbing a tall, slender sapling which, by the aid of a rope, Jim and Gilbert drew over and held within arms reach of the nest. The nest was almost perfectly concealed from view from any direction by the density of the surrounding forest foliage. The Bay-breasted sat very close, refusing to leave his eggs until Watrous placed the twigs directly over his head with his hand.
1897.
June 14
(No.6)

Then shot down on a very steep incline and alighted in a small tree where I had a perfectly satisfactory view of her at close range. During the descent from the nest she whipped her wings in a jerking manner and for nearly half a minute after reaching her perch she kept jerking them much as a young bird does when soliciting a returning food.

Returning to the boat we pulled out of the cove and along the shore continued to a spot where, on June 11, I had found an empty nest of Dumant’s Terns only a few rods back from the water. It was built in a slender frame reposing close against the main stem, about 8 feet above the ground, and some two feet from the extremity of the tree—alleged to be a typical situation. This nest was the most beautiful one of its kind that I have seen, very large and thick-walled with much blanched on the outside. It contained four handsomely-marked eggs today. Another bird was near the nest when we first reached it but one of them afterwards came flitting about us, making a low, whining call.

As I was picking the Tern’s egg Matilda exclaimed, "there is a freckle’s nest!" and looking up I saw it at once, almost on our heads. It was in a red spruce (a tree about 40 feet tall and 10 inches in diameter at the base of the trunk) on a stout, horizontal branch, 11 feet from the main stem, 3 feet from the extremity of the branch, and 25 feet above the ground.
June 14
(No. 7)

1897.

On climbing the tree to a point well above the nest Watson reported that he could see at least four eggs. At a Bay gneate Watson was Singer with 20 yards off and turned to come into the tree and flatted about near the nest showing evident interest in it. It is possible that it disturbed and frightful off the 7 which we were taking the thums nest but more probable that she was away feeding. At all events we saw nothing of her on this occasion and for this reason left the nest undisturbed although there can be no reasonable doubt that it is a Bay. Watson and Gilson visited this nest again on June 18 and took it with a set of 8 eggs. The 7 was sitting and Watson had a good view of her.

Along this stream we met with a young Bold Eagle which was singularly tame. It flew up from the ground and alighting on a stone sat quietly looking down at us as on round peat, almost beneath its feet, and within half gun shot.

Mosquitoes numerous in the woods to day. I have rarely seen them more numerous or bloodthirsty than they were on Great Island this afternoon. At Point we found a good many black flies and a few "no-see ums" but the last have not given us serious trouble any where this season.

We reached Baccawia at 7 P.M. and found that the houseboat, having been damaged, had brought her passengers and boats got good anchor on a really point and Charles had managed to get her off and anchor her in deep water before any damage was done.

Great Island.
June 15

Forenoon clear and warm with light N. W. wind and

The forenoon was spent in packing up tents and getting

"Ib Clann tok Cort win Flay We We, ord

" 16

Clean and cool with steady N. W. wind.

I left Celebrook at 6 o'clock this morning and reached the

1897.

Lakeside - Celebrook - Wolfgane, Cambridge.

Be son eee son ve arty iy Te sh tiny Baas

saying a number of times among the bushes near the base

Trotting a boat to Clee Harbor and driving around the

Harnrand

ve, thin teers nelle Ai Ws W, wh, and,

The wind veered and clouds overcast the

hy fie, HULA naling ok) Coed Gu

The Wk wetted ond lends oniepfued Ua

Moot of

Depression

after dinner I started for Celebrook with Chandler in a

mountain wagon drawn by two horses. He had a pleasant
drive but I saw no birds of especial interest. Near

in breast in possed a Swainson's Thrush sitting on her nest

Mountains and won Howe Sprague than Lost year.

while on the home boat this morning I heard a Horse Whin

Trotted to the aid.

The thunsty wind had been held yesterday

every body had gone home, there was no way of going direct

To Wolfgane but I reached it that evening at 7 o'clock by

Saw the sone on

Mr. Seared I returned to Cambridge the next day.
June 22. I spent the day with William Brewster in Concord on the river and at Ball's Hill. We took the train at West Cambridge and drove from Concord Station to the Buttricks where we packed our baggage into the boat and proceeded down the river. The day was clear, a cool breeze was blowing, and the vegetation was most luxuriant on either bank of the stream. We found the species of birds and their relative numbers just about the same as W. had observed in former years, this being his first trip on the river at this season for some time. Painted Tortoises were abundant on floating logs, and in one place we saw a big Snapping Turtle perched on a projecting rock near the bank. Kingbirds were in great numbers, busily engaged in fly-catching, and one pair were constantly diving from their stand down to the water, plunging the head and bill into the water, and quickly rebounding into the air and returning to their perch. Red-winged Blackbirds and Bobolinks made the meadows resound with their notes. They were as abundant as usual.

The former were attacking and driving the Bronzed Grac-
L. aestivalis
kles which were in very large numbers along our course. They may have been hunting for Red-wings' eggs, but what we speci-
G. aeneus
ally noted was that they were engaged in picking worms from the leaves of the trees on the banks. They were either
June 23. Eating them or flying away with the grubs in their bills. We saw several young birds with the old ones.

About half way down to the Hill we heard an Orchard Oriole singing in a clump of trees on the bank. The notes much resembled those of a Purple Finch. The bird was shy and not disposed to show himself. However we feel very sure that we saw him once fly out and light on an exposed branch. If so, he was an immature bird. On our return up the river in the afternoon, the Oriole was singing in the same spot, this time uttering his more Oriole-like notes. He is doubtless nesting close by, for otherwise he would hardly have been found in the same place so long.

Arriving at Ball's Hill, we turned in to the landing and walked up to the cabin. Here we enjoyed an interesting spectacle. A Partridge with her covey of young had taken up her position close by in the grove of oaks not more than 6 or 8 feet from the left-hand front corner of the cabin, and we were close upon her ere she was aware. She uttered her whistle of alarm, and immediately the young, which were about the size of Robins, beat a hasty retreat, some running, some flying. The old bird at first disappeared behind the cabin, still whistling her warning. As we ran after her to watch her movements, she suddenly turned about and, with extended ruff and wide-spread wings, she came to within about four feet of us, before she
June 22. turned and in stumbling flight disappeared up the slope.

After lunching in the cabin we took a tramp for two hours or more over the place and found almost all the trees and shrubs that had been set out doing well. As we were walking along, two Mourning Doves flew over us at different times toward the river. We had seen a pair in the morning flying over our boat. We visited the White Pine where a pair were nesting in May. I climbed up to the nest and there seemed every indication that the young had flown.

As we were returning to the cabin through the woods we heard the cry of the Hairy Woodpecker. We did not succeed in seeing him for he soon uttered a rattling cry and flew off through the dense foliage.

Though we did not see many birds, we heard a good many. The Chestnut-sided Warblers were singing at every step, the Black-throated Green was uttering his drowsy notes in the evergreens, and the Pine Warblers were trilling among the Pines. Almost all the common birds that frequent the place were about in varying numbers.

We were very near the cabin in the path between the cabin and the open meadow, when we saw before us some twenty feet a Star-nosed Mole. It was a most unusual sight to see one of these creatures in the broad sunlight, running about scratching and rooting in the ground. We watched him for a while...
Concord, Mass.

June 22. with our glasses and then approached nearer. He took no notice of us and soon we were stooping over him. Then he began to move away, but his actions were slow. He was evidently trying to find a hole or cover of some sort. We even put our fingers on his soft dark fur, and I pressed a stick on him to keep him still while we examined his star nose and short stout feet. He struggled a little at first, uttering a cry that consisted of a succession of squeaks, but he became perfectly quiet in a few seconds. When I let him go he scrambled off trying to escape. At last he got under two or three dead leaves, and we left him in his fancied security.

We rowed back to the boathouse in just an hour, and two or three times heard the "pumping" of a Bittern on the Great Meadows. The Bank, Hove, Barn, and White-bellied Swallows were skimming over the water, and Green Herons flew over our heads. We took the 6 o'clock train at the Lowell Depot for home, and got back by 7 o'clock, after a most delightful day.

Walter Deane.
1897. Englewood, N.J.

A beautiful June day, cloudless with fresh W. wind. To
June 28. Englewood, N.J. by 10 A.M. Shore Line train for New York and
4.30 P.M. train from New York, Chapman meeting me at West
Shore Ferry. Walked from W.Englewood station to Chapman's
house where, some ten minutes after our arrival, John Bur-
roughs joined us. He wore a plain but well-fitting suit of
blue flannel, a soft, light-gray felt hat, white shirt with
black shoe-string tie, and broad low shoes. He had been walk-
ing for upwards of three hours - having passed directly by Chap-
man's house and on to Englewood village a distance of two
miles and back - and confessed to being somewhat tired but he
talked freely enough as we sat for an hour or more under the
trees in front of the house.

After dinner we walked through the Phelps woods east of
the railroad station. The sun had set some time before we
started and twilight was falling when we entered the woods.
Indeed most of the birds had ceased singing but the Wood
Thrushes, which we had especially come to hear, did not disap-
point us. To my surprise they were everywhere equalled in
numbers and in places actually outnumbered by the Wilson's
Thrushes. Such a concert as the two gave us! I have never
before heard anything that approached it. The still, damp,
fragrant air that filled the arches under the fine old trees
fairly rang with the bell- and flute-like notes which came
from every direction far and near. More than once we had four
or five birds of each species singing within twenty or thirty
yards of us and both species appeared to be very evenly dis-
tributed throughout the swamp which is at least one quarter of
a mile in length.

Everywhere along the borders of the wood were thickets of
alder in full bloom the snowy cymes gleaming against the dusky
background. As we came out into a large opening white with
daisies and shimmering with the dancing lights of innumerable
fireflies a Woodcock passed close over us, flying down into
the swamp.

Later, as we were sitting under the trees at Chapman's,
a Barn Owl called once in the distance giving a single, short,
husky scream which I did not hear sufficiently well to de-
scribe here, but which at the time suggested the haink of Ar-
dea herodias.
Englewood, N.J.

1897. Clear and warm with but little wind.

June 29, After an early breakfast we spent two or three hours in
the beautiful Phelps woods taking first the eastern portion
and then crossing the railroad to the western side. Birds
were singing freely especially during the first hour. The
most abundant or, at least, conspicuous species, were the Wood
and Wilson's Thrushes, the Catbird, the Hooded Warbler, the
Oven-bird and the Red-eyed Vireo. The Green-crested (Acadian)
Flycatcher was common and we heard two Rose-breasted Grosbeaks
one Scarlet Tanager and one Nashville Warbler, besides Maryland
Yellow-throats, Towhees, etc. A Yellow-winged Sparrow
was singing in a grassy opening.

Returning to the house at about 10 A.M. we started on a
long drive, visiting first the Hackensack marshes where we
heard dozens of Marsh Wrens and a few Swamp Sparrows and fi-
nally coming out on the Palisades where some of Chapman's
lady friends had prepared a lunch which was eaten in a beauti-
ful spot under some large oaks on the very edge of the cliffs.

During this drive we saw two Baltimore Orioles but no
Orchard Orioles although the latter species is found in limit-
ed numbers. The Yellow-breasted Chat was heard everywhere in
suitable places. A House Wren was singing in the Chapman's
orchard and a pair of Bluebirds with their young were seen in
a field near by.
Englewood, N.J.

1887. (The above page was written six months after the date to
June 29. which it relates; hence the meagreness of statement in de-
(No.2). scribing an experience which was really full of interest).
Saloon Passenger List.

International Navigation Company.

American Line.

Red Star Line.
RED STAR LINE
New York and Antwerp.

S. S. "KENSINGTON."

SAILING FROM

New York, Wednesday, June 30th, 1897, at 4.30 P. M.

Captain W. J. ROBERTS.

Surgeon: Dr. H. Geens. | Chief Steward: S. A. Smellie.

Miss G. Abbot
Mrs. D. W. Adams
Miss Isabelle Arthur
Mr. Fleuker Augustine
Miss Mary A. Bachelder
Prof. L. H. Bailey
Mrs. Bailey
Miss Sarah Bailey
Miss Ethel Bailey
Miss M. B. Bald
Mrs. Frances H. Barry
Miss A. B. Bates
Miss E. C. Bates
Mrs. Mary Borland Beattie
Rev. Wm. R. Bennett
Miss Camille Benson
Prof. Wm. F. Bentley
Mrs. Bentley
Miss Florence M. Bentley
Miss Anita R. Bibbins
Mr. Geo. J. Bird
Miss Adelaide Bird
Miss Harriet E. Bird
Miss Jeannette Bliem
Miss Lucy R. Bliss
Miss E. M. Brandt
Mrs. Fanny Bressant
Miss Eva Bressant
Mr. Wm. Brewster
Miss M. J. Brink
Miss Annie Carrington
Brown
Mrs. Margret Bush
Miss Lucie Cain
Mrs. Alfred Cait
Miss Bessie Carey
Mrs. G. D. Chamberlin
Mr. John B. Chapman
Mrs. Chapman
Mr. Louis A. Chase
Rev. Wellesley Coddington
Mrs. Coddington
Miss Gertrude Coddington
Dr. Grace E. Cooley
Mr. William Collar
Mrs. Collar
Miss Nellie W. Conrad
Mr. C. M. Coulter
Mr. M. E. CRAHAY
Miss Jesse Dalrymple
Miss Mary Dalrymple
Mr. B. J. Davis
Miss Susan L. Davis
Mr. W. II. Davis
Miss Edna De Armond
Miss Marie de la Nieppe
Miss Maud A. Dodge
Mr. E. P. Donnell
Miss E. P. Donnell
Mrs. E. P. Donnell
Mr. Wm. Dunn

Mrs. W. C. Earle
Dr. J. Eckman
Mrs. J. Eckman
and infant
Rev. A. F. Elmendorf
Mr. H. M. Estil

Mr. Edward R. Evans
Hon. Nathaniel Ewnig
Hon. John K. Ewnig
Miss Amalie Faller
Miss Kathie Peim
Miss Susan Ferry
Miss Nellie M. Ferry
Miss A. M. Fitz
Miss Alice B. Foster, M.D.
Mrs. E. Forster
Miss Ruth Forster
Miss Grace B. Gallison
Dr. H. S. Garlick
Miss Edith Gay
Mr. George Goehring
Mr. Frank Goodrich
Mrs. Goodrich
Miss Goodrich
Miss Goodrich
Mrs. Elisa Goetz
Miss Anne S. Graham
Miss Emily L. Graham
Miss Jennie Gratz
Mrs. Leonore Guerin
Miss Mabel Guerin
Miss Carrie Haldeman
Miss Elisabeth Haldeman
Miss L. F. Harmitage
Miss May C Hardy
Miss Henrietta E. Hardy
Miss Mary Lillian Hobart
Miss Kathie J. Hodgden
Miss Bessie R. Hooker
Mr. A. V. D. Honeyman
Miss Katherine Hosmer
Miss H. G. Hull
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Mrs. Hundley

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Mr. W. J. Jackson
Miss C. E. Jansson
Mr. W. J. Johnson
Mrs. Johnson
Mr. B. B. Johnson

Mr. C. Kaufman
Miss Ida A. Keller
Miss Martha Kennedy
Miss Elise Klock

Mrs. W. S. Lewis
Miss Anna Lena Lewis
Mrs. Malje Loeb
Miss Alvine Loeb
Mr. F. J. Loesh

Dr. L. Marquet
Mrs. A. M. McCullough
Miss Katherine H. McIntyre

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Miss Bessie Merriam
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Miss H. B. Ofley
Miss L. M. Otis
Miss M. O. Otis

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Miss Julia Patterson
Mr. Chas. Payson
Miss Sarah Phair
Rev. P. C. Pyle
Dr. Jos. W. Richards
Mrs. Richards
Miss M. Ellen Richards
Miss Evelyne P. Richards
Mr. Henry G. Thunder
Miss Winnifred H. Rich
Mr. Joseph Wharton

Master William Richards
Miss Charlotte Titcomb
Miss Isabel Rogers
Miss Florence Rogers
Mr. Albert H. Rosenbaum
Mrs. Towne
Miss Edith O. Rowe
Rev. Gustav Ruckert
Mr. Philip Rueger
Mr. John W. Ryder

Mr. A. P. Schader
Mrs. H. Schofield
Miss G. Schofield
Mrs. Henry Schneider
Mrs. Bertha H. Schultze
Miss Clara E. Seidensticker
Mr. C. Simmons
Mr. B. Sinsheimer
Mr. W. W. Slack
Mr. H. Carleton Slack
Mr. E. E. Smathers
Miss E. R. Smith
Miss Sarah C. Souther
Dr. Geo. R. Southwick
Mrs. Southwick
Mrs. J. Austin Spencer
Miss Pauline W. Spencer
Miss Ella Sullivan

---

INTERNATIONAL NAVIGATION

Miss Megnon Ulke
Mr. R. E. Umbel
Mrs. E. P. Underhill
Miss Dorothy Underhill
Miss Elisabeth Ullrich

Mr. F. A. Voigt
Miss Gertrude Walter
Miss Cath. Weeks
Miss Edith Westcott
Mrs. W. I. Williams
Miss Henrietta F. Williams
Mr. H. L. Winans
Mrs. Daniel Wood

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Von der Becke & Marsily, General European Agents, Antwerp.


Nicholas Martin, Agent, 49a Friedrichstrasse, Berlin.

Red Star Line, 49a Friedrichstrasse, Berlin.
On Board the Steamship "Kensington."

1897. Clear and hot with fresh S.W. wind.

June 30. Left Englewood this morning by 8.10 train for New York with Mrs. Embury, Burroughs and Chapman. I sat with Burroughs who talked about his son (a boy of some seventeen years of age about to enter Harvard, interested in college athletics and a keen sportsman) and the Hackensack Marshes. The latter, he says, would surely be drained some day and, he added, "They should be drained. It is a shame to have so much fertile land lying idle". Chapman and I thought them worth preserving for their beauty and the bird life which they support but Burroughs appeared to regard them wholly with a farmer's eye.

I spent most of the day at the American Museum whence, late in the afternoon, I went to Pier 14, North River, where the steamship "Kensington" of the Red Star Line lay with steam up ready to sail for Antwerp. Chapman accompanied me and I found George Kettell waiting for me on the wharf.

The "Kensington" got off promptly at 4.30. I saw only one sea bird, a Wilson's Petrel, before night closed in.
On Board the Steamship "Kensington".

1897.

July 1.

Latitude, 40°10' N.
Longitude, 57°45' W. Noon observation.
Run— — 231 miles.

Clear and warm with light north wind and smooth sea.

Steamer escorted all day by a swarm of Wilson's Petrels. There must have been fully two hundred. Most of them followed our broad wake skimming close over the creamy water churned by the powerful screws, crossing and recrossing each other's lines of flight. Whenever table refuse was thrown overboard they assembled quickly over the spot but I think that they also obtained much food of a more primitive kind brought to the surface by the violent agitation of the water.

Late in the afternoon (at about 6 P.M.) a Cuckoo (apparently C.americanus) came close about the ship flying high in circles. Twice it tried to alight on one of the masts but at the second attempt it got into the dense volume of black smoke issuing from our funnel and at once started off towards the S.W. It flew strongly and rapidly.

Saw a solitary Puffinus major a little later.

A school of fin whales are seen by the passengers, and also many porpoises.
On Board the Steamship "Kensington".

1897.
Latitude, 40 10 N.
Longitude, 61 30 W.
Run— -- -- 337 miles.

July 2.

Sky covered with a thin veil of clouds through which the sun shone dimly and, for brief intervals, brightly. Wind light from the N. to N.E., very warm or rather sultry. Shortly after sunset two thunder showers passed to the N. After this the air was cooler and the sea became rougher.

We were in the Gulf Stream all day. The water was very blue and I saw one flying fish and many small fragments of the brownish orange Gulf weed. Wilson's Petrels were less numerous than yesterday but fully 100 followed us from morning to night. One of the passengers reported seeing a "small pure white bird" floating on the water. I saw nothing but the Petrels.
On Board the Steamship "Kensington".

1897. Latitude, 40 45 N.
       Longitude, 54 W.
       Run— -- -- 328 miles.

July 3. A cloudless or nearly cloudless sky, sea intensely blue with short, low, white-capped waves flashing in the bright sunlight, a steady rather fresh N.W. wind — perfect weather in short. Practically no motion and all the passengers on deck. No birds, no whales, no porpoises. Several barks standing eastward.
On Board the Steamship "Kensington".

1897: 
Latitude, 41 40 N.
Longitude, 47 30 W.
Run--- 319 miles.

July 4.

Cloudy with strong N.E. wind, high sea and fog dense enough to bring the visible horizon within half a mile or less, but not sufficient to require the use of our whistle. No animal life reported to-day; but in the evening a flying fish of some six inches in length came on board and was picked up by one of the stewards who disembowelled it and stuffed it with tobacco!

The Kensington proves to be a phenomenally steady ship. She rolls and pitches but little, and the seas break against her sides as against a cliff or an iceberg.
On Board the Steamship "Kensington".

1897.

July 5.

Latitude, 44 20 N.
Longitude, 41 30 W.
 Run- - - - 313 miles.

A smooth sea with thin clouds through which the sun shone dimly. Wind N. to N.W. and at all times moderate.

Several porpoises were seen this morning but no birds were reported. A bark heading eastward was the only vessel seen.

In the evening the 4th of July was celebrated by a concert in the saloon and by fireworks on deck with much interesting singing by the German and Belgian steerage passengers.
On Board the Steamship "Kensington".

1897.

July 6.

Latitude, 46 30 N.
Longitude, 34 30 W.
Run— -- -- 319 miles.

Weather similar to that of yesterday but with less and feeble or sunshine and thin fog obscuring the distance.

Porpoises were reported by several of the passengers and at about 7 A.M. Miss Gay saw four or five small dark Petrels with white rumps. They passed close to the steamer but showed no disposition to follow her wake. Miss Gay says that they looked exactly like the birds that were so numerous on the 1st and 2nd.
On Board the Steamship "Kensington".

1897.
July 7.

Latitude, 48 N.
Longitude, 27 W.
Run-- -- - 328 miles.

The finest possible weather, the air very clear, the sky half-filled with drifting clouds, the sea as smooth as it ever is at this distance from land, the wind light from the W.

Animal life abounded to-day. Several Whales and innumerable Porpoises in schools of 6 or 8 to 25 or 30 appearing at intervals rarely exceeding 15 or 20 minutes coming close around the ship, and often plunging under the bow. They had to exert themselves to the utmost to overtake and pass us and ordinarily they soon gave up the race and fell rapidly astern (our speed at the time was about 15 miles per hour). All were apparently of the same species, of rather small size (six to eight feet long) with white or whitish bellies, greenish sides and light wood-brown backs. They frequently leaped quite clear of the water, describing the most graceful curves, one following another in quick succession.

Small Petrels followed our wake all day. In the early morning there were 40 or 50, at noon about 100, at sunset 25 or 30. They all looked and acted like Wilson's Petrels. Shearwaters which I took to be P. major were also seen at short intervals, usually two or three together wheeling or scaling on set wings close over the surface of the water occasionally alighting for a moment but never following our wake or, indeed appearing to notice us in any way.
On Board the Steamship "Kensington".

1897.
July 3.

Latitude, 49 15 N.
Longitude, 18 50 W.
Run--- 330 miles.

A gray sky, strong west wind and lumpy, following sea which made our steamer roll heavily at times.

Porpoises of numerous and frequent occurrence during the entire day. No birds except Wilson's (?) Petrels which were rather less numerous than yesterday.

Late in the afternoon the U.S. war ship "Brooklyn" passed us about 12 miles to the southward on her way back to America from the Queen's Jubilee celebration.
On Board the Steamship "Kensington".

1897.
July 9.

Latitude, 49° 50' N.
Longitude, 10° 40' W.
Run- - - - 325 miles.

A fine day, warm, nearly cloudless, with tender blue sky and deep blue sea roughened by short, low waves but so nearly without swells that the "Kensington" kept an even keel for minutes at a time.

Several vessels seen; at one time, just after lunch, we had a tramp steamer and a dingy old bark on our port side and to the southward, about twelve miles away, four British war ships going through some intricate manoeuvring.

The only bird seen during the forenoon was a Herring Gull (a gray bird) that came about the ship soon after breakfast. Early in the afternoon five or six Petrels (apparently Wilson's) followed our steamer for a short time and a Gannet (in spotted plumage with dark wings) and a fine, old Herring Gull came close about us.

We made Bishop light on the Scilly Islands at about 10 P.M.
On Board the Steamship "Kensington".

1897.

July 10.

Latitude, 50 25 N.
Longitude, 20 35 W.
Run 310 miles.

Early morning cloudy but the remainder of the day sunny with a smooth sea and almost no wind except late in the P.M. when a fresh and chill easterly breeze blew for an hour or two.

The run through the British Channel occupied the entire day and well into the night. The distance was obscured by the usual English haze but we passed near enough to some of the headlands to see distinctly downs, cultivated fields divided by hedges into the usual checker board squares, towns and country houses surrounded by parks and park woods. The white chalk cliffs of the Isle of Wight were especially interesting and striking. Water birds were very numerous. Gulls (chiefly L. canus with now and then a L. argentatus) followed our steamer during the whole forenoon in a long straggling flock comprising upwards of a hundred birds. The Mew Gulls were very tame coming up to within a few yards of the steamer and sometimes hovering over and looking down at us.

Murre and Razor-billed Auks in pairs were sprinkled about over the water sometimes allowing us to pass within a few yards without either flying or diving. There were also a few Puffins. A solitary Gannet was the only other bird observed.
We reached Flushing at 6 A.M. and Antwerp at 11. The run up the Sheldt was most interesting. The scenery is just what I had pictured it - the first time I have ever had this experience with a country new to me. The land was perfectly level as far as the eye could reach and bordered along the river - as well as intersected everywhere - with dykes. Poplars and willows extended in rows as far as the eye could reach. Water birds swarmed along the muddy and sandy flats along the edges of the river. The most numerous were Black-headed Gulls and Terns of two sizes (the smaller S. hirundo I think). I saw three Shags, two large Curlew and a solitary Crow or Rook.

E.R.S. awaiting me at wharf at Antwerp. C. ill and at Rheims with Mrs.S.

To Hotel du Courrier, Rempart du Lombard, a pretty little inn with inner court open above and filled with shrubbery (chiefly lilacs) and flowers. After lunch visited Cathedral and "Zoo". The latter on a smaller scale than the London "Zoo" but to my mind more attractive and effective, certainly much more beautiful. The collection of birds and animals is less extensive than at London but the enclosures are larger and better planned. The Giraffes and Hippopotami especially fine. A curious feature was the crowding together of immense numbers of birds of the same species. In one large aviary we
Antwerp, Belgium.

1897. saw fully four hundred Indigo Birds and as many Nonpariels

July 11. mostly males. There were at least fifty Wood Ducks in one of

(No. 2). the ponds.
Antwerp to Dinant.

1897. Clear with warm sun and strong, cool, dry air very invigorating and refreshing.

July 12. To Dinant by rail, 10.20 A.M. - P.M.

Antwerp to Brussels 27 1/2 miles.
Brussels to Namur 35 "
Namur to Dinant 17 
Total distance 79 1/2 miles.

Country for first few miles flat, exceedingly fertile, under high cultivation, divided into small holdings, with abundance of shade trees, many small towns and houses everywhere. Next, a range of hills of moderate elevation covered with unbroken forest which extended for miles in every direction, the trees chiefly oaks and beeches with a good many larches, Norway spruces and Scotch pines and a few birches. Then the valley of the Meuse with broad fields of grain near the river and further back high ridges, in places rocky and precipitous, in others steep slopes covered with young forest or fields of ripening grain. Most of the woods seen to-day were evidently planted.

Hotel de Tête d'Or. Dinant, Belgium.

A quiet, pretty inn with an inner court filled with flowers and behind this a terraced garden with narrow foot path leading upward by easy grades amid dense shrubbery of lilacs sumacs, elders, and hobble bushes and through narrow fissures walled in by ivy-covered rocks, reaching finally the top of
1897. July 12. (No. 2.)

the cliff at least 500 feet above the town and crowned with an old fortress. Back from the cliff as far as the eye could reach to the eastward stretched a rolling plain covered with fields of rye, oats and other grain with one or two houses and farm buildings in the distance.

As we climbed this path late in the afternoon Swallows, Martins and Swifts dashed over and around us continually but none of the smaller birds were seen or heard, probably because of the heat for the face of the cliff was shut off from the breeze and the sun's rays shone full upon it. But when we reached the top we found the fields of ripening grain alive with birds, chiefly Skylarks which were rising and singing in every direction far and near. Either I failed to appreciate the song of the Skylark when I first heard it in England in 1891 or these Dinant birds have finer voices than their British cousins. At least as I listened to the former this afternoon I became quickly convinced that in brilliancy and finish of execution and richness, purity and tenderness of tone their songs far excelled anything that I had hitherto heard either in England or America. It is true that they lacked the calm serenity - the almost divine spirituality for which the songs of some of our American birds, such as the Hermit Thrush and Bachman's Finch, are deservedly famous.
1897. July 12. (No. 3).

The Skylark, however, has so little in common with this order of singers that he cannot justly be compared with them. He belongs rather with the class of loud, rapid voluble songsters of which our Bobolink is a familiar example. But the Bobolink, although scarcely less blithe and joyous than the Skylark, is infinitely inferior to the latter as a musician.

The songs of the different Skylarks heard to-day varied comparatively little in respective merit but the repertory of each bird comprised an infinite variety of themes which were given in unbroken succession, one following another without the slightest pauses between.

Besides the Skylarks I saw in these fields Stone Chats, Gray and Yellow Wagtails, Swallows, Martins and Swifts. A low grasshopper-like churring song coming from the fields of grain was perhaps that of the Grasshopper Warbler. The Wagtails had a flight call exactly like the *tzee* of our Kingbird but neither they nor the Stone Chats sang.

In the woods or shrubbery along the cliff I heard a Song Thrush, a Chiff-chaff, and several Warblers of a species unknown to me. Swifts in great numbers and a few Jackdaws were dashing about over the town at evening.
1897. July 15. Another bright, beautiful day with strong, cool breeze, the air as clear and free from haze as it often is in America.

At daybreak several birds sang freely in the terraced garden behind the house but I recognized only two, a Wren and Chiff-chaff. Even the Wren puzzled me at first for its voice wholly lacked the fine quality of our Winter Wren's and more resembled that of our Song Sparrow. We continued our journey southward at 11.45 A.M. going to Charleville (57 miles) and to Rheims (60 miles) reaching the latter place at 5 P.M.

Just before reaching Charleville we left the hill country behind and entered a region very similar in general appearance to the plains of Nebraska with long gently sloping swells rising and falling as far as the eye could reach. Despite the fact that there were no woods and but few scattered trees to interrupt the view we often rode for miles without seeing a house or even a human being. Nevertheless the country was of the most fertile character and all under cultivation, chiefly devoted to fields of oats, rye and other grains with some English hay. The farmers, E. told me, live in the towns and not on or near the lands which they till. As most of the crops were not quite ready for harvesting the country was practically deserted.

The whole region was unfenced and there were but few hedgerows. From the car windows I saw Skylarks, Wagtails,
1897. Stone Chats and other small birds, a few Rooks (not above a dozen in all), a Kestrel, a Lapwing, and six Magpies, the last in grain fields far from any woods but with low hedges near at hand. On reaching Rheims we took a tram car to the Hotel du Lion D'Or where we joined C. and Mrs. S.

The fine old Cathedral (Notre Dame of Rheims) directly in front of the hotel is evidently a huge natural aviary. Hundreds of Swifts collected about it this evening circling over it in a great swarm as I have seen Chimney Swifts at home. There were many Jackdaws, also, very many Pigeons, all of the domestic kind I think, and a few House Sparrows. After most of these birds had finished their circling flights and gone to roost in the innumerable niches and crevices of the walls a Kestrel appeared and glided through the outer arches and under the flying buttresses evidently looking for his evening meal. Finally he turned sharply, swept upward and seized a bird (probably a Sparrow or a Swift) from a narrow ledge 200 feet or more above the earth, carrying it away in his talons. All this occurred directly over a city street filled with peo-
Weather precisely like that of yesterday, clear with a warm sun and a refreshingly cool breeze. Spent most of the morning in the Cathedral. In the afternoon visited the , a fine old church with especially beautiful aisles of transitional Norman-Gothic style.

At evening spent an hour or more watching the birds come to the Cathedral to roost. There were hundreds of Swifts, forty or fifty Pigeons (mostly plain blue but some white or of mixed color) as many Jackdaws and a few Sparrows but no Starlings. The Kestrel again appeared and dashed through the arches.

There is a beautiful court behind the hotel entirely surrounded by buildings but filled with tall trees with a grass plot in the middle, flowers and shrubs around the sides, and a thatched summer house in one corner. I spent several hours there to-day writing and smoking. House Sparrows were chirping overhead. They are much less numerous here than in England. The female is plainly colored like our American bird and their note is the same as in America. There was also a bird which sang almost exactly like our Spinus tristis but which I could not see. Still another unseen songster was, I think, the Greenfinch.

In the afternoon a Redstart alighted on the sidewalk in front of the Cathedral.
Another fine day a little warmer than yesterday with less wind. To Coucy-le-Château with E.R.S. starting at 8.45 A.M. and getting back at 9 P.M. The country between Rheims and Laon chiefly open and rolling with fields of grain in attractive stripes or patches of strongly contrasting colors, the oats pale glaucous, the rye deep russet, some kind of legume a very deep dark green. The oats and rye are not as tall as with us but they are much more heavily fruited. In these fields I saw Larks, two Kestrels, a pair of Red-legged Partridges, forty or fifty Rooks and a few Turtle Doves. Magpies were numerous wherever there were hedges or clusters of trees in grain fields. After passing Laon the country became more broken and varied with very much more woodland. The woods in places, especially where they were bordered by meadows or pastures, closely resembled those of eastern Massachusetts. Probably the trees had been all planted but they were not in rows nor was there the usual association of those of the same kind, the pines, birches, spruces, larches, beeches, oaks, chestnuts, lindens, etc. intermingling just as they do in our own woods. Most of the pines were Scotch or Austrian but I saw a few vigorous specimens of our *P. strobis*.

Throughout this wooded country Magpies were abundant. We saw them every few minutes singly, in pairs, and in families of
1897. July 15. (No. 3). Rheims, France.

1897, July 15. (No.2). Rheims, France, five to eight, rising from the ground in pastures and gardens and flying up into the trees. There were also a good many Rooks and Turtle Doves but Wood Pigeons were scarcer.

We reached Coucy-le-Chateau at 11.30, lunched at the Red Lion Inn and then drove up the steep hill to the village where we walked to the castle. The shade trees and shrubbery in and about the castle were alive with birds. A Robin, Blackbird, Wren, and many Greenfinches were singing and I saw a Green Woodpecker (very Flicker-like in flight and general appearance and behavior) and dozens of Chaffinches. The guide told us that Owls frequented the ruins, and pointed out a quantity of pellets under a crevice in one of the ruined towers. He said the bird was "Le grand Duc" (*Bubo maximus*) but I think it more likely to be the Barn Owl although the pellets were certainly large enough for those of a true Bubo. I found two of these pellets, both perfectly fresh, on the floor of the big Donjon Tower. Feathers of Jackdaws strewed the floor of all the towers and I found the mummified remains of a young Jackdaw and those of several large Moles in one of these towers.

The guide said that Bats inhabit the subterranean chambers.

Scores of Swifts were continually dashing about the tower uttering their incisive, ampelis-like *zi-i-i-ing*, and the
monotous, even trill of the Greenfinch came from various directions among the crumbling ruins. I saw also Redstarts, Flycatchers and heard one Chiff-chaff. The walls of these ruins supported abundant growths of ferns, clematis, and various small flowering plants and in places elder and hobble-bush (covered with cymes of reddening berries) had gained a foothold but there was much less ivy than one sees in similar places in England. The grass of the lawns, commons and roadsides in this part of France is everywhere similar to that of New England and very inferior to that which forms the deep, velvety turf of England. In the drier places it is fast ripening and turning brown owing to the dryness of the present season. The leaves of the birches are also turning yellow and falling.

With respect to the birds, fruits and flowers the season here seems to correspond very nearly with ours of similar dates. Many of the birds have evidently gone out of song while others sing only at morning and evening and then listlessly. This makes it difficult for me to recognize the species that I know or to identify those new to me.

I am struck by the comparative scarcity of the House Sparrows. Even in the towns they are greatly outnumbered by other birds and nowhere are they one fiftieth as numerous as in
1897. America. Indeed I doubt if I have seen and heard more than a
dozen in any one day and in many places I fail to find them at
all. Both males and females are colored like our birds and
their notes are all similar.

As we repassed through the great grain fields between
Laon and Rheims twilight was falling. The soft light of the
afterglow seemed to bring out the rich, varied coloring of the
landscape even more strikingly than the sunlight of the morning.
It is indeed a beautiful country especially when seen under
such conditions.
Dinant, Belgium.

1897.

July 16.

Weather similar to that of yesterday but with clouds gathering in the late afternoon.

We all left Rheims at about 10 this morning and reached Dinant at 4.30 P.M. The change from the breezy open plains which surround Rheims into the wooded hills of Ardennes begins a little north of Charleville. Thence to Dinant the railroad follows the Meuse closely, piercing many a projecting cliff by tunnel. The hills and ridges are nearly all densely wooded from base to summit but the trees are mostly small.
Dinant, Belgium.

1897.  July 17. Clear and sultry with but little wind, the distance obscured by smoky haze. Rambled about the quaint old town in the forenoon entering many of the shops and making a few purchases. In the afternoon we all drove to the top of the cliff where we left the carriage near the fort and walked over the same ground which L. and I visited on the 12th. Another glorious concert of Skylarks, one bird in the air and singing without the slightest pause or break for fully 12 minutes (L. timed him 9 1/2 minutes not looking at her watch until he had been up at least 3 minutes. He rose to a height of fully 1000 ft. Saw a family of Tits, a Redstart, a Magpie, several Wheatears and a dozen or more -- ? Warblers. Few birds singing except the Skylarks.

In the terraced garden this morning I heard a Wren sing many times near at hand. The song was less liquid and musical than that of our Winter Wren but the form was essentially the same. The tone was not unlike that of our Song Sparrow.

Swallows and Martins very numerous about these cliffs. All the notes of the Swallow are precisely the same as those of our Barn Swallow. The Martin appears to have only one call note which is about intermediate between the chatter of our Sand Martin and the khur of our Eave Swallow.

Here as in England I am struck by the absence of the tsum and teip calls so common among our Wabler s and Sparrows.
1897.

July 17. Grasshoppers fairly numerous in the grain fields to-day and (No. 2). crickets chirping in the village gardens this evening. House flies are scarce throughout France and Belgium and mosquitoes practically absent. I have seen no toads, lizards or snakes. The only butterfly at all common is the Cabbage Butterfly. Besides this I have seen literally only two species (a large and a small brown one) and but one individual of each. Not a single Dragonfly as yet. Insects that prey on vegetation must be very scarce, for the foliage of the trees and shrubs is everywhere perfect.

Dinant, Belgium.
1897
18 July

1897. Early morning cloudy, remainder of day clear and warm with light N. wind.

Spent the forenoon in the terraced garden behind the hotel watching the birds and trying, with the help of Saunders Manual to disentangle them. It proved a difficult task, for the adults are now in worn, faded plumage and there are many young. The Warblers are especially provoking. The commonest species is what I take to be Sylvia atricapilla, but of the dozens which I have had under my glass not one has shown a full black cap. It is the same with a bird that I am calling the Black Redstart. Its bright bay rump and tail are very conspicuous but all the specimens that I have seen (and it is numerous enough) have had the throat and breast slaty gray instead of black. Coal-Tits in family parties and Robins feeding their spotted young are very common. Yesterday I saw a brood of young Parus major in a plantation of young spruces.

A small, very slenderly built Warbler wholly of a pale grayish or slaty brown both above and beneath agrees with nothing that I can find in Saunders although the bird is common here. The Spotted Flycatcher is less common than in England. Yesterday I saw what I took to be Brown Linnets, four about birds flying and alighting in a field of grain.

The Coal Tit has one call consisting of four or five
notes which reminds me of that of our *Parus hudsonicus* being similarly emphatic and distinctly annunciated. It also utters a low *chee-dee-dee-dee* very like that of *young* *Parus atricapillus*. The smaller wood birds here, as in England, are silent and shy — or at least retiring — when conscious of the near presence of man. As I walk in the terraced garden threading the narrow foot path that winds by easy grades up the face of the cliff, the dense thickets of hazel and lilacs, the clusters of locusts and Norway spruces and the ivy-clad walls of weathered blackish limestone seem alike silent and deserted but within a minute or two after I have stopped and seated myself under some slight cover Warblers, Redstarts, Robins, Hedge Sparrows, Wrens, Titmice, etc. begin to show themselves or to call to one another from every side. If I rise and advance towards one of them they all disappear in a twinkling. The Titmice are the tamest and least suspicious but even they object to a too close inspection.

One bird which I have not yet identified has a call note exactly like that of *Geothlypis trichas*. But the only bird here whose notes are all and at all times wholly familiar is the Swallow. There are positively no differences in either his flight call or twittering song from those of our Barn Swallow.
Dinant to Antwerp.

1897.


At daybreak this morning I heard a Blackbird, a Wren and a Hedge Sparrow singing. The last is the bird whose song I have thought so much like a Song Sparrow's. It is like that of a young Song Sparrow warbling in broken snatches in autumn.

We left Dinant at 10 A.M. for Antwerp. Alighting for a moment at Chastre a small station in the Province of Brabant, about ten miles north of Namur the train went off without me. I found my way to a café very small, very primitive and very neat, where a gendarme interviewed me and asked all manner of questions as to my business in the place, whence I had come, whither I was going, etc. As neither nor anyone else about the place could speak or understand a word of English I found it difficult to satisfy his official curiosity. A glass of beer and a cigar, however, won his confidence and we parted excellent friends.

After a primitive but by no means bad dinner at the café I strolled through the village, a picturesque little place with thatched stone houses and large barns into which the farmers were bringing loads of hay and grain from the neighboring fields. It was midday and very warm and sultry, so I heard but few birds singing. Black Redstarts and Pied Wagtails

Dinant to Antwerp.

seemed to be among the most numerous village birds and of course there were Swallows, Martins and Swifts (no town in garden this region is without them). A walled near the station was alive with English Sparrows, Domestic Pigeons were flying about everywhere singly and in flocks. They are far numerous in Belgium than in the United States.

Outside the village Skylarks were rising and singing over the great fields of waving grain. At 2.43 P.M. I took a train for Brussels where I made close connection with another for Antwerp. On reaching the Hotel du Courrier I found a telegram from C. She with Mrs. S. and L. had waited for me at Brussels where I had somehow missed and passed them. They came on and joined me, however, half an hour later.

In Antwerp I have seen only House Sparrows and Swifts. The latter fly about at evening in flocks of a dozen or fifteen birds each making a great outcry. They are much noisier than our Chimney Swifts.

A flock of fully 50 Lapwings rose from a marshy place just outside of Antwerp as our train passed this P.M.
1897. Sultry with overcast or cloudy sky and a thunder storm July 20. on the afternoon of each day, that on the 20th accompanied by " 21. " hail stones of large size which the children gathered in the streets.
July 22. Started for Holland at 3 P.M. by train. The time consumed in getting from Antwerp to Dordrecht is only about 1 1/2 hours. For the first 15 or 20 miles (N. Belgium) the road passes through a wild region almost wholly devoted to planted forests mostly of Scotch pines, the trees set in rows but very thick together with furrows ploughed every few rods and broad straight wood roads at wider intervals to stop fires. The ground is kept perfectly clear of dead twigs, branches or undergrowth. After passing the frontier we saw more of these planted forests but most of the country was occupied by grain fields or pastures all perfectly flat and scarce a foot above the level of the water in the canals and ditches which drained them. These meadow-like fields were swarming with birds, chiefly Starlings and Lapwings. The latter in flocks of 50 or more were running about like Plover and paid no attention to our train. On a flat covered with shallow water I saw my first Stork, a noble bird, black and white with red or orange bill. He was walking slowly and made a downward Heron-like thrust with his big bill. At the long bridge across the I saw Gulls, Terns, a Heron, and hundreds of Waders. Most of last named were of one species which I took to be Totanus. They were about as large as our T.flavipes and had the rump conspicuously white.
1897.

July 23. Clear and cool with strong N.W. wind - a September-like day. Spent most of the day in the business part of the town visiting the markets and canals and lunching at the Hotel Bellevue on the Merwede over which numbers of Black-headed Gulls (L. ridibundus) mostly young birds, were fishing. They were very tame often flying or hovering low over the wharves and coming within a few yards of the piazza where we were sitting. The only other birds seen here were a few Jackdaws and a Heron (Ardea). The latter looked exactly like our A. herodias as it flapped lazily over a canal and alighted in the marsh on the further side.

Starting out again just before sunset I spent nearly two hours strolling about the streets near our hotel. They are shaded by a double row of vigorous young English elms about 40 ft. in height and bordered by canals some thirty feet in width. On the further side of the canals are houses with lawns, shrubbery, flower beds and gardens shaded by fine old trees. Nowhere else in Europe have I seen so many flowers or so great and interesting a variety of trees and shrubs. Geraniums, fusias, begonias, tea roses and nasturtiums seem to be the favorite flowers. Horse-chestnuts, plane trees, weeping willows, retinosporas and Lombardy poplars are the commonest trees. Every lawn has a big rhubarb plant carefully cultivated.
Birds are fairly numerous. A Blackbird is in full song. July 23. I cannot understand how anyone can compare its song to that of the Robin. It is given in bars separated by wide intervals and reminds me slightly of the song of our Swainson's Thrush but is much finer; the voice a full rich contralto. I saw the bird singing and fully identified him. Another bird which has a rich flowing song not unlike that of our Orchard Oriole is new to me. I had a good view of him. He was about the size and color of \textit{Vireo olivaceus} and acted much like that bird hopping from twig to twig as he sang and peering under the leaves. A Song Thrush is singing as I write. I should hardly know him from our Brown Thrasher, the notes very similar and given rapidly in \textit{threes}. Turtle Doves have been cooing at intervals all day in the trees over the streets. This evening I saw two Wood Pigeons in a tree near the hotel.

Swallows, Martins and Swifts are here but the last are much less numerous than in Belgium and France. House Sparrows are so scarce as to be positively inconspicuous. I have not seen nor heard one during my walk this evening. The notes of the Jackdaw remind me constantly of those of our Purple Martin. Heard at a distance they might actually be mistaken for them but near at hand they are louder, coarser and harder or more woodeny.
Dordrecht to the Hague.

1897.

July 24. Clear and sultry with light W. wind. Left the Hotel Ponsens at 8.30 A.M. and took a tram car across the town to the Hotel Bellevue where we had to wait nearly an hour for the arrival of the boat. I spent this time taking photographs.

At 10 A.M. the boat arrived and we went on board. Like most of the Dutch canal steamers she was of iron painted plain black. The hull was long, narrow, low in the water and she proved to be, as she looked, very fast. She was a screw steamer but many of the boats seen to-day were "side wheelers!"

Our route lay through the De Noord canal and thence by the Maas to Rotterdam. These water ways were simply crowded in places with steamers, barges and Dutch sailing craft of every size and description. Aside from the great interest attaching to these and to the picturesque Dutch houses I found the scenery much more attractive and varied than I had expected. Extensive beds of tall, broad-leaved reeds (very like the cane-like reeds that grow on Alewife Brook) alternated with meadow pastures studded thickly, with cattle and fields of grain or vegetables. There were many thickets and small plantations of low willows but no other trees save those which shaded the village streets and houses and the long rows of elms or poplars marking the dykes and public roads. The margins of the canals were everywhere fringed with reeds, flags (very like our sweet flag in general appearance) and low willows among
Dordrecht to the Hague.

1897. July 24. (No. 2).

which grew various tall-stemmed wild flowers mostly yellow or crimson and none familiar to me.

There were remarkably few birds. Indeed I saw only three or four Gulls (L.), a few Rooks and Starlings, an occasional Wagtail, Swallows and Martins, and five superb great Storks (Ciconia alba). The last were flying in company but at varying heights over a meadow, soaring in circles very like Wood Ibises and rarely flapping. They all carried the head and neck extended to the full length.

We crossed Rotterdam by tram car and after waiting for an hour and lunching at an inn took another steamer for Delft. This boat was very unlike the first being much smaller and very narrow and low the rail scarce a foot above the water. The smoke stack was hinged and had to be lowered at all the bridges. The decks were covered with freight and produce of every description. The canals through which we passed were exceedingly narrow in places and almost everywhere so crowded with traffic that it seemed impossible to run a steamer through them. Much of the time we moved very slowly, feeling our way as it were, but not did we touch any of the curious craft that we passed. Along this part of the route I saw hundreds of Lapwings and very many Swallows and Martins. House Sparrows were numerous in or near some of the villages. They

Dordrecht to the Hague.

seem to be much more locally distributed here than in America.

During the entire trip I did not see a Heron or a wild
waterfowl of any description. Apparently there are not even
water-hens, at least along the canals. There were a few
flocks of tame Ducks with tufted heads. As we were approach-
ing Delft a Common Tern flew close past us.

At Delft we took a tram car for the Hague which we
reached at 5 P.M. A swarm of Swifts careering over the Vyver
at evening dodging the telegraph wires with interesting
adroitness.
1897.

July 25.  

Clear and cool with strong west wind. 

Walked about the city parks in the forenoon. No birds seen except House Sparrows (which are not numerous) and Swifts. To Scheveningen by tram car in P.M. The woods through which the road leads do not, as Baedeker says, contain "numerous fine old oaks" but, on the contrary, are composed of elms, horse-chestnuts, plane trees and lindens with a few beeches, none of the trees being of large size. Indeed the majority, judged by American standards of growth, can scarce exceed fifty years of age. The whole forest was simply alive with people and the ground beneath the trees was everywhere hard and bare. I saw no birds except House Sparrows which were numerous. The beach at Scheveningen was also thronged with people. Just outside the breakers Gulls and Terns passed and repassed at short intervals and I saw a pair of Oyster Catchers flying along the shore uttering a wild cry which closely resembled that of our Haematopus. On a lawn in front of one of the hotels several Starlings were walking about probing the ground with their sharp bills.

We returned to the hotel at 6 P.M.
During the trip to Scheveningen on July 25th I walked too far and thereby brought on an attack of my old hip trouble which proved so severe and persistent that I was obliged to take to crutches shortly afterwards. Moreover I became ill in other ways and finding it impossible to get about sailed for home on August 7th, the interim being spent as follows.

1897.

The Hague, Holland.

July 26-30. Confined to the hotel most of the time taking, however, another ride out to Scheveningen on the top of a tram car and visiting the picture gallery on the 29th.

July 30-Aug. 3. Amsterdam, Holland.

On the afternoon of the 30th we went by rail to Amsterdam but my experience at that city was confined to what I saw in driving from and to the station and from the windows of my room at the Brack's Doelan Hotel to which I was confined during our entire stay.

Aug. 3-5. Dordrecht, Holland.

On the afternoon of August 3rd we returned by rail, via the Hague to Dordrecht where we went to the Hotel Bellevue. The next morning I was rowed through the canals in a small boat taking a few photographs and in the afternoon we made a trip in one of the excursion steamers to a point some twenty miles up the Rhine.
We returned to Antwerp on the forenoon of the 5th and spent the next day there.

During the railway journeys between the Hague and Amsterdam I got some idea of the general character of this part of Holland as well as fleeting glimpses at a few of the larger or more conspicuous birds. The country traversed by the railroad appears to be perfectly flat and is said to be considerably below the level of the sea. It is divided by ditches into rectangular fields of varying extent. The surface of the land is apparently raised only a few inches above that of the brim-full ditches but it is everywhere reasonably dry and firm and under the most perfect cultivation. By far the greater part of the fields are devoted to grass and, at this season at least, most of them are used as pastures. Ditches take the place of fences and the numerous black and white Dutch cattle keep the grass so closely cropped that the eye may often range for miles over a surface as smooth and uniformly green as that of a carefully trimmed lawn. There are no bushes, and weeds are rooted up as fast as they appear but in places one sees fields of vegetables or grain and every now and then square plantations of young trees growing very closely together and resembling, at a little distance, the maple swamps near Fresh
Aug. 5-7.

Antwerp, Belgium.

(No. 2). Pond.

I was both surprised and disappointed at finding no unreclaimed bogs or marshes, the nearest approach to them being a few narrow strips of swampy ground bordering shallow pools or neglected canals, and covered with dense growths of rushes intermingled with various kinds of tall wild plants some of which bore yellow or pinkish flowers. No one of these natural reed beds seemed to me extensive or retired enough to shelter Bitterns but I saw a few Herons (Ardea cinerea) standing erect and motionless along the ditches and now and then a big White Stork walking slowly over the smooth turf of the pastures near, or even actually among, herds of cows. I also saw a Stork's nest made of coarse twigs much after the manner of an Osprey's nest and placed in a garden, within a few rods of a house, on a cart-wheel at the top of a pole, twenty or so above the ground. Two young Storks, fully feathered and apparently nearly ready to fly, were sitting close together in this nest.

By far the most numerous and characteristic birds of these meadow pastures were the Lapwings. Scaife a field but had its flock and many of the flocks contained from fifty to one hundred individuals each. Scattered about over wide areas, often intermingled with the grazing cattle, each bird standing
motionless in a crouching posture with its dark back turned toward the railroad, they might have been easily mistaken, at a little distance, for so many lumps of freshly-exposed, blackish loam but when, as was frequently the case, they took flight at the near approach of the train and closing together wheeled and circled over the fields in a compact flock, the white on their wings and under parts flashed in the sunlight and made them conspicuous enough. There were also a few Golden Plover and now and then a bunch of Sandpipers as well as many small brownish birds some of which I took to be Skylarks and others Pipits. Swallows were everywhere numerous but I saw no Swifts north of the Hague.

The only Water-hen (Gallinula) which I met with anywhere in Holland was seen swimming in a canal not far from Haarlem.

Kestrels are apparently very common in this part of Holland for during each of my two trips between the Hague and Amsterdam I saw five or six hovering over the fields.

Directly opposite Dordrecht was the only natural marsh of any extent that I met with in all Holland. It comprised at least twelve or fifteen acres of unreclaimed land covered with the densest possible growth of cane-like reeds, six or seven feet tall, of a dark green color, and having broad,
Aug. 5-7. Antwerp, Belgium.

(No. 4). lateral blades branching from the main stem like the Phragmites communis of the Fresh Pond swamps which, indeed, it closely resembled in every respect. I have little doubt that this place harbors, during the summer season, Bitterns, Bearded Tits and many other interesting birds but it was out of the question for me in my disabled condition to attempt to enter such a place. As twilight was falling on the evening of our arrival I saw a pair of Mallards and several large Herons (A. cinerea) come in from the westward and circle over the reeds. The Herons alighted there but the Ducks finally kept on up the Rhine.
1897. I came home on the "Southwark", the sister ship of the Aug. 7-17. "Kensington", leaving Antwerp at 7 A.M. on the 7th and landing in New York at 8 A.M. on the 17th. The weather was fine and the sea reasonably smooth during the entire voyage. We had a glorious day for our passage through the British Channel on the 8th, and I saw many Gannets, Murres, Razor-bills and Puffins, a few Cormorants, and swarms of Gulls. All of these birds were left behind at a distance of less than two hundred miles from the Irish coast but during the rest of the voyage no day passed when one or more small Petrels were not sighted. Shearwaters were also seen at intervals but never in any numbers. On the morning of the 14th as we were crossing the Grand Banks, Fulmars were constantly in sight for upwards of two hours. Indeed the ocean as far as the eye could reach in every direction was dotted with them. They floated very lightly on the water and at a distance looked very like Gulls for which, in fact, most of our passengers mistook them. The sea was very calm at the time and the birds were evidently resting for only those which were disturbed by our steamer took wing.

On the morning of the 16th when we were some sixty miles to the eastward of Nantucket Light-ship a Barn Swallow appeared and followed us for two or three hours circling close
1897. over the ship but not alighting. This was the only land bird Aug.17. that came to visit us but many Phalaropes were in sight during (No.2). the forenoon of this day.
Clear and cool.

Started for the house this morning, leaving Boston at 8.30 and stopping at Berlin where I spent the night with the Schumps. I am either on crutches and am unable to write at all without them.

The woods and fields all the way from Boston were remarkably fresh and green for the season—this cannot, we doubt, be the frequent occurrence this year and July. Since August came in the weather has been comparatively mild, but there has been a heavy rain on the 24th. There has been no hot weather since August 16th and two or three nights have been almost frosty.

2 Early morning clear with light flurries, the clouds beginning to break away by 10 a.m. Afternoon clear as from coast, dry W. wind, fruit through to the house by cook in day starting at noon and reaching Berlin at 5.30 A.M. Although the train gave us some pain I am ready if one enjoyed it more. The afternoon was simply perfect and the mountains unusually clear & distinct. The roadsides were album with golden red, aspens, lupines or other autumn flowers all of which seemed to me to be unusually deep & rich in coloring owing, we suppose, to the abundant humus rains. Lupines were especially abundant & conspicuous. I saw a few plants of aspen with full heads of the white blossoms.

Buds were efficiently with uncommon 1 I continued nothing of familiar nature.
Sept. 3

A clear fine day but cold for the season with light north-east wind.

Slept ten minutes in the hotel. After dinner drove around to the lake home to be a new scene that join has made for me in the past summer. Savannah grasses, grass finches & crickets flying up among the underbrush. A 2 Maryland falcons around in a thicket of brush

Cloudy with light showers in the late afternoon. The lake calm most of the day.

Up the lake this morning with Will Sargent, Chas. H. Ford, and Gilbert and all our camp out for on the home-boat which with our numerous boats in trade in tons of the summer these bring us a fine day of a favorable wind.

Arrived the camp at 10. 30 and spent the remainder of the day fishing things in order.

Only a few small birds on the Point among them a Solitary Red-eyed Vive, a three-toed woodpecker (captive I think, but I only heard its chuck) and several Yellow Crowned Woodpecker. The evening was thick and damp with no darkening to no tondes of small birds migrating.

The wood still worn than summers being 2

Green still green but an earthy weight in front of

The camp is beginning to emerge & the grasses &
Heaves an earth with yellow.
Close and warmer, the foreground dead calm, a fresh west wind in the afternoon. No fog in the early morning.

At daybreak, this morning, a Winter Storm sang a dream.

Dreams of snow near the camp. I heard a Solitary and Red-eyed Vireo and two Puffins. The sound of fog and instantly old birds. There did not seem to be many Waterfowl on the Point, only a few Yellow-wings and Puffins in fact.

A large number of from about was caught a mile a time ago at the mouth of Windward Rocks and Miss. and I went there this morning in the hope of finding a few birds lingering about the rocks. The rocky channel of the Grackle proved to elude with large flocks among which in about two hours one of which would have weighed them hundreds of more but winter would bring to and from.

In crossing the North Arm of the bay, we sighted a flock of Common Loons and fished up two a White-throated Sparrow and an Owen Bird. Both were flying slowly down as it invariably the case with small birds that get down in the Baker than foggy continued morning. They soon both cold a stiff. The plume of the baked a upper boats generally was smooth & perfectly dry as if they had finished without tangle. I have little doubt that a thorough search of the whole boats would have yielded a dozen or more so unfortunate. I still believe that they descended slowly through the fro and struck the water before soup it.
As we were nearing the mouth of Hunchen Creek
we saw an adult horn of exceptionally large size
floating about 100 yards off on the glassy surface.
Ordinarily I do not make them work but when
I caught the chain of this gigantic fellow I at
once gave him a charge of buckshot. But one
of the pellets hit him or he was a dorm of foamier
habits for he began making a series of short dives
often coming up within less than 40 yards from the
boat when he had presumably disappeared. He moved
for the most part in a circle of about 100 yards in
diameter but often doubled back. He came up
several times within half gunshot but on very few ocasions
quickly broke water and immediately disappeared
again below a big field. Had I had enough shells
to range high shots probably I should certainly have
tilled him but as it was I kept my two charges
of buckshot for four clumps at his head and made
two or three shots at very long range. When
we left the bird he stood awhile and flagged his wings
making his long quivering wing stroke at us as if
in decision. By the bubbles which rose to the calm
surface just after he had raised my arm as if
(meaning that he ordinarily or at least frequently
went straight down to a great depth) I think
the water was about 100 yards]
and there frequently turned back
or described a long circle after flitting on his
initial course. Indeed we could get but little
close to the place where he was likely to come up
by following the line of bubbles. He occasionally
would surface hundred yards in our direct line ordinarly,
Clear and warm with a fresh west wind in the afternoon.

Hearing the whistling of Yellow-legs (Limicola falcinellus) on the march this morning we started for them immediately after breakfast but before we reached the landing a volley of shots told us that someone had got ahead of us. The firing continued as we were crossing the lake. Upon reaching Moon Point we found two men & Mr. McAdoo of Cambridge, who were camping with Horry Alden just above Pine Pond. They had started a flock of Yellow-legs & had killed one of them. They told us that they had killed a Green-winged Teal on Saturday, Sept. 4, on early dawn (I often worked some time among which were apparently those of a Red-necked Grebe).

We next visited the Outer but found nothing there. The water is so high that only the higher trees growing near the shore are exposed.

On the paddled through Bernard's Pond when I shot three Solitary Sandpipers and some of the same number of Hairy Woodpecker. The marsh behind the island is covered with water to a depth of 10 or 12 inches but we could find no indication that Sandpipers have been feeding there so late.

In the afternoon I had a promising look in the 18 ft. canoe crossing to Mooselookum, finding up the canoe to White's Carry & returning from the Outer. Some exciting but a few
At sunset Will rowed me over to Moon Point. The Acadian party was already there, and one of them fired twice as we were passing. In afternoons learned that he had a couple of Caribine Riders steering them from the long grass on the day, south in bands of the marsh.

We kept on into the creek and took a station among some stands of reeds which I saw the Moon last year. The evening was calm, warm and dry. A great band of black clouds lay along the western horizon but the sky elsewhere was of an uniform pale blue becoming more and more, towards the continent on the light faded. The dim echos of a fleet, red-green marsh, was akin with sound, first the low chirping, ticking calls of the Savannah Sparrows and the plaintive whistling of Semipalmated Sandpipers, kept the rearing cries of Surna. T. the shrill, fast wailing of Semipalmated Sandpipers, finally the honk honk calls of Great Blue Herons, the pleasing, flooding of geese. Of the last named we lost them. By seven past we, following the cannon of the cannon, over the creek, finally entering a large hollow that...

There were no ducks at all a sailor in some wore but with hand one smailing in the distance and another walked to unseen unseen, high over us through. Then a cloudburst by the...
As twilight was deepening into night & we were thinking of starting camp near a Shant Quee that appeared on the horizon, silhouetted against a slight portion of the western sky & flying in the usual oscillating, wavy-like manner across the darksome sky, & eighty yards off, I squatted like a woman when the bird at once turned back & came straight towards us. Then directly on the boat and at a height of not more than eight or ten feet it hovered for a moment, then alighting down at us, then passed on but another squawk or two brought it back at once. This was repeated a dozen times or more and although we talked, longed, and wished while the bird was directly over us, it did not take alarm or appear to suspect that we were observing it. Its being was most keen for the least squawk at once attracted its attention when it was a good half a dozen away. Then it alighted on a low tree directly behind us & from that point distant forty yards or so, it flapped its wings, even when it was within a few feet of our heads, very slowly & still. It made no sound bound and the beating of its wings, even when it was within a few feet of our heads, was perfectly invisible. It reminded me most forcibly of a big moth as it flapped and danced to & fro readily following a straight course for more than a few yards at a time & constantly rising, falling or dropping slightly. As we were leaving Moso Point a night Heron came from the direction of the outlet & passing very near, not daring to be seen. We were disappointed as the woods were not of the Eastern variety there on it. He thought it fell but could not find it. Beet in the evening wind was fast, the这段文本在自然语言中是中文。
Another perfect day, dead calm most of the time from morning to night, warm in the sun but not above 70° in the shade, with the most delicious warm dry air. The evening was cool with thermometer falling to 50° by 9 p.m.

Paradie arrived on the steamer this morning. As soon as he disposed of his things we started out on the Balsa, he with me in the big boat, I in the hunting canoe. The Chetina party had been bodying away on Moron Point for an hour or more. They were just leaving the mouth in their boats when we reached it. They told us that they had killed two Great Yellow Bills, a Teja, seven Green Birds, and a few Solitary Sandpipers.

Soon after they had departed and as we were sitting in our canoes talking a hundred head appeared near the end of the point. It was quickly followed by some of eight others, all well-grown brace. They evidently saw us for they at once turned back. As soon as they were hidden behind a bank of grass I paddled quickly in to the bank & raising my hand I spread them about 40 yards off swimming directly out onto the bank. As they were well backed I fired at once and saw them turn around and as they ran back to my surprise I discovered they all went off apparently undisturbed. However, a number of feet there in the water to know that the shot had raked through them.

He then went off along the shore northward pushing two Great Blue Herons & being a brown marsh heron. I think his breast cackle I heard
1897.
Sept. 7.

the water literally crowded with Wood Ducks, flappers and abundant signs of the recent presence of a number of these birds was visible all along the streams and in the deeps and cut outs into the creek.

This discovery led me to return to the place later in the day, with rowsing me in the large boat. I left a wooden to bet on the middle further down the stream to entice the ducks a little before sunset.

As we did so a flock of fully twenty Wood Ducks ran from me the upper end and most of me the works in the direction of Pine Tree Bend on the Meguma. Thinking that they would surely return later I concealed myself on the shore near them, finding ground about thirty yards from the shore when I landed. I found an Otter hole that had been made and left opening. It was simply a sloping bank on the edge of the works where the Otter had surrounded himself sufficiently to wear a path through the trees forming a smooth track by a striping foot long by about two feet wide. Near the head of the hole the ground was literally covered with fish scales and bones. I afterwards found fresh tracks of the Otter along the track into which he had taken the boat.

We were disappointed in our fishing for the Wood Ducks did not return but nevertheless I seriously spent a more profitable afternoon. Not for an instant did the interest flag and at times it was intense. But before describing the
1897.
Sept. 7

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Whale-back Cove

Things I saw and heard I will not drone briefly
some of the chief characteristics of this place.
The shallows cruel expands near its mouth to a width
of 40 or 50 yards forming a long pool of open water with
a broad seat of marsh on either side. Further back
(perhaps 200 yards from the sold) it narrows gradually
and becomes more winding with mud flats, slumps,
rising above the surface and stumps, logs and fallen
trees lining its margin which is everywhere marshy and
covered with harsh, wild grasses. At on high a low
ridge covered with green woods comes nearly to the
water's edge and on every side, encircling that towards
the lake, tall, bushy beach plants form a beautiful
background and give the place a wild and in some
lights, dreary look.

I selected the extremity end of the green ridge as
the best place to command the pool where the
ducks especially frequented and here made myself
as comfortable as possible behind a fallen log with
his neck resting by my head. The evening was healing
with the most delicious lift, dry air, and absolutely
one feels so very well here that we could
been prnt anything to more than by the sun. The
sky was without a cloud and of a pale, tender
blue. I'm sometimes often missed the afternoon cast
a thing, amber light on the green ashes and the
rich green mountains grass. Within the creek there
was not a breath of wind, but from the shall
eastern, came the regular, soothing beat of waves
breathing along the narrow, sandy beach. The only
drawback was the mosquitoes which were almost
1897.
Sept. 7
(No. 4)

Soon after we had settled down behind the log a Flicker flew to a stump on the South side of the
same, and entered a hole which looked like a worm
hole in an old roosting hole. It had evidently gone
there to spend the night for it did not come
over again. I did not know before that Flickers
nestled in holes at this season.

Scarcey had the Flicker disappeared and just
as the sun was sinking behind the high ridge to
the westward a Great Horned Owl began making
the frenzied, harsh, frog-like scream which, as far as I
am aware, is heard only in late summer & early autumn
and which the geniuses have say is characteristic of
the young of this species. At first the cry seemed to come
from some distance off in the thick forest and was
given at long intervals but presently the bird came near
and called much more frequently. At length it appeared
within about 100 yards of us and half a minute later
it was joined by another, either its mate or as this
is often, another bird of the same breed. Both birds looked
naturally small but as far as I could walk out their
length was fully matured. Certainly they were young
birds, their "horns" appeared to be of the
seventh month. They kept moving from place to place.
by short flights sometimes alighting on the tops of one
dead tree but ordinarily choosing a place on bare
leaved fern about midway of the tree. Sometimes we
would follow the others closely often alighting within a
yard or two of it on the same tree or even the same
branch. At other times they would separate and range about
independently. Whenever this happened the calling would
be kept up by both until they came together again.
I repeatedly saw them utter this cry. The mouth was
opened very wide and the head lowered each time that
it was given. It was the only sound that either of
these made.

Most of the time they put very erect and quiet motion
less for the slow, up-wind, flying motion of the bird
common to most Birds. This was repeated very half
or less. Occasionally one or the others would rush on his
feet and direct his gaze downward as if watching
for a worm in the earth beneath. I repeatedly saw
them swing down a flag,icken and bend
them side with a crack among the branches of dry
brush or with a splash in shallow water but seldom
on. no they attempted any prey I could not see.

Even to my great astonishment I saw them gone off
20 or 30 yards from the top of a tree and
was immediately ready straight upward about
the same number. In fact, beating its wings steadily
or quickly coming the ascent, turned sharply
and came a gain to скold back to its perch.
The whole sensation was so exactly like that
of a plover than I was not a moment that the bird actually think
1897
Sept. 7
(No 6)

...for and probably caught some flying insects
no doubt a large beetle (I have found several
in the exuviae of Great Horned Owls). It
must have used its whole arm for the foot was
not extended or even thrown during the flight.
During ordinary, level flight they were often visible
and sometimes hung down nearly to the foot length of
the body. When they were started from the ground, but
always drew them up out of sight among the
branches. Appear to have gone many yards. The wings
were usually flapped steadily and continuously for
first thirty or forty yards or while the body
sank. The remainder of the way to the chosen
pursuit. The hunting cry was often given on
...a wing. Especially if when the Owls was approaching
a bird on which it's companions was hinted
...it is evident that this cry is used chiefly if
not vocally as a call with and I fancy their
. It is because it is safe to assume that
there are true or even birds hunting in company.
...On the only previous occasion when I have
seen the birds made it...at the Bahr there many
years ago and near the mouth of the
...Besides last October...it was accompanied
by a companion.

Altogether we heard the Owls...the Owls at White Rock Cove
under close observation for fully half an hour.
they worked around us in a circle
...then came back...but the country toward
frost and winter was over the firman ground. Most of
their time they were within 100 to 150 yards.
...could see them very distinctly against the sky.
While we were watching the Owls various other sights
and sounds attracted my attention at odd moments.
Thus a Deer unseen but marking its progress distinctly
even though by occasionally cracking a dead branch or "talking"
through a muddy pool, crossed around the head of
the creek and back out of hearing along the same
ridge. Reed warbling pipits and Fogs flapping in
the shadows under a great oak, just behind as a little
family party of Swamp Sparrows walked and chipped
in their small weedy grass and occasionally on a
thread without the tittering spring song in a low
undergrowth. Big water beetles (Dytiscus) ran from the
creek and mounted my hand in bright dappled
light shining down from the tallest stands and melting off
the woods in the direction of the meadow. This
on being one of three creatures swimming beneath the
surface of those shallows must would suspect that
it could achieve even extended aerial flights!
As it got darker than a few Calling Swifts ran
in quick succession from the woods and went
off through the trees tittering harshly and then
darting past, probably a Hooded Nightjar, passed over
us its wings making a loud rushing sound.
He also heard an Olive-backed Thrush calling in
the forest, then Winter Wren Tritting in a log house
more in hand and a Great Black-backed Haulking
in the direction of the creek.
It was night when we left the creek and followed
along the shore back up Perigue on one very
long, slope slope side waters on the beach without judging
by his description must have been Baird's Sandpipers.
A clear, sunny day nearly dead calm from morning to night.

I did not go out at all to-day and have been little to record save that a Powell hardwood-wind flew close this forenoon and an owl hooted von high on the woods on Ephraim's Point. An owl flew from Flight long a little before sunset, the first time, I think, that I have ever heard it as late as September.

Last night the moon was very full & very clear. I heard a Clark's nutcracker first as I was going to bed (at 9.30) when a Barred Owl hooted in true tones in the direction of Ephraim's Point. At daybreak this morning I heard a Great-horned Owl hoot tones on the opposite side of the lake.

Sept. 9 Clear so very warm for the season this temperature being to 80°. Full moon about, a fresh E. to W. wind in It. W. This day, also, I found about 200 sheep going out on the Broker barking with Pandemonium, for an hour in the afternoon. Two Redstarts and a Parula Warbler were in full song for nearly an hour this morning.

To Moose Point this morning. Same only one Deer & a Black Bear which crossed the middle high up. But heard drove Districts coming in the direction of the Ocean. A Great Horned Owl hooted that was high on the great rocks & brought a Mosquito very numerous & troublesome.
Sep. 10

An excellent clear, warm day but with a strong W. wind which ran about 7 a.m.

Last night was simply perfect. There was no wind; the air was dry and warm, but not in the least sticky; the full moon floated the lake, and the glimmer in front of the camp, with its Sidney light; even the foot prints under the dense thumas' branches could be safely and easily traced without the aid of a lantern. Purdon and I sat out under the trees until nearly eleven o'clock. There were brilliantly few lights to contend with, and the conditions just described. It is true their pine rustled, and "Rabbits" thumped in the undergrowth near at hand; that a Bee occasionally clanged or uttered its long, drawn plaintive note, too. But, on the whole; there seems a warrant present when the faint light of a Wolf, or the loud, clear night-call of a Thunder's Thump, did not come to our ears from the cloudless dome above. But where were the Owls, Foxes and other distinctly woodland creatures? Their voices would carry far on such a night but not one did in this.

The migration of the Sand and Storm Birds has been heavy and continuous for the past few nights but few of them birds show themselves by day, or, in fact, unless the Adebaris, Knights, and other Sand Martiners and Amurits, which regularly rest and camp in the early morning are rarely accompanied by more than a few Bullets, then are usually yellow-winged. Redstarts, Parrakeets and Black-headed Buntings.
Sept 10 (No 2)

Perhaps our most interesting camp visitor thus far was a little Partridge which appeared yesterday early in the forenoon. When I saw it first it was apparently near my feet from the front of my tent! It presently started off down the hillside and vanished. It appeared among the undergrowth of fallen logs towards the south then. Prince had heard a drumming noise beyond the brush.

A Red Squirrel with the terminal third of its tail which is living on the grass is this season near the big huckleberries. Well have seen him there clearly & I heard a few notes of him yesterday as he ran across the path.

Great Blue Herons are much fewer than usual. I do not see more than one or two in any one day. Probably the water is too high for them. It is rising fast and the berries are already nearly submerged. The Osprey family flourished for hours yesterday feeding there; there was no longer any hope of further sightings of herring or other small waters breeding here. They had their best hunting about Sept 1st when they captured seven fish besides other birds in one day.
All through the warm, dry days that we have had of late, the Pickett's Hedges have been unusually waterless. I have seen flocks of sheep and many men through the woods. On the marshes I have heard only the occasional trump of a Mute Swan. Why am I now pressed, reduced, and forced to write?"

Sam for the leaves falling of the leaves of various kinds and a bit of crimson maple foliage here & there along the brooks shows I had noted no signs of the approach of the green change that must so soon take place in these woods until early yesterday morning when, on stumping out of the camp door I found that the arches of the birch grove were wreathed with gold. Evidently the change had begun at some time during the night, thus far it had affected only the under foliage but to-day many of the leaves at or near the tips of the upper branches are turned. Some of them are now falling as the dry wind waves makes through the grove. I am no autumn colorist, certainly the maples & sumac (A. pennsylvanicus), at least their upper canopies are still as green as in summer.

To the Outside marshes at evening, I found them wholly undisturbed, but with beds of grass rising above the water in places. Sun for an hour in one of these beds, a place of a Prickly Sedges, eleagnus, bush, and camp, named others growing. Also there was evening, a Golden Plover & a belted Sandpiper near my path.
Sept. 11

Forenoon cloudy with clear parts. West wind and light rain. Clearing in the afternoon with a fine burst. Much cooler.

Immediately after breakfast I crossed the back in the hunting camp. Found two Black Brakes swimming near a bed of submerged grass at Richardson's Camp.

Entire Boucles Pond from the river side. There were three Black Eagles sitting on the planks. Two brown birds stood on a tree. Near the entrance to the pond but in the rain a young Red-breasted black was swimming and diving.

At the eastern end of the island I came upon two Harlequin Ducks. One took to diving (it was, no doubt, a drake that had been mounted) but the other flew and passed me at long range. I shot at it and cut out some feathers but it went out over the lake evidently not much hurt.

Seeing the chance coming and knowing that it was bringing the Harlequins to convoy I landed and stood across the river Point watching them until a minute or two after the Harlequin broke toward my gun. I fired at the remaining one foremost at the camp.

Purdie meanwhile had been down in Glassy Cove. Where he found a large numbers of Harlequins, including Black-throated Blues, Black-throated Grays, Passers, Black-jack, Snow-buntings, and one Black & White Sharpe's Brewer whom he is very sure was a Yellow-throated Flycatcher.
Just after we had finished dinner by fire one evening, a flock of birds came down to the beach near the camp. It consisted of at least thirty birds among which I identified two Black-bellied, two Bony-headed, several Grey-backed and one Augurin.  A flock of Black-backed Cormorants, several Yellow-bills, and a number of Ruddy Turnstones.  This flock came from the direction of Sleepy Hole, which is about one mile from my camp, and from the cove immediately in the mouth up to the point.  The flock was led by some that I believe were actually the same.  The birds moved just one camp very quickly following the shore towards the mouth westward of the point.

At evening they moved on one to the Chatham marsh.  After looking about a bit and trying to find a place where I could hunt I settled near where in was a sheltered cove evening.  I baited the boat with a box of game (which was more than half submerged) against some piles and wanted.  It was not long before Black Ducks began to arrive and alight on the flooded marshes.  Most of them came singly, but one flock of a dozen or more settled somewhat behind us.  Some came near us at first, but we could see or hear them in every direction. At times the whole marsh rang with the quacking of the ducks and the hoarse, crackling voices of the drakes.  Occasionally there were not very many in all, probably not more than twenty or twenty-five.  The single ones called the loudest and commonest and in
no instance, so far as I could make out, did they join any of the birds that answered them. Each kind, indeed, seemed to have chosen a feeding place that was to its liking & to be merely carrying on a conversation in its common tongue with its friends in certain parts of the flooded marsh.

This had gone on for some time when we stumbled on some ducks coming up behind us. Hearing this, I turned about seventy yards off directly in the middle of the pathway.chwished silver came on the rippling water by the full moon which was perhaps an hour high in the eastern sky. It was a picture I shall not soon forget. One by one to the number of a dozen or more the symmetry, long-necked birds crossed this shining path and were not seen lost to sight in the obscurity that worked it in on both sides.

A few minutes later we followed them but before we could get them again into the moonlight they were out beyond us & rose with a prelude some miles ofleage. I meant a change, but after them quite as uncertain both without result. An effort did not seem to disturb any of the other ducks for we heard them quacking and after giving in several directions a minute or two later and tried again to handle two of them lost without success.

Two Great Blue Herons and a Solitary Sandpiper flew about on the marshes while we were watching in listening to the ducks.
But the most interesting experience of the evening was with the Owls. They seemed to unusually active and noisy. We heard at least three Great Hoots, two hooting in responses near the entrance to Demond's Pond, the third in the direction of Moon Point. A fourth (or perhaps it was one of the two at Demond's Pond for it came from that quarter) passed us within 100 yards, flying low and smoothly but very swiftly and came from South towards Rin Point. It fluttered its wings most of the time but occasionally flapped on its wings for a few yards on a turn. It looked like a very large individual. Its flight was strikingly unlike that of the Short-eared Owl, being, as I have just said, very short and flabby and giving an impression of great momentum. The bird did not seem to be hooting, nor did the Black Ducks seem to be alarmed by its passage across the marsh, although, as I learned a few minutes later, it must have flown near one of the birds referred to above.

Soon after we had taken our station and not very long after having a Short-eared Owl appeared on the flooded marshes at a height, I should say, of at least 1000 ft., or about three or four times that at which Canada Geese and similarly fly when migrating. It looked some larger than a bright, brisk and alert as if caught flying very slowly at first in a great circle, afterwards in many lines and over the bog towards the point of Cook Point and the height at which the bird would stop.
1897.
Sept. 11
(Mo 6)

Let me to infer that it was starting on migration.

Just before we left our stand to prepare after the Black Ducks a prolonged and most Cat-like scream rang out from the rescued near Morse's Covey. Despite the distance (nearly half-a-mile) this Cry was so loud and piercing—and without so preposterous expressions in expression—that I confess it startled me for a moment but the next, when it was repeated with a who-a-ending, I recognized the author as a Banded Owl. Then how I have heard this cat yowl in the South! How thin those hoots are so very uncommon & when I have heard among them for weeks at a time? And why indeed, is it not often heard there? The cry to-night was much shorter and less varied than that of the field which awakened us all at Pine Point last year. It was exactly like the scream of an angry tom cat but without the growing termination (that may have been due to our howls because of the distance) and mewing thus louder. It could have been easily heard a mile or more away.

The change in the foreign progress steadily and rapidly. I noticed this afternoon, grey, feathers of yellow on the upper wings of Mr. Dustin, and the feathers in our camp from an heron.
1897.

Sept. 12

A brilliantly clear day with lights beneath, cool wind.

Spent the morning at camp, writing. In the afternoon went to Rafael River in my large canoe. Found two callsbets following in one of the boats.

I started from camp to the mouth of the river, close-hand the bottom first, the way. Climbing up the river with the paddle, and ahead of the other boat I found two baskedoe in the lower basin. They were swimming along the opposite shore, but one of them soon crossed to my side although my canoe was in plain sight too. Presently the bird passed in behind a large boulder up to which I cut some paddle with quick arm going just in time to get a good shot at my four victim coming out showing me look sharp. He fell at once when I turned my attention to his companion which had risen and was passing 20-30 yards off. My second broad brought him down also, but he was only winged. I quickly escaped after a longretching chase during which he both ran in the water in the usual fashion of his kind. While thought he went another one followed to find him there.

There were the only ducks we saw although we heard from wood ducks squawking among the trees were the month of the river.

There were few strange birds a few or two, a thrush which turned me as if it were afraid instead of September or a winter man a time.
Sept. 13

Clear with S. wind, though forenoon changing to W.
 soon after dinner. Several dark clouds charged with wind
 and rain came from the W. towards evening but only one
 of which was presently passed over the bank.

I spent the forenoon about camp waiting etc. In the
 afternoon Perkin and I went out in the sailing canoe. The
 wind was light at first but after a few hours 2 or
 more in beating across to the Falters whom we heard a
 Planting Woodpigeon calling. These birds appear to
 be very scarce here this autumn.

Sailing on and we came across the whole length of the
 lake. I had the old grey canoe in which I made
 Green Point in two tacks. I then paddled to
 Richardson's cove pasting Shalman who had stopped
 near the eastern end of Bearnaud's Island.

Here when I saw my canoe into a bank of reeds only
 the tops of which protruded above the water was a
 floating house submerged to within a few inches of its
 bottom. A Musselcat was sitting on it and the others
 were floating gently back by itself a few yards off.
 I fancied they were boiling a commotion so to whether
 or not it was worth while to build their homes
 higher. If so they decided the question in the opposite
 way. Ten days later the top of this house was seen
 from a few yards of water although the house had
 risen several inches in the interim.

The other House passed on then one side, the
 fourth on the other but none of them came
 within range. I heard others swimming in the
1897.
Sept. 18

Before it was dark enough to give up all hope of getting a shot an ugly looking clouds which we had been watching for hours in left camp and which certainly had seemed to be passing around the west and by the Saddle suddenly began nothing quickly towards us. We could hear the wind roaring in the woods up theuyeggulcan and Graham & I, after a short consultation, agreed that it would not be safe to attempt to cross the Saddle until the gale had passed. Accordingly we waited in camp, but on the way back the author his wife found the boat adown and crowding under it, I rodehardt in my canoe by the stream and my help. Presently there was a short but violent gust of wind and then a perfect blur of rain lasting fifteen minutes or more & quite blowing out the mountains & the same through wind. After it was over the author could see no white boat & in our course to camp together (the Graham for them felt very wet and our boots afterwards all for a couple of days in consequence).

The change in the color of the forest programs steadily but strongly & very uncertainly.
1897. 
Sept. 14

A gloomy, depressing day with clear N.W. wind and frequent light showers. The clouds broke away early in the afternoon, however, and we had a glorious sunset.

I spent the day about camp, cleaning down a number of loose boulders for evening and developing a number of photographs. At evening time I rose once more to the floridred maxims again, found a seat in the large boat, I in the little gray canoe in which I started both ways.

The water has risen to high, that only the tops of the fallen grasses are now apparent. The ducks have evidently given up remaining in this reach as morning. There was some to right but I heard a cackling in the direction of Moon Point. Several Great Blue Herons were calling and flapping about and a Great Horned Owl alighted on the top of a tree that was Leonard's Point sitting there for ten or fifteen minutes forming a distinct silhouette against the afterglow in the west. I could see him move up and down that same tree in the distance a short time before.
A sunny day, cloudless, with moderate W. W. wind and remarkably clear, morning air.

The Specimens were not worth enough to bear compass fur Purdon Hill and I started for the Reginaldy at 7 a.m. in the luga boat, Gilbert's forming in the St. Serna."n

As we drew the boat the wind began ruffling the waters but in under the land it was still calm reflecting the trees along the shores and mountain peaks. A Sinn wallrid, Bighiuh was photographed on a thong in Moon Point, very erect I think, offset the antelope to Laveno's Pond to Pied. Bighiuh then bid the animal rest for a moment among the lily pads.

We kept on pretty steadily up the river, flapping Sinnah's one or twice to take a photograph, however, and Specimen turning into Pine their Pond where we noticed that pretty little hunt of water. I was adjusting my camera for a picture when I noticed the fins-like tough of a Bighiuh's finish and presently saw the bird flitting about among some branches in a narrow point. I was presently joined by two more on which came flitting across the pond. All three chased eagerly for several minutes. They were evidently alarmed at something but just what it was in their not discover. After I had taken my picture on rounded around the point and Gilbert's landing boat towards us. He planted all three boat and I shot one of them but turned it for a Specimen.

Facing us there another than 50 with me. I had a good rip of the other two boats and identified
1897
Sept. 15
(No. 2)


then beyond any question. They behaved in the usual
manner lying close & floundering about under fallen
logs & tops. The place was very wet with long, wiry grass
growing in the open spaces.

The next turned into the mouth of an arm (and a
little below) Pulpit Rock. It proved to be flooded
to the very edges of the woods. Near the upper end,
however, a belt of grass and bushes reached a high
level with a floating island in the center. Here we
found a flock of 12 Black Ducks & a single wood
duck. The former took us a bare two or three
minutes before in flooded the hind shore from
some grass & I fired my shot-shot from it & it
was going 70. It came down to the water &
was warning me above the bushes on the island & was
told to fright behind them. With full saw that it
had dropped into the water on the further side &
weir course, we quickly demonstrated the situation.

This manner by landing on corner on the bank
which I killed as soon as it got close to the
brushes. The river which we then made started a
flock of the same kind ducks from will bank
on the full side where there must have been a
foot or water that we could not see. Less than
half-an hour later these ducks returned as in we
saw on our way up river & dropped back into the
head of the island. The water about the island
was literally covered with these feathered.
1897.

Sept. 15 (no 3)

stepping to take a photograph we came to them. They
landed opposite the mouth of Bear Brook and swam
through the woods to the pond near them. In
this pond he found a flock of snow geese which he liked
out.

As there was no hope of our being able to approach
the best fishing grounds in Bottle Brook Pond by land or
shag by shag across the pond and then had the
men around this pond. He had discovered two of the
"legs" without seeing anything near the fishing foundations
and were just entering the third I went with them
keeping close to the shore when a Black Duck came
out from under a fallen spruce log and sat on the
water. I knew this was a rare enough shot but the
right instant made a most mortifying case with
the second boat at another Duck which soon with
a brilliant flash from behind the log and made
off in the same direction than the first had turned.

The boat steadied them until they from from another further
up in the canoe. They came out flashing within
a dozen boat paddles before I could get full
sight into the pond. Then were all the Ducks that
were found in this pond. The water was too
high for them and all the grass & aquatic plants
seemed to have been killed. Indeed the whole
pond had an algal and ragged look and most
of the Black cattails showed about its edges were
dead or dying. This change is probably due to
the conditions of last Spring which had been so
bad as early as in May.
1897.
Sept. 15
(No 4)

The return down vine was delightful. The sun
had fallen and the light on the woods and moun-
tains was wonderfully fine. I passed before the
summit, behind the ridge to the west. Just after
setting when we reached the Oates and landed.
Damp was hanging thin near them from many
rocks on their floor. We then flowed on down
north to the Megarrynun in a little stream. There
were streams around. The Megarrynun was
broad which spread heavily off across the plain.

Towards Leonard's Pond. Hill also flows a sup-
perb stream in oz. oz. trees otherwise the same.

On the way back in again paddled to the head
of the flooded midlands opposite Pendent Raka.
Near only one Snake-a head snake. They
are not many. As we went passing around the island in planted a handsome
stream from some years. It was just the oppor-
tunity among the brush on the island when a Pigeon Hawk
plunged into the foliage after it coming from
the wooden death. It shook the leaves &
branches with great force I went into them,
guiding out. A figure but it must have missed
the aim for it appeared on one & Shannon
was within a few yards with its feet
drawn up out of sight. At the same instant
there Black Buzzard alighted on the further side
of the island by an upflying up trees which
they approached the bottom for food. It tried to
paddle up to them but failed to get near
enough although I think a long place in vain as they
1897.

Sept. 15

To the right directly over Pointe au Salut
who were waiting for us as they entered the
mounds.

Great Blue Herons were among numerous
birds along the ruin spire, as close to
the high water which has flooded their feeding
grounds about the lake.

Small birds were seen. There are practically
no Crossbills but few Canada Mathurtins on
Pointe au Salut this autumn. I saw a few
mowing Dowitchers mostly D. virgineus. A Solitary
Vireo was scolding in a thicket on the
ruin bank early this morning. I heard another
singing on Pointe Point. Sparrows of all kinds
are exceptionally scarce. There are a few
Song Sparrows sparrow along the ruins but
Great-throats & Juncoeæ an almost wholly
counting. The ridge of the westernmost even when
there is a strong westerly wind. I heard this morning's
barred owl calling this evening in the
woods was the mouth of the Megaloney.

I exposed twelve 5 x 7 plates to-day without
a single failure. There was a rare light
for photographing; evening is not enough sound
to do much harm.
1897.

Sept. 16

Forecast clear and calm; afternoon cloudy with fresh east wind & every indication of a gathering storm.

Photography during the forenoon with Gilbert, coming up part Pan Point & into Handy Bridge Camp. No breaks of any particular interest. Paddie went across the Carry to Middledam & back. We came for Pan Paddie to Panam handkevisors.

"17

Cloudy with heavy rain in forenoon, the sky clearing at sunset. Spent the day about camp making our observations with recording.

"18


Sailing on the lake most of the afteroon trying to run across from Pan Dam to the bed ones. Paddie & Will went to break in the forenoon & did not get back until near sunset. They found from going surf fishing in a flooded wash just above break dam. Will taking them for Black Delta walked & fished them swimming over. The others did not leave the modern & getting the boat be became them all. It is indeed remarkable that they should have chosen to alight in such a small forest. Unmindful them 2 women with the boat to wear an hour but I have known them to be halted in the Andesmooven before this.
Sept. 19

1. Early morning clear & calm with very promise of a fair day but before ten o'clock the sky became overcast and by noon a choice wind rose from the S. & S. & the afternoon was grey & disagreeable with a drizzle of rain just before dusk.

I spent the day about camp which was visited early in the forenoon by a Parsee hunterman and a Northwest Trader besides some Blank Joes & Goods. The Hunters are about all gone and there are few Christians in this part from Canada with the snow.

2. The old men & Portia went up the Megollomy after lunch. They found a flock of white Black Ducks accompanied by some Wood Ducks in Bottle Shot Pond & I shot one of them. They have a Resident Woodpecker & a Canada Goose.

3. Cloudy with occasional light showers in the forenoon and a heavy downpour in the middle afternoon. I spent the morning with the men working on the log of the canoe. While trying one of them four outside one can it bound a Golden Plover whistling & down rather on them in a Transported Nest up & our Moon Point.
1897
Sept. 21

Cloudless with raging N. W. wind and phenomenally clear
fogging air - a splendid day for vigorous exercise.

We had planned to cross the day down the Ambloroquin
but the weather continued to wangle after breakfast, then we
decided to take the steam on her return from Sunday Cove.
It was well in order to have been on board on her return
since we were by no means enough.

We took to the boat at the wharf to Burnt Marshes
which is deserted without having anything of interest
without. Not a house or even a thimble can be found there.

We then went to Burnt Marshes. Soon after entering in a
flexure and then heading to Mann’s the horses clearly keeping
a sharp lookout for snakes. The water was high & the sounding
grounds in excellent condition but we started nothing in
the open ground. As we were nearing the shallower part
when the Broads come in, however, we saw a Golden Eagle
first a pair and then several straight down quite beyond
the western point which had the boat from our view.
At the same moment we heard a snake gourdly
calling a perfect stream of snakes began slithering and
over the two, first came a large Black Snake, next
wood Snakes or a Black Snake, next several Black Snakes
and finally a flock of Snakes on the Snakes which I
can neither name nor distinguish. The boat came within
a yard range & I fired a shot at one of them.

The birds first caged, then tittered, and finally settled
laughing down through the trees on the hillside on our
left. It must have been dead before it entered the ground
in manner join we fired and fired it although they
somewhat freely an hour. The flame was very thick & trifling.
1897.

Sept. 21

Entering the cove, we fished out three boats as far up into the gorge as we could, and thence two hours more than far, eating hard and afterwards baking in the sun, manning & steering.

A Painted Woodpecker that we had heard off in the cove (on account, I suppose, finally from many one us and sighted against the trunk of a tree, walked along the tree in the brush about 40 yards away, then it remained for at least five minutes. It first moved slowly up the trunk by a succession of short & earnest forward leaps, or hops. On reaching a point near the top, it stopped and climbing to the trunk looked alternately down as us and off on the forest. Its first nest was usual in the trunk; the sunlight shining through it from beyond made it nearly flower. Every now and then the bird would cavort without meaning anything but its bird scolding for anything and a long succession of freely given cackles. Finally it gave the hint, humorous cackle (quite different from the cackle although not diminished in tone) then a short trilling and the whole towards the nest as if it expected an answer & finally pegging off in that direction. I have often been much amazed by a Painted Woodpecker than we were to this bird, but some before than I seen one to equally good advantage or when it has escaped its distemper and losing an impression. what a trifles creature it is with its flapping crest and broad bearing! On this occasion as on many others - it reminded me of a cotton bagged - an Indian. I believe it the most bold of the native birds - not the fugger to the nearest canoe of the remaining forest.
Scarcely had the big woodpecker disappeared when a great blue heron passed us, flapping its wings slowly up the corner of the creek. It alighted beyond some fallen trees, the which quite hid it from our view. A moment later a dark shadow illumined our the meadows grass. Rising up in some a Golden Eagle soaring directly above us as a height of about 300 ft.

Presently it drifted out till right where the heron had alighted. Cheeking itself in the middle of a half-completed circle it paused for an instant beating its wings rapidly like a thing piling turning over a school of minnows. Then it swooped, descending in a perfectly vertical line but unwittingly revolving like a spinning rifle bullet so that it describing its upper and under parts alternately turning at least from a few times before it passed over y me right. How I have not been to equal that amount. The bird simply plunged headlong from a height of at least one hundred yards with almost closed and apparently stiffly held wings making a sound like that of a gale of wind blowing through your branches. Its movement must have been tremendous. How it checked its forward speed before reaching the earth so suddenly, just what happened after it passed below the wing of the fallen tree (15 or 20 ft. high) I am unable to record but it certainly dropped as the heron and as certainly missed its aim for just as the Eagle disappeared the heron set up an outrageous squawking and a moment later was seen flinging off at its best pace over the trees

1897. Sept. 21 (No. 3)
not attempt any pursuit but presently it came
floating back over us again, this time at a low
landing almost 60 or 70 yards from us. I was too
nearly within cutting down on us curiously. Through
the glass I could see every detail of its coloring.
It was evidently a nearly mature individual with
the golden brown of the head not fully perfected
brown. It tucked its feathers and landed
smoothly. The bird that was over the drum
consisted of the back half of the tail from
white above. Its back was also much darker
considerable head and body appearing to be almost
jet black.
The "Rock-Tailed" Eagle after its exploit with the drums
was harassed incessantly for several minutes by
an Osprey which attacked it fiercely on a wing and
did a crew hovering above and diving down on
it from above. Every time it approached it within
100 feet or eight feet the eagle would turn
both downward and upward both its feet
with all the talons extended, evidently trying
to grasp it. This evasive, which I intimated at
least half a dozen times, was performed so
quickly that it was difficult to follow it with the
but for a fraction of a second the uplifted legs
and wide-spread talons were distinctly outlined
against the sky. Actually the bird turned over and
from side to side half a second or less. It did this
without apparent excitement or without perceptible
looking. Both birds at the time were over the

1897.
Sept. 21
(Mon)

Golden
Eagle.
1897
Sept. 21

midst by the pond on a height of perhaps 900 ft.
and some two hundred yards from my front of

down.

Something about I have been to-day confirming my

greater impressions that the Golden Eagle is in every
way a more spirited, energetic and dazzling bird than

the Black-hooded Eagle. It flies evidently much
more of its time on the wing, hunts more on wood

and mountain tops and comes more ground. Its

flight is firm, nervous and more buoyant and
graceful, the wings on held farther and more nearly
up on the tip of the wing; at the elbow. I also

think that it habitually soars more and at

higher elevations than the latter.

During the remainder of our stay in this camp

we found only a few common birds such as

whistlers, Kestrels & Raven Jags. A Pretty Bluebird

and the common black bird was finding means of water plants and

on the roads & feeding them to fruits in bunch

of food on it which it learned to become a good

ekid.

The now homeward at coming was delightful

for the wind had almost wholly died away and

the mountains stood out unusually clear against

the setting sun (the wind was washed away with

snow). A lofting of the raven swallows now flying

over the mountain was Miss Crosby.
1897.
S. 22

Forsome time clear and calm; most of the afternoon overcast
with light S. W. to S. E. wind. Temperature yesterday.

To Curtis Meadows with Jim and Gilbert taking the
cargo boat and both canoes, and returning early than
down planes. The lake ten feet higher, which are
essentially the town of a little stream formed between
two wooded points on the shore across nearly all
very majestic after wards came out well.

The only cargo boat seen in Curtis Meadows today
was a Black Duck, a Wood Duck, an Opossum, a
Pigeon Hawk on a Rock. Tomacco Woman (an immature
bird seen in the town planes yesterday). A hundred
again at the mouth of the brook. Heard a
Thermos Sung Tai and saw weeds-covered tin-ball
woodfowl in the cedar thicket. The Fifty Birdish
was again working at the weaver under the
old roots.

Early in the afternoon witnessed a migration
of Blue Jags. They came from the woods on
the north side of the meadows and rising to a
height of from 100 to 200 ft. nearly out of sight,
over a wooded ridge to the south. From one
stock of forty-thousand or more of them; the others
were scattered over a distance of three to five miles.
Some of them turned back and plunged down
through the woods from a considerable height
as I have seen them do at Pine Point.
We started home and a little before sunset, we saw a Bufflehead crossing their line coming from Smith's Meadows. A moment later, I saw it coming back through the woods flying at great speed with a handsome in its present. About 30 feet before the birds were about to alight, it attracted my attention. The ducks reduced their distance about half before they alighted on the water. On a good day, they would land on the water in the middle of their line, inclining slightly downward and striking their water with great force, or some disappeared beneath the surface during their flight. A Bufflehead alighted on a stick on the left bank. I had a good view of him as he sat with his breast turned towards me. I decided him to be an adult Cooper's. my only doubts for the moment being as to whether he was a male or a female. The Bufflehead had come to the surface, and the ducks again dropped on him when they again came. This was repeated at least seven or eight times. Further, the Bufflehead gave a third and, as I thought, a fourth time, more confident, for after the first time a third time, the would wait until the very last instant before going under. Indeed, the ducks were then spread, his legs and feet (both of them thrust forward near to his head) with the tail stuck up, and almost fully extending their wings to spread his legs to move them when his tail seemed to be within less than a foot of the ducks when it disappeared. Had he joined me then, I feel certain he would certainly have caught him for the immediately came up within a yard or two.
the same place and rarely remained under for more than
a few seconds. But he always waited and waited for the
man at once although twice the hucksterman? s
stroke before he reached the target line to turn
back and twist again. Strange to say he usually chose
a friend only after a short flight above the surface of
the ruin. Hence his wings were performed on a
namely the plane of
distance in which he had to
fly being fully flapping wings. For about two-thirds
of the distance he flapped his wings rapidly and
steadily but the last third was covered in flat
wings. It was beautiful to see him glide swiftly
and smoothly down towards his target being slightly
and
skimming his Legs just before reaching
the spot where the boat apparatus knapped with
force. I noticed, however, that the held his wings
open wide with the left9 unmined to this, as should,
and accounted for the truly remarkable rapidness
of which the immediately above. Then was to
forward oxygen was breathing to the back and coat
plunge of the boat but simply a splash and
wings nothing and one the calm water where the
bird had located an instant before. Once or
twice the squirrel point before landing. Once
the fluffy cover over a yard or two of surface.
Most ordinarily the fat molecules with hand
worked out.
At first in were two hundred yards away but
in little more than twenty minutes landed on get within
100 yards. The Wood Duck seemed so tame at
an approach. shooters would have harmered.
Sept. 22
(No. 4)

1897.

us to get within gun range but the North, evidently losing hope, did not return to his usual pitch but came nearly towards us and was passing within thirty yards or less when I shot him, dropping him on the bank. So my hypnosis be driving to be a year. His brush a bird of the year, apparently, in the party. It is true, there must a time I had considered for a moment that he might be in a gun bank for whom fleeing his wings looked rather too broad for even those of a large female Cooper's

cut anentites I should have certainly suspected to his great excitement much blood shown and not the gun settle as gumpine this other way. I am now confident that I saw a

groundhopper this known bird is in the

midst, town, Sept. 16th

one thing that suggests the hypnosis that the bird

while this morning was a 900-hand, when he first came in sight, was the fact that he gave much

close to a flying duck. I don't t

900-hand would use anything

evidently this 900-hand is a
terrible fellow. He would certainly have concluded

a duck back the next look to the water, although be did not gain as nearby to

300. The most favorable the 900-hand was the

only one of four to-day.
1897.

Sept. 23

Several men of the day but with occasional brief
intervals of sunshine. Early morning calm followed by fine
S. E. wind which lasted well into the night.

The Specimens left one last evening but the rest of the
party remains as before, i.e. I have Purdie, Jim, Bill,
Clancy & Jilbert.

Purdie and I went down the lake this morning early
and I took a look at the two large boats and the little
new sailing craft which I used most of the day.
I sailed about a mile before a wind breasted me
from the N. W. and then took to the paddle.

Purdie & Bill had gone on ahead but I continued
out Mandell Island where Purdie found a great
number of beach shellings of Prairie Greenlions with
which will have taken up for me. The old tree on
that island was cut down. I examined the
longest to be over 40 ft. in length with a butt diameter
of 12 to 15 inches. Bones in the day Purdie & Bill found
a great number of these Prairie Greenlions the style
from most of these amongst were the same. When
they actually found a large 7 from amongst but a
good many scattered about in the young 200 yards
or more for in total.

We spent the entire day between the island & the upper
Photographs
end of the Hulon Creek, walking hourly along the shore
looking over the deeps to take a photograph or
look for fossils, Birds were noted common. We saw
a flock of about 30 - Snowgeese in <i>St. Louis</i> Can & a few thumb elchism.
I had a delightful sail all the way back to camp at evening.
1897.
Sept. 25. — A superb day with cloudless sky, a total absence of rain, or wind, and a fresh but steady W. wind.

It rained most of yesterday and when we anchored the houseboat last evening at the mouth of River's Mouth (we had come down the river in two of the skiffs as there was no wind) it looked as if we were in for a long rain. But the rain ceased towards evening and to-day proved to be altogether the most perfect that we have had here this autumn.

It was fitting that it should be so for we had planned a long trip up the Cambridge, this was beautiful river, I believe, in all New England. Never have I seen it more beautiful than it was to-day. The light was of rare quality from sunless to moonless, from a rich but at the same golden. The foliage in many places had attained nearly a quota of perfection of its autumn coloring and there had been no frost to damage the luxuriant vegetation. Even where already the trees became thin, there had attained a luxuriance of growth seldom seen in this region. No doubt the conditions have been extremely favorable owing partly to the heavy rains of the past summer and partly to the canopy condition of the trees at the south western points which has failed to hold the water back of the banks.

We started at about 9 a.m. trotting join and with two small boats. I saw ahead most of the way herring a shallow current for ducks. We started eleven in all, five Black Ducks, five Wood Ducks, and a blooded Margomans. I killed the Margomans and all but one of the wood ducks. Four fine ones.
was at the Magazines which we reached at the head
of the lowest "Bayou" and which tried to pass me one
my snap at a pair of adult Wood Ducks which started
out from under the brush of the river just as we came
around a bend. I brought down one with each barrel. The
ducks were a pair bred in that neighborhood. My third victim
was a young female Wood Duck which was feeding in a
pond hole covered with lily pads separated from the
river by a high bank. It was out of range when I first saw it
and worked itself farther off finally going ashore
into some grass. I gave it some around and started it
and I shot it as it was flying fast.

Thus far I had not aimed at a shot but when a
sitting Black Duck was suddenly from a thicket of brush
and doveded around a bend I fired the quickly and
the bird went off. Shortly after this a young Wood
Duck came floating leisurely from under a root within
five yards of the bank & I placed it with the second
bullet after missing with the first. This was the last
bird shot before we started a flotilla of many more
Black Ducks this being high up. I knew that they were
feeding downstream from a long before in common to
by the sunbeams and freshly turned-up water
grass then come floating down with the current.
They go far to fish, however, before in once again up

I knew of no more fascinating sport than shooting ducks
on the Cambridges. The water was as beautiful as a dream
and it is so warm and winding and the banks are so
shore that the chances of getting shots are excellent. One
is kept in a constant state of excited expectation as the
boat glides silently across the calm waters and rounds
1897.
Sept. 26
(No. 3)

From point after point, opening out new and more picturesquely views at every turn. Hope never seems to flag here. In homeward avenue, without seeing anything more than a solitary sandpiper standing by, and in the wind tilling its body slightly as it watches us pass within a few yards, but in fact there there must be a dune just around the next bend. As we approach the point, dunes roll out from under the boulders on the bottom side and the gun half rises in the distance, but it is only a loon with water dripping with a loud splash as it leaves, with apparently meaning great stores into his beak. Many and varied are these fowl alarms. Sometimes it is a thing from which starts from a presumably roost, with loud rattling, a great brown heron may be surprised in some shallow water and come out almost in one flush (ex) spreading retrograde, making a loud whoo, whoo, whoo, like the puffing of an engine, with the powerful flutters of its big wings.

From within the woods too, if it be at all still, come all sorts of rustling and often more so than any previous sound. The calls of various small birds, the coaxing of the Piebald Woodpigeon, the trumpeting of a crow, the dreaming of Partridges and the rustling of the wind among the trees and among the dry leaves. More nearly a succession of loud crashes among the fallen trees, announces the sudden attack of a startled deer. The sound goes on rambling among the boulders and covered with the footprints of those animals but we seldom see them below the meadows. Often used to be waders along the rise, but them in season.

Cambridge, Mass.

[Signature]

[Date]
Sept. 25, 1897

We stopped for lunch at the Forks, arriving on the sand spit at the junction of the Snake and Dead Cambrige. We could command an extended view out over B. Meadows which just below the river entered the forest. I took several photographs here and two or three more above in the open meadows. After lunch we lumbered as far up as the hillsides (more than a mile by train above the falls). Why do not deer frequent these meadows more? The conditions seem to be perfect but the beds are almost invariably absent although they frequently fly up or down over the meadows following the current of the stream. We stood nothing there to-day but a flying butterfly. Our tracks were more numerous than I have ever seen them before. There was drawn a square yard where one or two deer had not left its footprints. The grass all over the meadows (it has not been cut this year) was trampled down by these animals.

At the Forks, Purdie and I climbed the ridge to look for some poplars which, on June 14, 1896, were still young with catkins and only just beginning to unfold their leaves although all the other forest trees had been in full leaf for two weeks or more. I felt sure at the time that these poplars would soon to be flowering. Their was never to be but Purdie considers them all P. grandidentata. The leaves, however, have red petioles, a characteristic which I do not reach in grandidentata. Aternative is common all along this ridge to it was in full leaf on June 14, 1896. I do not think that it is as much as at all certain when the species in Massachusetts.
1896.
Sept. 25
(No. 8)

While looking for the hawks, Pardee flushed a large
Woodcock. This ridge has long been known to be a nest
of their nests. In the early autumn and I should not
be surprised to learn that a pair or two breed there
every year although the only opening seen at hand is
that afforded by R. Neumann.

I came down rain in the late afternoon flying
occasionally to catch a photograph. I ought have
exposed three or more sheets as I had to good
advantage for the conditions were nearly perfect. The
wind having almost entirely died away while the
light remained firm and strong.

During the day we saw or heard a great many
Chickadees & Golden-crowned Kinglets, spar Red-eyed
Wren, two Brown Thrashers, two Pied-billed Woodpeckers,
Goshawks, a Flounder or two, a flock of Canada
Cedar-birds, a few Sparrows & several unidentified
Warblers. Besides a great many Blue Jays,
from on five Hummingbirds, ten or fifteen Solitary Sandpipers,
and about three Great Blue Herons.

The Cedar-birds were flying about the Corn Logan
drifting on dead tree tops. I frozen the washing
I think they is close to many top of Robinson Harris still
remaining on this corner.

The Goshawks were seen flying across the road more
than twice. It was a young bird of large size.
I was surprised to see a Kingbird at Harvard, because
the half dead clump near the road.
1897.

**Sept. 26**

An early morning was densely foggy but when the fog broke away at about 8 o'clock the sky was perfectly clear. After a half hour a cloud in full sun and a good day. I accordingly started up the Cambridge river in a launch with about 20 passengers and a liberal supply of sandwiches. Before we could expose the forest from the river became overcast and a brisk wind started from NE. In flight on for about a mile, circumnavigating by taking advantage of long intervals when the sun shone through a rift in the clouds managed to get us over from good wind. We came ashore to dinner, however, and passed the afternoon in boats with many rain falling steadily on the back of the cabin. The rains were from this morning. I heard that some crocodiles for the first time this morning were again a flounder of celerity. Cecil and the Cambridge got a visit from us.

**Oct. 27**

A willy day with a fresh gale of wind from the WNW and frequent showers of rain, snow and hail.

Undisturbed for Boston early this morning. Spent some of the day on the boat and tried to cone the compass under sails going well and in the distance when the wind was changing over another wind across the Gloucester wind. Some exciting tales it seemed to be but without companionship. The birds from octogen to known in turn fighting their way against the dancing wind.
Sept. 28.

Weather very like that of yesterday but colder and with an even stronger wind. The seas on the open sea were exceptionally heavy and I doubt if any small boat could have stood them. The thermometer made her usual trip but her life boat filled and her fires were almost out. The engineer thinks that the waves in the North Bay were fully eight feet high. He saw a large flock of "Black-billed Coots" (C. nigricollis) near Mutton Island. They were very shy and would only fly a short distance before alighting.

I passed the greater part of the day in my cabin but I had a short sail in the little canoe in the morning and visited Jim at his place in the late afternoon. It was half an hour after sunset when I started back towards the Cambridge. There Mutton Island was from the river banks and from off windward, screeching loudly, "Fun Black". Storks came from up the Cambridge and alighted on the flooded meadows. A solitary Night Heron flew about me in a great circle, quacking at short regular intervals. I do not remember ever seeing one at this season before. Our sergeant says that he heard a number of Indians over coming and remarked that he often heard wives over the water in the night as is often heard amongst Indians.
Sept. 29

Clear with high wind, through the middle of the day falling to nearly calm at evening.

At 9 A.M. I started up Cambridge River with
join in the hunting boat, taking both canoes and
a large number of floats. The wind was rising when
we left the brown boat and it interfered sadly with
my attempts at photography. But Calm in the
afternoon the conditions were fairly good and I worked
mostly all my plates.

On the way up the river I kept my gun ready work
of the time and bagged two birds, a Partridge which
I shot on the ground among some elders and a
Shelduck which I killed as it rose from the water.
The Shelduck was a solitary bird and was exceptionally
tame. We came suddenly on it as we turned a bend
but for several seconds it did not appear to notice us.
Finally it began devoring slowly off and as we
passed it harder rose, but went until we were within
a few yards.

There were two Partridges together but the other bird
escaped me. It flew up into a bush and adopted
behind a big cluster of wings of foliage which concealed
it almost perfectly. Through which I found the blue
fuel was intermittent. At length it started to fly
again when I fired at the birds it. This Partridge
attracted my attention by making the moving image
which is to my like that of the Red Squirrel with
most of their guider compare their inability to
distinguish the certainty between the two animals.
The upper landing on Cambridge River estuary at this season, we are obliged to disembark, because of the shallowness of the water on the "lip" below, is always a favorite resort of the smaller birds. I saw there this morning an interesting little mixed flock consisting of Two Solitary Vires, Two Black-throated Green Warblers, a young Baltimore Oriole, and a pair of Ruby-crowned Kinglets. The 8 Kinglets was bringing its food over higher up the rim I heard another in nearly fixed stop.

An evening, in the older thrushlet on the bank opposite this landing, I heard two Hermit Thrushes, two American Robins, and several White-throated Sparrows. The Thrushes were never calling to one another but one of the Sparrows sang repeatedly in shrill thin tones.

The high winds kept the smaller birds pretty quiet during the middle of the day, but in sand I heard a fair number of the Commonwrens besides an American Woodpewter.

When I reached the house about this evening I learned from Hill Sergeant that less than half an hour after we started this morning, Simon Sergeant, passing down the river on his way to Australis, started a large Canadian Goose in the first bend below the mill.

The bird was so tame that he got within forty yards of us although he was coming on the turn where it was on high and towards the bank landing gradually.
And this was to be my last day at the home. I had to spend the entire forenoon preparing for the dismantling of the house boat. It was a shame to waste so fine a morning; but I contented myself by the prospect of an equally perfect afternoon with the Cambridge. Just as we were leaving the house, however, the wind rose, interfering somewhat with photography at first but the late afternoon was warm and gentle and the light dismantling recommendable. We rowed only on Shaker in Hunting River and the few small birds. Shortly after noon, as I was standing on the bank, talking with Mr. Shannon, a white-crowned sparrow chirped exactly a dozen times on some in a thicket of the bushes.

Early in the forenoon a Rhyum Hank adjutant in the old camp at the foot of the riverClose, below the mill, sitting with some unfinished row for its head which it wound continually from side to side & occasionally hitched up a couple of inches, a long stick. At length it started and wagged its tail over the river & walked down into the forest, made a retreat & walked off into the bushes, chirping a song or so. It must have caught its wind for the moment, for the moment, often pluming its tail into the wind, then high over the trees & far off, uttering its shrill, clear, unmusical, I did not actually see the Hank attack it but that it did so is beyond question.}

Some bound me down to half an hour or two after an hour from this day.
1897
Oct. 1

Lake Umbagog to Cambridge.

Glittering lake with dewy bays from west breeze blowing through the afternoon but clearing away rotten scudding in the early afternoon. By noon for the town.

Left roadside by the regular stage at 8 a.m., reaching Boston by 11 a.m. The roads were dry throughout and the train delightful enough but in boss every few miles in fact nothing with remaining snow, perhaps, than grass stains by the roadside in gloamy.

The autumn coloring was very fine and frequently shown its brightest development though become is known for the season for this region.

2
Clear, cool wind exceptionally transparent air, a heavy column from last night.

Spent the day at Dr. Channing's where I am to stay until Monday. Heard a Rehearsal Wednesday evening.

3
Weather similar to that of yesterday but a slight wind.

Walk a Shore drive with Channing in the afternoon and saw their Baldies in a field near the Beulah railroad station.

4
Thought to Cambridge by car to-day. Nothing of interest observed by the way.
Oct. 19

Clear and warm with fresh W wind & rain.

After having the past two weeks in Cambridge, I stayed for Cambridge this evening, today Gilbert for I intend to live at the canoon for the next three or four weeks, if you are well. My chief reason for staying on this plan is that it will enable me to pursue practically any business I am in the woods when alone. I have not used the canoons since my return from the broken but I have come over, counting on the last few days for I have been losing weight. There going on ground for a week or more and I have been able to work only a few rods at a time.

Taking the 9.15 morning train we reached Concord a little after 10. The weather of this forenoon was bright in getting the canoons packed & ready. About 10, I took some more water by boat at the brake and went to Concord by freight. It was added to the freight. I took in the steam train this afternoon in time for my inspection canons. Gilbert going in the better canons.

On the way down (I was in most of the distance) I heard some horses galloping. Passed a farm amongst North and a place of about 30 feet balls. As I stood in the cabin door at least two hundred horses came galloping from children & children. A very long one and gray and others also appeared in the distance. Two or three white-throated sparrows were in their hands.
1897.
Oct. 20

Morning clear and cold, afternoon cloudy with heavy
w. sw. wind and very indication of a coming storm.

Most of the forenoon was spent in getting on things
important & in action. After dinner I started down uni-
versity To Connel Bridge & back again to Rich-burrd
Grades on the road just below Notre Dame. The same
birds were there last evening.

Very little of the grass on the meadow has been cut
this year and the late growth is making the grass
gain its former a yellow - brownish aspect. The rain
in last week & the farmers are getting what meadow
hay they can before the grain weather is estimated.

Boat in the afternoon I walked up on the hill
and beyond through the bushes to ‘Prairies Plain’ house.
I was resting above them under the trees when I
heard the distinct hollering of Geese. Struggling to the
western opening I had some a moment or two to watch
before the wild birds came nearly one near. There
were two of them flying & I am about the usual
height but in comparison and after being strong one
in him while the other was back them by fully two yds.
Struggling still several Black Ducks were Honking along into
the Giant Court a considerable height level. The
ducks5 finding this being rough course quailly them.
the Geese but they did not attempt to gain on them in the
least. This is about the way the birds were arranged:  

+ +   +++++++

--- Drum

+ +
1847

Dec. 20 (Mon 2)

I also saw five Black Drakes this afternoon. They were from the water on the farthest side of the river opposite the enclosure where I went to the country to boat in and into one of the canoes.

During my walk this afternoon I came upon a number of brown birds feeding on some green berries. Some were at least ten inches and then a large brown one, perhaps not less than a square yard or more than. I also heard frog calling and a Rush Syrinx chanting.
1897.
Oct. 2

The storm began as day broke this morning but there was more wind than rain, scarcely enough to hold the leaves under the trees. Soon in the afternoon the clouds began to break and a snowstorm almost followed but the wind after changing to the west came to the E. again before dark.

The farm ground was breaking the sugar beets this morning with his plow. I sent him flowers and sugar to make him feel fair or the start in cold.

Both a short walk over the hills, and a longer one in the afternoon to Salmon Station & beyond. It is wonderful how quickly my legs grow under these conditions. I was thinking on walking for exercise 7 two hours this afternoon & felt that better than in conversation. Heard a song of Jon's James & Christian & knew they enjoyed.

Bent in the afternoon took a short paddle. Strayed way coming into the meadow to watch flying about helping. I saw two hundred.

The muskras have spent their days & the beavers are also nearly gone. The oak foliage is brown & without anything. I cannot imagine what came been thinned it thus early. We have had little fall color in November this autumn.
1897.  

Oct. 22.  

Forenoon sunny & warm; afternoon cloudy with chilly & wind.

I spent the forenoon about the cabin. In the afternoon sailed to Davis's Creek and landing there walked to Brumus from ridge through the brush to Remote Springs, an area of forty a mile. This nurse is in fine form. After I had been out about an hour I started a rabbit (they seem to be very scarce here this autumn) & have a rabbit, corn, two apples, a few grapes, two dozens of chickens, a fowl, a Tommy knot skeleton, some pie, two cups of tea, and two cups of coffee &

On the way back to the cabin I saw a large bird which I am just told to be a Muskrack walker.


Dinner went to Rothena to-day and returned by the train which makes Mr. Rudford at half past four. I crossed the train to write him to return as I am leaving them in the canoe and my boat. They are all very handsome, the wind being strong, the river flowing from place to place on the round roof; the crowded head resembling that of my boat. I have worked before at one before.
1897
Oct. 23

Cloudless and very dead calm. Although it was
close but bright, there was a heavy white frost at sunrise.
This morning and I saw a thinning of ice on a
ditch at 9 a.m. The middle of the day was duller,
unlike other days in great winds.
The air was so still that comparatively slight sounds
could be heard at incredible distances. The sounds
seemed to be generated deep within Fremantle and
resulting from the day before, the thunder in
Spencer's lashing and cowping to our another, in
fact it was a day of sounds—a day when the
sun Would not even show through the eye.
At dinner a Robin was singing in the shade
from the eaves of the cottage, as we sat eating breakfast.
A little company of spiders including the long
spider, the white threads to a Samson (the
longest I have ever seen), were finding their
wisdom in the sun. I had written our in front
of the door. Later in the day I saw a toy
full of these spiders, built closely. I also
saw them Allan's house and I heard horned birds
singing near the firm waters. Two hundred
thousands passed our path's hair at 5 a.m., flying down
above in great groups and apparently unmoved.
For the afternoon I walked to the beach here;
in the afternoon I spent around hours in
the woods behind Bahi's hill lying out
in frosty winds from within this time.

Chimpanzee off to be my home this afternoon.
I saw my first today.
Oct. 24

Cloudy and calm. Early morning cold, thin in form, middle of day soft, warm.

In the early morning took a walk northward. Bends seemed to be more uncommon, than they have been at any time since I came here last week. Saw a brown marsh hawk, a flock of white geese, an exceptionally large flock of Canada geese, (I could not count them, but there were at least eight in ten) accompanied by a brown gander, a brown hoard, and two golden crested. This flock was on the trees at the Island, west. They were wandering so much inside that first I supposed they had found a little brook, but apparently they were only going over to their high spirits.

It also bore a Harriet House, a Quaker, a Yellow-wings and two Rusty Blackbirds. The last named was feeding in the top of a gray-bark in company with the Yellow-wings. All these kinds seemed to be getting on abundance of some kind of waste food.

Two men shooting the muskets into a dry field for a big shot, evidently at sharp.

Early this morning I heard a Black-billed Crow squawking, or first in the direction of Daniel's field, a little south of Fruit Island.
Oct. 26 - Clear and warm until light east wind.

Spent the entire day in the woods on the banks of Ball's River. Company with Veniam, Polk, Gilbert walking at a wood path which I am walking. Some uncommonly fine birds. A Canary, some Cedarwoods, a few Crows bring all that I notice. At home found 2 Books from one of whom I gave them some prints from the designs produced this summer.

26 - Clear and warm with strong E. wind.

This day also I spent exploring the woods on the wood path on Ball's Hill, but I also walked to Davis's Hill in the afternoon. Despite the soft dewy weather I saw some fine birds. In the early evening a Strong-Flamed Humming Bird flew just above column coming into path above it. On the top of the hill I saw a Horny Ground-Squirrel an uncommonly alert and quick - and a Raven. This about makes up the tame of the day's observations.

Sometimes near the middle of last night I was suddenly awakened by the fluttering of feet on the roof. The noise was much too loud to have been made by a man. It was probably a Flying-Squirrel. It ran across the roof and down into the chimney.
1897.
Oct. 27

Another perfect autumn day a little warmer than yesterday but otherwise similar. It is remarked here the winds holds in the best. It actually has not been in any other quarter (there has been a mountain from S. S. to W. S. since June) since then.

Lect a long walk this morning starting at about nine o'clock and not returning to the cabin until nearly noon. From one end of the north-west to the main island and coming back by way of the main island again. The woods were beautiful beyond description and there were a good many kinds of the kind common at this season—Chickadees, Pigeons, Crossbills, two Golden Woodpeckers, a Feathertail, Blackbirds, White-throats, Purple-grackles, some Black-billed Jackdaws, Ten or Twenty Sparrows and some Kittites making up the list of about 14 birds. The Indians were together near the middle of the main opposite Black Island, passing their feathery and singing to the rear. Some black in the trees that looked from the N. S.

A snowfall was again at work on the logs of the cabin partly after noon. He walked in from a round nap and for ten minutes or more afterwards snowman. Luckily I was with just behind my head. I could borne the weight of his wings when he joined from some to some. Finally I went on but he had disappeared.
Oct 27 (No. 3)

1897.

So late in the afternoon I discovered a Caribbin
Rock among the broken branches on the edge of the
ruins at the entrance to the church where my
Parents lies. It was a heavy black and unendless
stone, permitting me to approach within eight
feet from the feet of the statue. I watched it
for a long time as it fell among the ruins of
the stone, picking up its tail slowly as many
every step. It was a bee kept little creature
when every attention & moment was given itself.

Just before sunset I fastened down three
pieces of wood & covered them with
two stones with wonderful care.

The woodcutters are building houses everywhere
this afternoon. I do not think how I can
ever learn to many boats. build this on them
on three rows.
bloody with dew for all day. wind light from N.E.

dry cress for the season.

early this morning I heard a Black-billed Plover
walk right a few times; it was evidently flying in
a southerly direction over the mountains. soon afterwards
the call of a Greater Yellow-lag came from the direction
of Hoden's wireless.

with this hope of finding something unusual on the
water, I paddled down as far as tree island taking
my gun. I saw nothing but a Botting Gander I was
returning from two flocks passed me flying low over
the water following up the course of the wind. I saw
that they had a good deal of weight on their wings
but could not make out the species. some ten minutes
later however, they returned passing their time within
about five range but crossing over the land & coming
out behind me so that it was impossible to fire. I
saw at once that they were Red-breasted mergansers
both in the grey plumage but one much larger than
the other. although perfectly certain of their identity
I had a great desire to secure them for I have never
before found this species in coosand rain. as they
were passing around the head just above davis that
they let their wings 1 stood down towards the
water but they must have kept on for I
wasnt able to close beside again without
losing any of them. but saw them pass
between my 2 return. judging by the time
they were gone they must have flown direct
wells up river unless they alighted somewhere

1897
oct. 26
The Caddoan Race was yesterday in the same place this morning. I had it against the eastern sky then wandering about a mile and forth an hour or so but it seems to have been a few years ago. The time under some broken branches but occasionally chasing one of the same. It is always difficult to make a decision when the great expansion of these Indians meet on the plain. It is now more surprising for two of my men were working all day within less than twenty feet of the bird and at times they made a great deal of noise, booming out from large thaws which they were carrying. This bird is a cotton breasted, looking as if it being it does resemble it's plumage more than anything, with feathers within which are black and white.

The Woodpecker began pecking on the cabin walls this morning. I got a good shot at it. It prepared to fly. I watched it for some minutes, but did not get it yet anything for its feathers. I was evidently looking for food, not dreaming.

Kahve on Bulls; in this afternoon, I heard the bull regal of a Cotton's Hart, soon became warm, no movement of any. As I had seen before heard this call in autumn, I went out over to this place I found a blue Jay. Although he would not say anything whatever I have no doubt whatever that he was the author of the sound. It was an absolutely superintendence
1897.  
Oct. 29

A superb day, clear, calm, very warm at noon, cool at evening.

Spent the entire day walking in the woods near South Hill, cleaning out and setting up my new bird traps. Dr. Gaynor came from Boston by the last afternoon train to observe the traps.

As I was standing near the cabin this morn I heard the ordinary wheezing call of the Canada Jay given five or six times from one hand in the woods by the Canada Jay. Of course I was greatly excited, thinking from time to time that I was to see a Partridge in my own woods. But when a moment later the bird hopped out into clear view as a开发者 than it proved to be a Blue Jay. It gave the call ten or thirteen more times while I was looking at it, then flew across the road. Evidently it must have been a migrant from some more northern region since Canada Jays are rare. Only once before have I heard the Blue Jay mimic the cry at Pine Point since February, ten or thirteen years ago. The migration given to-day was highly unexpected.

Another glorious day, cold in the early morning, warm at noon, with almost no wind.

Had a walk with Dr. Gaynor in the early morning. He left for Boston on the 8 a. m. train. I spent the remainder of the day working on my notes for

I often visited a Partridge in the morning on the Moulton farm and I found

some interesting inroads on the Moulton farm. I planted stumps at the base of the

hills.
Dec. 31

1897

Still another perfect day with light S. W. wind. Threw in on the Charman front early this morning but the middle of the day demonstrators.

George Emerson arrived last night to spend to-day with me. He writes the famous letter on the win. Some a March March to a Redwood Harbor. Mr. Cotton is actually the first statesman that I have met in this month! Have a change from fifteen a twenty years ago. Cotton both bushes & lions could not cloned anymore anywhere. What has become of them all? They have been recently Germans in months for the past ten years.

Both last evening & this morning began really snowing over the mountain & I was wondering away the night.

Nov. 1

Cloudy with light S. W. wind changing front to S. S. E. and finally to W. S. in the afternoon. Rain began falling at 4 P.M. and by dusk it was snowing very heavily with every sign of a long continued storm.
Nov 3

Early morning cloudy as well as foggy and cloudless. Later the wind started from the NE gradually increasing in strength and slowly dispersing the fog and clouds. The afternoon was perfectly clear and very warm and pleasant.

Early this morning I heard a Snow Bunting give the characteristic flight call, in some houses or from some shrubbery without once affecting the clearness which almost immediately followed the clouds clearing. The bird (I think it was a male) then seemed to pass on East over and off over the Great Meadows towards the southwest but I could not get my eye on it. I think I heard a Snow Bunting here exactly a week ago but was not sufficiently near to write a note of it.

However Locusts and Jet bottles were also flying about over the meadows before the fog cleared this morning but I could not tell how many there were of them. I saw at least three Jet bottles, however.

Their nests have been in a number of shrubs too for a gumme with a Jordan butter spread nearly the whole form on a branch which is spread over the ground and filled at least a dozen or fifteen stems.

A Partridge drummed at their regular intervals for more than an hour this morning (10-11 o'clock) near the crest of the high bank in the bottom of woods.

I afterwards examined the place and found that the drumming station is an old mossy stump under dense oak.

1897
Nov. 3

1897.

It is extremely difficult to make a good famed of a Marsh Hawk. The chief trouble is with the features of the forest once which will not be noticed in "come" work unless the hawk be winds and then head arranged with the bill pointing straight upward after the manner in which that others are usually made. An explanation occurred to me this morning as I was watching a Marsh Hawk beating a meadow. I noticed that the bird held his bill pointing straight downward the whole time he was within range of my glass. In retrospect I remembered having observed the same fact many times before but for the first time it occurred to me that this position of the head and neck must be the only natural and easy one for a bird whose whole life, practically, is spent obtaining food on fields and meadows with its eyes scanning the ground directly beneath it. As one comes to think of it, there are few birds that search for food in this way and of these none as I am familiar with the Tree Thrush, Black Vultures, and the Mississippi Flycatcher. United States have much the same way of carrying the head as the Marsh Hawk while with the latter at least the still must be made often the manner shown described in order to get the features of the neck to be noticed.

"Quack, Quack." The Marsh Hawk, when this morning bringing it within short gun range, although I was well backed from the meadow away from down hills. 
1897.

Nov. 3
(No. 3)

Just after breakfort I spent nearly half-an-hour watching two Gray Squirrels which were building a nest in a tall stumpery about fifty feet above the ground. The tree is one of a group of little stumps or more standing on the north slope of Bull's Hill. The Squirrels were working very hard and steadily collecting oak twigs with branches of leaves attached. In order to get them they ran down the pine trunk to the ground and then ran backwards off into the woods beyond my range of sight always returning within ten or twenty minutes, however. In no instance did either of them attempt to bring down one on top of a tree and even their burden seemed to embarrass their movements greatly, especially when they were often the case, they climbed one of the other pine and crossed to the nest by leaping from branch to branch. It was surprising to see the speed with which they spring from the top of a branch 50 or 60 feet, or more, 50 or 20 feet, or from bent in with ease and as a height of fifty or sixty feet. I was just saying to myself that their fastness in matters of their kind must be inestimable when a startled caterpillar occurred, both animals had met at the nest and had just entered it together when the whole structure gave way and came tumbling down to the ground breaking up into fragments as it struck against the...
1897.
Nov. 3  Barrels during its descent. How the barrels
manipulated to begin falling until it is a mystery
but just as it started one ran out and and
after it had got well under way I saw
the other hanging by one rope and only but
that seemed to be quite enough for he almost
immediately recollected himself and got back
on the upper side of the bank. They both
took their last trip to their homes or coots,
although literally not a single fragment of
it remained in place, some few of the
tongs had lodged some damage to them
the guys looked very odd and unhardt in turn
but they showed no disposition to lift any
of them.

1897.

Nov. 4

An exceptionally beautiful day for even this rare autumn almost the warm for comfort with little wind and long intervals of sunny clear skies. The Balloon Flies were out of common, in great numbers.

Walter Dean came up from Cambridge this morning and spent the day with me. We were both certain to return today, continued to the Poole woods. Saws a number of common birds. The Sparrows were numerous for the first time this autumn. We saw many common birds. A down on a tree in the garden and a yellow-rumped Warbler.

The Sparrows were feeding in the tops of grey birches. I think we heard three kind this morning on those which are numerous enough this year. The Sparrows in the which is aptly named for it is certainly to be seen often in the tops of trees than is any other of our common Sparrows.

Dean was anxious to see a Dove. He flew over the Balsam Glades, floating close in them among some Balsam Glades and took it for a few minutes. We were within less than thirty yards of the in the glades and saw it through our glasses. Finally I got away over and in was seen again near, then or from hundreds yards further down on the which I took it to be also Drake was swimming near the middle of the river, then in our place, but in another not far off. At length the two groups swam together.
In the afternoon we wandered about in the woods on a warm Sunday. A few birds were buzzing about over the meadow as we paused for a few moments by the river on our way back to the cabin.

Early this morning a gentle dew-laden coursing flowed over the bank past the cabin with the sound of running brooks in answer to my call. I also heard kenned sounds piping.

At evening I heard like bells, apparently in some numbers. Late evening I heard them after it had become nearly dark. A large flock seemed to rise from the meadow and mounting high in the air off southward. I first saw at the train that they were starting on migration for it was long after the usual hour of "going to bed." But of course they may have been disturbed by something.

For the first time in some evening I have heard the creaking of a flock and without reason. A train in quick succession on the opposite side of the meadow towards the W. Reclining over the train, this evening I got it more distinctly than before and the birds also gave the unmistakable sound of the Red-wing before it passed out of hearing. I have no doubt that it regularly passes over their part of the meadow each evening at about the same time.
1897
Nov. 5

But in morning fogy and cloudy but the afternoon clear and delicious mild. My little mind all day.

Spent the forenoon writing letters. In the afternoon went down in the woods behind Nurse. This evening only two or three five Spoons and 3 Pintiges.

A song Spooner the only one that I have noticed this month. Spent the entire day in the bosom in front of the cabin reading a little in sudden times.

Silent counted fourteen Chickarees in one flock on road. With this morning with them was a snowing, with them Spooners 5 time jumees. No snow from Branch River coming over the mountains in morning.

Day worn the sky filled with drifting cloud masses through which the sun shone out for brief intervals. South in the afternoon the sky cleared & a cool N. wind even lasting well into the night.

Spent the day near the cabin remembering from made than the man was doing or a whisper. In the afternoon Mr. Down comes from Cambridge bringing some important letters. As told a shirt was being made but it of Spoons (this second only that I have seen this autumn.

Lot like ocean fishing or the ocean this morning, but snow seemed to be about it coming. Several pigeons near the node on a number of their usual fields. At morning as I was leaving D. off to just as he was leaving on the rounds or brings another close past.
Nov. 7

Close with Henry M. winds.

Spent the forenoon in the woods near Daniel's Hill. Saw a number of Oriolea, Nightingale and the Sparrows and the Fly Catcher.

The afternoon in St. Ann's with Mr. Massicot, decided with me often down in wakintough the woods to Barlow's selling from Portraits.

Clay 01, the forenoon dead calm, a light S. W. wind in the afternoon bringing rain before nightfall.

Spent most of the forenoon as a walk on a new path through the swamp behind Daniel's Hill. When I left the cabin the meadows were as still as rivers with a long fence front and the surface of the ground was frozen slightly. The country seemed to be almost like India. Come, joyes, Chirpings, Nightingale, the Sparrows were calling in every direction. I also heard two Robins, a music of Throated Birds.

I saw Red-winged Black, apparently, in the back of the min's edge at Holden's house and I saw a Red-winged Crow. Think bird flying near Barlow's farm bird. Since I heard the Red-winged Black of Veiled majo, once in a past occasion I could not get sight of the birds; on the same I discovered a flock of seven Golden-eyes flying at a great height following down the cannon of the wind.

I also found two Fly Sparrows to a flock of five jumns.

In the afternoon I saw a flying Woodpecker in the woods through the thick

St. W. Spalding joined me about noon. He had come up to speak the town. He was with me.
Nov. 9

Cloudy with heavy rain all day and light wind from the N. E., changing to W. at evening, with the clouds changing to rain at evening.

Shweit the clay becoming firm of bunch there have been brought together in various places in the woods.

Saw a brown squirrel in the brush in front of the cabin. Just after dinner Sproatman hunted a squirrel from the path about 30 yards east of the cabin.

The ground had been lately dry up along this path and the heavy rain had turned it into a suitable bog but being dark the people from this were not seen by.
nov. 10

Close and Carter with Henry W. with a fine, blustry day.

Spackman and I came out nearly the whole forenoon taking
a long tough, fast through the woods to Peters's, then
through Mrs. Bonnies's yard to her barn, built by Bonnies's
works to their island and our team's there to the cabin.

We started, then Partridge and two from Gray Bonnies
brought a number of scores birds, including, a White-throated
Sparrow, fifteen a twenty five Sparrows, a flock of Huf
Toy Sparrow, several flounces of Chickadees, each accompanied
by two or three Titmice, a Thelion, several Brown Jays
and a number of others.

One of the Partridges was especially tame. We heard
it chirping among some others near the edge of Holden's
windows and soon afterwards saw it walking slowly along
shelling its wings (it was a very large - fine bird) and
plucking its head and making alarms down as each step
with a way as to make it appear tame. Apparently it
did not take to fly because it were in the opening
between it and the woods but at length it started out
over the windows and climbed about the house over the
40 yards a block in advance of where we were standing.

Soon after dinner I followed two Partridges together in
the wooded around this opening, then, a large walk & following
the house back from this Partridge, flew up into a hemi-
I where I approached with a second flight of only a
few yards & alighted again on a dead branch within
seven feet & fifteen yards from me.

One of the birds drew in Mrs. Bonnies wood this
morning we also very tame, a little from branches
along a walk I attempted to alight on (st Yin) of a thick, after
Nov. 10

1897

Flying over a few pence, but changing its mind in
flight an into warm down woods.

In the early forenoon in saw a flock of 14 crows
flying south unerringly migrating to their winter home, a
large flock, one of about 75, the other of nearly 100
birds, formed one circle while a faint movement continued
throughout. This is the first migration I have
witnessed this autumn.

I counted twenty-five Red Pines in Mrs. Washburne's
woods this morning. They are all on the southern section
and of this trunk and well together. Also in them of the
largest trees one fine specimen over fifty feet in height
and more than a foot in diameter on the base. A number
of birches, weighing 1.7 inches at the base, in the same
canopy I estimate one, only 6 or 8 miles high are changing
up among the pines and birches and under the canopies of
the woods.

just before sunset in counted two of the crows
fledging up wind to beyond Daniel's hill. As I
was returning in back turned (at leastConnie) began
flocking me great masses and dense things of them
rise against the light in the western they fly
singly off into wind. have been no geese
on the meadows this day.

In also heard a young song thrush chirping in
the woods, brother tones of the winch lake.
Nov. 11

Early morning clear with heavy white frost. Clouds more 
gathered & came in the afternoon & began to rain. The 
night was wild & stormy with violent N.S. wind & flakes 
of snow.

Photographing along the river with Studman in the early 
morning going as far up as Dalni's Mill. Saw a heavy 
backwater, a brown beaver house, a magnificent flock of 
28 cows and a few tan geese.

Dr. Gehr's came out by the noon train & went 
that afternoon.

12

Cloudy with W. wind. The snow clearing in the west 
just before sunset. The rain turned to snow at about 
dusk, and snow continued falling up to about 10 o'clock, 
whipping the ground for the past week. This afternoon, 
I was the last night and to say good night for only 
a short walk in the afternoon. Studman saw a flock 
of black-backed geese opposite the lower end of 
Jackson's Field. During my walk I started two partridges 
and saw a loon near the upper end of Davis's Field. 
Chickadees & five geese were about near the cabin at 
intermission through the day.

Chipmunks contain exceedingly scarce; joined I 
have seen but two since this autumn. Red Squirrels 
can rotten more numerous than usual and Gray 
Squirrels fairly abundant. Better hunt & stay squirrels 
visit the cabin frequently.
Nov. 13  

Clear and cold with heavy W. W. wind.

Spelman & I spent the day in chopping, on the backswamp bordering the forest, in Osceola pine woods in the afternoon. Saw many pine cones & nothing of any particular interest.

14  

Clear and cold with violent W. W. wind.

We spent the forenoon in the Holden woods. In the afternoon started for a brief drive, went out the main road to Indian Island & took a long walk through Freeman's woods. Saw two Red-tailed Hawks, a pair, apparently, flying about over the woods & settling near the Belt's Mill. In the forest one stuck up, many Hawks found on the great trees, flying clear about an hour & at least 500 feet, apparently migrating.

15  

Early morning cold, the woods & ground frozen. middle of day misted and cloudy.

Spelman left me. This morning barely raged just a mile. first track thru marshy swamps & hollows around the reservoir on Basin's Hill. a pair of Ruffed Grouse was hanging about an hour eating in the mud on the bank & feeding on the grass. it was a breezy day with very white, white clouds. saw a few with a near a heavy white frost, made the day of a chronicler.
Clear and very warm with S. W. wind. Early morning densely foggy.

Spent the entire day on Davis's Hill when I have begun to open a drain in usual woods. Ride with Nathan James but I saw a number of Chickshanks and one Krakus turkey running up the bank. I then came thru a coarse brush.
1897.

nov. 17

Foredam clear, afternoon cloudy, clearing again just before sundown. Much colder than yesterday with strong S. W. wind which died away completely, however, late in the afternoon.

I spent the entire day on Davis's hill with Benson and Ford walking on the new wood roads. Started from Portridge on the south end of the hill this morning and saw a White-throated Sparrow and a Fox Sparrow in a thicket on the edge of the meadows. Climbed easily about all day and I heard a Song Sparrow and a Cursor. Coons and Jays are getting very scarce; I counted only three of the former and one of the latter during the day. Saw part of a Snowy Owl which I Think I saw in the afternoon.

The sun was on our left as I came on my way back to the cabin this evening. It was about five oclock and twilight was fast dying as the afternoon in the west cast a long light over the larger open spaces. It was perfectly still and the wind having long since died away, I was following the wood road that leads down from the south end of Davis's hill and had nearly reached the pond when an Owl glided close past me flying just above the tops of the young trees, I generally disappear in the gloom against a background of leaves. I saw a few bear tracks when it generally stopped and stopped sound andoppel had come my hand a
Nov. 17 1897

scream times or more. Finally something swiftly emerged and alighted on a dead, unfeathered
of one of the large fowls there standing on the edge
of the brook. Up to this time I had taken it
for a shoot—can but put my glass on it. I
saw that it was a large green Pitt. I
looked on it for several minutes and then
squealed again. It left its perch on one and
came directly toward me but before it reached me
another and much larger bird of the same species
suddenly appeared directly over my head and literally
within reach of my hand. Then, to my amusement,
it paused for several seconds on lovelystanding wings
not two feet from and directly above my upward
face. Every time I squealed it would drop its
legs to their full length with talons wide spread
affectionately with the expectation of pecking a man
off the crown of my hat. Indeed its behavior
was so amusing that I was positively afraid
of continuing the disturbance. Shortly after I chaffed
the bird alighted on the topmost branch tip
of a beech while within some five yards of me
when the male returned to his former perch on
the bough. I had them both alternately under
my glass for several minutes longer & in a satisfactory
good light to be able to see all their characteristic
markings distinctly. The bird had cotton tail, the
other took a crouching position with the plumage
tightly stuffed and then the bird looked nearly as if
as a liquid. Both showed their ear tufts back
than were not bold erect as described by some
1897.

Nov. 17

(243)

Squawing and drawning, on the contrary they dropped backward nearly on quite touching the water laughed at the sound.

I have never seen any Owls so alert and animated as these. They kept their heads in almost constant motion turning them quickly in every direction looking not only down towards the ground but on every side and occasionally were upright as if they hoped to discover something of interest or motion among the surrounding branches.

But most striking and characteristic of all was their flight. Absolutely reckless and absolutely easy and graceful it was not less light and buoyant than that of the short-eared Owl yet very much smoother and less erratic. Their wings also appeared broader & rounder than those of a Sphinx. They reminded me strikingly of large Moths as they fluttered about just one the tips of the grass and going on the same ground again. They would a great deal in circles of from twenty to thirty or forty yards in diameter.

Whether circling or following straightly across they both invariably preceded by alternate fluttering and twisting from going right or left then through very beats and then gliding turn to twenty yards on but wings. I do not know any other species of Owl which habitually does this or which circles over the ground while hunting.
Altogether I had then interesting and beautiful creatures within a few yards of me for at least ten minutes. At the end of this time they flew off into the trees behind the windows. I followed the other window closely. A moment or two later the wolf came back and crouched about the little window I had left open, and followed the line of the closing.

This can be no question that these were very different beasts for one was small and slender than the others. They looked too like weated bodies, none of course they may have been young bears of the same breed or their appearance on this occasion may have been purely fortuitous.

This is the first opportunity I have had of watching the gray coast. But while actually engaged in hunting the wolf, I have none the less observed bearing them entire with us the day before, and seen at evening flying across openings on those very from one piece of woods to another. I confess that I am not surprised that they thought them likely to be large, a degree by flying about, and such of it, but had witnessed them both sitting quiet and still in the depths of the woods covering the ground beneath.
1897.
Nov. 18

Clear and cold with moderate N.W. wind - a day for vigorous exercise but with no chill in the air.

My work was again at David's Hill toward where Pat & Benson I chopped and dragged brush along the new road by the ruined wall which we practically completed before night. It is a very winding road around the base of the hill with thickets on either side and affording several most attractive views down the river.

Bears were baited again today but on my way over to the hill this morning I saw one Knights, two in one pine tree together in another. Near the brook ten Chickadees accompanied by a dominey housewife were fluttering about among some sunflowers. When I began shooting the flock the cow came near and two of the Chickadees answered as soon keeping it up for some time after I stopped. On closing my eyes I could easily imagine it exactly. After instead I went. Morroco. That memory associated me connected with wounds especially with thin notes.

Sibert reports that the Chickadees against the eastern horizon at the cabin perching on the wall while I keep up for them weekly from weeks ago but which they have not seemed to care much for since lately. It was also visited in my (for the first time this autumn) by a Sovereign Flycatcher.

At about five o'clock this evening in broad daylight, a singular gosling rapidly ran over my roof. It was painted with red paint late this afternoon.
Cloudy with no wind. Fine snow began falling at about 11 a.m. continuing through the day but it came so very slowly and kept down to through the trees and gross that the ground was scarce whitened by it. Snow on smooth bare surfaces such as foot paths and thin on the frozen window. Now at 8 p.m. it is coming much faster with very indication of a heavy fall before morning.

Davis's hill was the scene of action again during the forenoon but in the afteroon I went to . . . . 

As I was leaving the cabin in the early morning I started a brown rough-feathered hawk from the log and on to the eastern end of Balls Hill. This bird was in doubt the same individual that I noted two days ago.

Some water fowl were cutting a noisy hurry purses on the surface of the calm lake just off shore Island at about 9 a.m. As nearly as I could make out there were three Black Ducks & a smaller bird which I think must have been a Gander but I decided not of how them to go around thought the woods for a moment time. These Black Ducks came down from above the trees an hour later I saw them just Davis's Hill. In another they were the same birds
1897.
Nov. 19
[20.2]

In Runcorn's name I found a large force of Christians accompanied by their Knights, finding in their joy bride's return a force of
soon followed presently joined them. One
of the Knights then in into a hundred of young,
prines were at hand began an excited free flying
which was at once taken up by the other
two, and a moment Cernwatches Christians found
in. The climax was to great that I felt there
they had found an old and an entirely new
cristian in a distance us again I am in the little birds are become gentle & quickly
went off. During the height I the turnett the
Knights acted as if every single voice singing,
along with pruning ways & throwing
their beautiful crown feathers conspiciously.

At about ten o'clock, as I was standing in
an opening looking for Albert & Hannah to join me
I heard the distant home of a horse—just a
single call barking faint but distinct from
the snow-covered sky. A second or two later
I made out the flock very high in air and
for off to the northeast, in fact quite opposite
about the tops of the tree. They passed nearly
over me flying in the configuration hussar or &
Hunting, and them, as the word always
dare here, about height wise. I watched them
as long as I could chase them in sight but
they found me with only one more
look.
At daybreak this morning the ground was covered by about an inch of snow. The storm continued all day but by night the depth of the snow was bruised thin in the wind. The weather moderated and the snow became deeper as the day wore on. There was almost no wind and the snow clung to everything, giving the woods a more melancholic aspect.

This has been the most interesting and instructive day that I have had here this autumn. I spent nearly every hour of daylight in the woods attending to the burning of the last brush piles but also learning about in every direction under the observatory tree going round to Davis's Mill, even through the present woods and back and forth in every direction over the intervening ground, all together I must have walked for a mile without the slightest pain or fatigue. My lameness has at last wholly disappeared.

The whole country was beautiful beyond description in its hour of utterest whiteness. The effect of the snow on that time was unusual. Many trees and brush were covered with snow as it usually the case but each long branch was covered "washed out" as it were, in white. The leaves were especially beautiful the snow clinging about the base of each fraction of an inch, showing the tops exposed. The effect of the grasses and stumps was most delicious of all.

I had expected to find unmanageable braids of bites and scratches during very long walks I now only the footprint of our学前, than a four
1897.
Nov. 20

Gray Squirrels, perhaps half-an-hour before, and a Partridge. Actually I did not meet with a single fox or Rabbit track! It is impossible (but highly unfounded) that there can be foxes in my woods this autumn but I know that Rabbits are numerous enough. Only three days ago I saw one on a thin lattice within twenty yards of the cabin. Probably another animal cared to venture out in the storm last night. I have noticed before that Rabbit tracks are not often to be seen after a November snowfall.

I wish nothing better than the snow will be congestion enough with them by Tuesday or the day after.

Of small birds I saw about ten dozen numbers of Chickadee, Thrushes & the Sparrows, one Spotted, and a flock of eight Robins. The last were fluttering about in a belt of bushes on the edge of Holden's meadow. Most of them arrayed in their winter coats. I think they came down from the north late in the afternoon for they were not there earlier in the day (I saw them at about 1 P.M.).

But more interesting of all was the flight of Water-fowl. Before during the day I was thrilled by the honking of Geese. On the first occasion at about 8 a.m. a large flock containing 22 birds passed nearly over me as a great height. The air was thick with falling snow at the time. Yet I was astonished to see that the noble birds were slightly confused by the Obliterating of their usual loudness.
for, coming straight up the corner of the hill from Carlisle Bridge, they did not, as usual, come across the bank just below Davis's house; on the contrary, nearly round Boll's Hill to the eastern bank near some houses just below the cabin for at this point, the flock was for a moment thrown into confusion by the sudden baying of its leaders. Then, after a closer view, these herders, they actually turned back and started around the base of Boll's Hill in a long curve, returned the path towards the summit where migrating flocks of these always follow as this place in autumn. The following rough diagram will make this interesting passage more plain.

At about 2 P.M., I again heard them baying but did not get a sight of them.
Nov. 20

Both in the afternoon as I was wandering under
a green and white cloud of barn swallows in the
sky. While I turned I heard the call of a Robin. I
at once stuffed an ight into the gun & walked up
hoping to get a sight at the bird. I soon noticed
a swarm of black ducks flying northeast.

Gilbert river was near me at the time counted them
beneath running water 36. I got only one
sight I made it 34. He doubted he was right.

The birds presently turned & circled over towards
the south. Migrating black ducks nearly always
go directly south first barn in autumn & the
north in spring.

A week or more ago we found an opening
in the baffle directly in front of the cabin a
hole which at first I supposed had been made
by a chipmunk. From the fact that no dirt
whatever had been thrown out. Yesterday there
was a heard which a few feet from the first
which had been nearly closed up in the night.
Both holes went straight down for about two
feet & then turned off at an angle. This
morning I went to the front the first thing I
found the track of a field mouse leading from
the heard both in various directions. Above
the entrance and rear was the surface of
the snow on which it had traveled under it. I
did not before know that the field mouse
would visit the chipmunk. The track of the
mouse was entered without leaving any of its
claws above.
1897.
Nov. 21

Every morning foggy; remainder of day clear with warm S. W. wind.

When I first stepped out of the cabin at a little after seven this morning the landscape was shrouded in dense fog through which there has been snow lying. There was not a breath of air and the river was as calm as possible. I heard a carrying on in the distance. A rabbit called near at hand, and presently I saw him bounding from stones in the type of a mouse by the river.

The snow about the cabin was literally covered with footprints, most of them those of rabbits which I had been watching about everywhere during the night (not only in this immediate vicinity for elsewhere I saw very few of these tracks during the day). The finely embroidered tracks of these crossed each other every few yards and one or two animals had jumped a furrow directly across the roof of the cabin. One track pointed one; the footprints were nearly as large as those of a squirrel, but they were bound very even together and showed that the creature had short legs and would scuttle along the roof of the cabin, either a walk or a climb over. It had come up from the woods, crossed the path, and had stopped a little at one break of hawthorn there. I think it cannot have been within a minute or a second but both these animals usually go off a good deal especially when crossing open spaces. It certainly was not a thumbprint for the footprints were too small to three massive marks of the tail.
1897.
Nov. 21

Immediately after breakfast I started on a long walk. Behind Bush's Mill I found two tracks. As I was crossing the thickest forest I came upon a man wearing a large hat and a broad coat. The tracks showed that they had been moving about the wooded area.

Passing through a thicket, I came upon a man walking towards the bear. When I reached the thicket, I saw Herbert Holden and another man heading towards me through the woods.

To my amazement, they were carrying an 18-in. gun and ammunition. When they came up, Holden explained excitedly that he had seen a black bear on an island as huge as a small island. He saw it at least fifty yards from the trees. He shades on the edge of the wood, where he walked up to within thirty feet of it and after looking at it several minutes, left it in the woods and returned back to the cabin to tell me about it. At nearly half past seven he had returned back to the cabin and Holden almost immediately left for the cabin. As we walked towards the landing, we noticed that it seemed to grow in a short distance. As the tracks were very muddy, the bear was the only animal that could be seen. I think, to the fact that I was not looking for anything, we hardly asked ourselves if it was a bear or not.
1897
Nov. 21

As a boy of seven or eight years of age, it struck me as very great, its form impressively dignified and commanding. "What a noble creature!" I said to myself as I put my glass on it. It appeared to be stretched all out with white on a sandy black ground. "Is it What is it?" I asked. "I do not know; I have seen worse things than it before."

As the wind was strong, we stood about fifty yards off.

I was advanced enough to see this bird, that by the form of its beak. It must have been near but did not move in the least. When I was within about twenty-five yards, I felt that this bird was not the same as I had ever before seen. It gave it a chance of being shot. As it fell over backwards it turned up its eyes and mouth, that I saw threatened tears. I thought one of them. Expectation "it is a Golden Eagle!" How I wished to be sure, I found that it was only an adult Bold Eagle with an unnatural amount of white on the back and head. It showed no signs of having been confused. What made it look so very large is different. I understand, for it measured only 7 ft. from end to end.

Almost the strangest part of the story remains to be told. On the crest of the ridge a little above where Holden had first seen the bird flying, we found tracks in the snow. Following these tracks back we discovered that it had walked through.
1897.
Nov 21
Mo 4

The brush—which was dense and overrun with
ground-birch in places—nearly the entire length of
the island—a distance of upwards of 1,000 yards.
Nor was this all; for the back third led out into
the open water—an uncertain distance to where
the water was named variously deep & beyond.
Nor could one see through the rocks or
forested areas in order to identify
and find a broad passage through.
Now grass as if a large clump had passed. Evidently
the tide had first adjusted on the windward
side which was walked to and across the wooded
island. Strange behavior, this, for a Halibut Bay!

In the afternoon I went to Holden's Mill where
I saw two Gray Squirrels, a Partridge, a turkey,
and two Thrifted, two Brown Eagles and some
Chickadees. As I emerged into Barani's field
a little after sunset these Black Ducks came
out from the direction of Davis's hill
one & three quacking loudly & menacingly.
It was very warm this afternoon, I saw
small white flies flying about in the woods,
& to start a fly on the edge of a ditch.
The breeze cooled rapidly, and
by nightfall it was almost entirely gone.
1897.

Nov. 22

The sun shines through thin clouds most of the forenoon but the afternoon was gloomy with grey foreboding of an approaching storm. A keen W. W. wind all day.

Immediately after breakfast I walked to the Woman field near both being a large flock of Goldfinches feeding in a grey brier. Spent the remainder of the day working south past on a wood road on Mount. Started two Pheasants. Small birds appeared to be very scarce; I saw only a Tommy Grasshopper, a flock of Thrushes, and a family of six Turkeys. Early this morning a Robin called a number of times close to the cabin. At about 8 o'clock this morning a Storm Cloud, the first that I have heard this autumn, roared for eight or ten minutes in one of the oaks by our door.

Just as we were settling down to dinner Gilbert called my attention to what we at first took to be a woman that had climbed to a shelf about 6 feet above the floor and was in the act of helping itself to some broth which is kept in an open glass tumblers. To my surprise it proved to be a large Squirrel, a California I think. It would climb to the top of the basket and eat greedily for a minute or two, becoming itself then visible on the edges of the tumblers. Then it would descend & this offense in the wood boy returning again to return it fresh. I was surprised that it is the custom that made the holes in the bough in front of the cabin.

As sun it in a good light at a distance of less than eight feet & there can be no question that it was a Squirrel. It had a short tail & no external ears.
1897.
Nov. 23

About four inches of snow fell last night. Although light and dry it clung to every twig and came to the alabaster stalks of grass. Probably because there was no wind whatever. The sun rose clear this morning and for about an hour afterwards the woods were as beautiful as I have ever seen them under similar conditions. Then a strong north wind started and in less than half an hour all except the coniferous trees had returned their normal winter aspect. Many trees were freed from their burden by a single heavy gust which swept the snow off over the fields—snowflakes in white clusters like steam or very white snowflakes.

The south side of Bald Hill was almost wholly bare by evening but elsewhere the snow melted but little. The range of the bare appearing to have lost little off as opposed to the heavy cold wind.

I went down to Darnell's hill to day. There was very little. I saw only a Robin, a Catbird, a flock of eight Thrashers, one of five Red-winged, a Downy, and two a Tree Sparrows. The Robin started from beneath a ground juniper on the border of which it was no doubt feeding.

Although it never been stopped snowing before daybroken there was almost no tracks in the woods this morning. The Rabbit that lived near the Cabin had been abroad, however, for before the storm ceased for his footprints were partially filled in with fresh snow. During the day the Jap Sparrows were out everywhere. They can evidently gain roasted & travel freely with rotted corn distances over the ground following very brief paths a guess dark.
nov. 24

1897.

Concord to Cambridge, Massachusetts.

Calm and cold—by far the coldest morning of the autumn thus far. The morning standing at 10° F. when I came down from the upper cabin at breakfast this morning. The only snow water to be seen from our door was a trail of water under the covering up & down the middle of the barn in front of Ball's hill and down from near the hayloft. The barn was illuminated by the sun in a sort of haze.

During the day the weather continued and as the wind was not very strong, it was really pleasant in the woods, especially in the openings.

We spent the forenoon putting away our cabin effects for the winter & after an early dinner started for the river having first to break a way for the boats through ice fields. We were lucky out to the open barn already warmed. This barn widened as we advanced and above the first rapid the river was almost entirely free from ice. The whole distance to Concord.

Nearly opposite Benson's Landing we started a Bufflehead Drake, a gregarious bird which abounds in a curious manner keeping at a very safe distance but taking very short flights, then remaining not more than fifty or sixty yards before settling and diving. In the barn after a number of times until again startled by our approach, it showed no signs of alarm in this manner nearly to within this hundred yards. As this note I saw a Trumpeter Swain on the
1897.

Nov. 24
(No. 2)

Much a few yards from the edge of the line, as it came about, bringing its long tail, it frequently paused near buildings or farms, although there were also considerable expanses where the barn had actually existed among.

He reached Concord at a little after two o'clock and Gilbert B.J. took the 4 P. M. train for Cambridge.

Deer in.

Deer in.

The farmers told me that a deer was seen in two successive days last summer in a cornfield on Mr. Brown's place not far from the western boundary of my own land. There stood it near, down to and across the stone meadow near

Brook Island. Its horns were notched.

Last autumn a deer, a young buck if I remember rightly, swam across the Sudbury River just above Nathansville Bridge in Concord and then ran up the south side of the hill passing directly across Mrs. W.B. Warren's lawn. It was seen by several laborers as well as by Mrs. Warren.

The "Deer," reported, in the " Transcript," about a week since, that he had hearing "last been seen in "Norfolk County."
Nov. 26

On my return from Concord I learned that waterfowl in recent weeks have been frequenting Fresh Pond for a month or more past.

Rev. Walter Drew saw 27 Black Ducks there on Oct. 28th and a flock of 14 Ring-necked Geese the next day.

Mrs. Aline Armitage, who has ridden around the pond on her bicycle nearly every day since early in October, told me that Black Ducks, in numbers varying from 15 to 60, have visited the pond daily during this period. Unless disturbed (as seldom happened) they would spend the entire day, flying off towards the mainland late in the afternoon.

Armitage has also seen in Fresh Pond this autumn flocks of from 20 to 100 Red-heads, several Peking-Head and three Red-breasted Wigeon, the last absent weeks.

A few days before Thanksgiving (about Nov. 22) he saw an adult Ring-billed Gull in the pond and failed to recover it.

Stunned by their reports I drove around Fresh Pond this morning. The weather was clear and rather warm with a light W. wind. Near the middle of the pond floated a flock of Ring-necked Geese containing, I should think, nearly 1000 birds and carrying a flock of at least 50 or more Geese. Near them were about thirteen Black Ducks. Geese were continually joining and leaving the flock and leaping off to the S. E. I could see literally thousands of them dotted the sky.
Concord, Massachusetts.

Dec. 9

Clear and almost uncomfortably warm with literally no wind during the entire day.

Looked at 9 a.m. train to Concord and landed the train across the bridge to Ball's Hill when I spent the middle part of the day returning in trains to get the 4 p.m. train back to Cambridge.

Along the way I saw a flock of eight turkeys, two in them Helen Ways, an absent-minded harpist (at Harvard's Hall) and two Rynne's hawked crows. The last were chasing together at the back of the track just above Ball's Hill. They were the way to let me get within gun shot.

When I was returning in the afternoon I came through an open door in these just about the big, fellow people at the head of Harvard Dean Ralph. They doubled back playing run within forty yards or less but having me given I did not understand them.

In this Ball's Hill walks I saw nothing but a dormer, a Partridge and two Gray squirrels. There were but few trees in the field, nothing snow which covered the ground everywhere under the sun. It is very evident that something has happened to my rabbits of which there were literally hundreds in them woods last winter. I have trees of at least one hundred and probably two or three different foxes.
Concord, Massachusetts.

1897.

Dec. 10

Clear and very warm with light S.W. winds.

This day, also, I spent at Concord coming usually to the farm grounds as on yesterday and going and returning by the farm houses.

Birds were much more numerous than yesterday. Here I saw 10 Black-crows, 2 Golden-crests, 1 Cottosea, three families of the Sparrows (with 4, 6, & 8 birds respectively), 3 Chrows, 2 White Jays, 1 Downy and 1 Hairy Woodpecker, 3 Red-Tailed Hawks, and 2 Ruffler-billed Ducks. Pat Fleming also told me of 6 Robins which he saw this morning in Pennin's field.

Two of the Red-Tailed Hawks, both, adults and both apparently males, were sitting perched within less than forty yards of one another in the maples along the edge of the woods on the east edge of Goldens' Field. The third, a very large uncommon bird with greyish head, was flying over a field a little below Scots Bridge.

The Ruffler-heads were no doubt the same birds which I saw yesterday for they were in the same place and they behaved in the same manner.
Cambridge, Massachusetts.

1897.

Nov. 27

Clear with light western wind.

Visited Fresh Pond at 9 a.m. There were about 300 Geese and just 20 Male Ducks, swimming near the middle the Ducks keeping a little apart. All the Geese appeared to be S. A. Rusticanius.

Dec. 11

Clear and warm with just S.W. wind.

Circumstances have prevented me from visiting Fresh Pond during the past two weeks. I went there this morning at 8.30 and found an astonishing number and variety of water-fowl "bedded" off the point of the shore about 300 yards from them. Sitting as closely together as such birds often do under similar circumstances they formed a large continuous belt 50 or 60 yards wide by at least 400 yards in length. I counted them carefully and got 863 Geese and 8 Ducks as the result.

Taking a position at the cypress end of the point of the shore, where I had the advantage of being 30 ft. or more above the shore, and using my powerful double telescope against the back of a big hemlock, I spent much time in identifying and watching the members of this flock. The light was excellent and my glass brought the birds so near that I had little or no difficulty in distinguishing their colors and markings. Indeed I quickly determined every bird which especially attracted my attention to my

...
Practically all the Gulls were S. smithsonianus, but there were also four or five young and one fine adult of S. marinus and a single young S. recurvirostris. I made quite certain that the flock contained no Kittiwakes or Ring-billed Gulls.

The S. recurvirostris, as I could distinctly see by the end of my glass, was a bird of the year lacking all trace of the winter and having the primaries (which it was obliged enough to display by tossing its wings) of a nearly uniform brownish white; in its general coloring it closely resembled the specimen taken on the Hook Peninsula, Newinner, by Mr. Corwin. Bangs and recorded in the Naturalist Bulletin (11, 1851, p. 124). It looked somewhat smaller than any of the Herring Gulls which were swimming close around it and its attitudes and movements afforded to me more ease and graceful. Its color was much lighter than that of the young Herring Gulls, but it attracted my attention the moment it came within the field of my glass.

Of course in a way the identification of this bird is open to some doubt; inasmuch as it is not certain that we are as yet able to discriminate exactly between the young of S. recurvirostris and S. marinus, or, to be more definite, that many of our young all over New England that specimens which have been referred to the former may not really belong to the latter species. This, however, cannot for the present remain an open question.
The birds comprising this great flock spent a large part of their time this morning either in floating idly on the surface or in washing or preening themselves. At times fully half of the total number were simultaneously engaged in the latter occupation. They would first thrust their heads and necks beneath the surface and raise them suddenly and a quantity of water over their backs as they form themselves beating the surface with their wings. After refreshing this twice or thrice they would shake themselves to throw off their water and then begin passing their feathers through their bills. It was a pretty sight to see so many of these great white birds thus decked with the snow thrown up by their powerful wings floating in the sunshine.

The only difficulty that I had in counting them was due to the fact that so many were constantly joining and leaving the flock. Dozens would come together coming from both the south and east, flying at a great height while over the land but on reaching the point shooting down on a long incline with the wings and at a rate of speed that I do not remember to have ever been equalled before by any birds of this species. They were immensely swift for to keep a body of birds but very few and then they would raise them with lightning cleanliness making the air vibrate with it for a few moments.

I did not see any of them flying about in large flocks but the burning birds were continually skimming the water and, I think, feeding to some extent on small floating objects.
Cambridge, Massachusetts.

1897.
Dec. 11

The Ducks were scarcely less interesting for although
there were only eight of them they represented no
less than three different Species; Mr. Gros Ottenis,
Mr. Grocher, and Mr. Matthis continued.

There were five Black Ducks and one Mallard; the
latter, a $\gamma$, looked much lighter and browner than
the Black Ducks, and showed the white on the
humerus clearly. These big birds kept together
and well within the outer rounds of the Gulls.
Consisting, we doubt, of their absolute security which
surrounded by the alert, many Gulls, the Ducks spent
most of their time sleeping with their heads buried
in the feathers (eapillars) of their backs rising and
dropping on the waves and floating before the wind, like
as many pieces of floating bazz fo wood, unless,
they might have been easily mistaken. But very
soon and then they would raise their heads, come
in together, and swim back to the point whence
they had drifted.

The Seal was a pair of, at least, $\exists \exists$. The male was
immature, lacking the curious markings on the sides of the face
and having the chestnut of the head somewhat discolored by
grayish mottingling but with the creamy buff patch on the
upper tail coats fully developed. For the first half-hour
these birds kept apart from the other water fowl swimming
rapidly to right and left of persons or beside and frequently
raising their bodies out of water and floating them up to
the maximum of most Ducks; they finally approached and
joined the Black Ducks & Mallard.
Concord, Massachusetts.


To Concord this morning by the nine o'clock train. Sailed down to Westfield in the open car. Position below. In the afternoon there was a heavy rain two days ago and the water to-day was all over the roads—virtually up to the knee. Young patch, in fact. Several persons were out in boats, fishing, muskratting, with slight success. Several, in fact, five miles were found. The muskrats do not thrust themselves readily to water during the summer, except as is the case in spring, the dens lying in the season, being too much to tempt them.

Birds were unusually scarce to-day. Almost the only ones that interested me were a flock of snows, fully fifty in number, in a field near the Kelley's. They must have been migrants which had stopped to feed for a little while.

Cat told me of seeing two flocks of geese, eighty, passing our Ball's Hill, one of 40 birds on the 11th; the return of 31 birds on the 13th. The keeper has seen Robins almost daily, two this morning.
1897.
Dec. 13

Cloudy, warm with almost no wind.

To Fresh Pond this morning at about the
usual time. There were eight Black Ducks and twelve
Herring Gulls floating on the water off the point of
the Farm.

14

Cloudy, with strong, chilly, N. E. wind.

Visited the Pond at 8:30 a.m. Counted eighty-four
Herring Gulls and five Black Ducks sitting on the water
off the point of the Farm. As I was leaving a large
flock of Gulls arrived and I could see others coming
in the distance.

17

Clear and cold with N. W. wind.

The only water-fowl in Fresh Pond this morning
were Herring Gulls.

18

Clear and cold with strong N. W. wind.

Visited the Pond this morning but found only
two Gulls there. The Ducks seem to have ceased coming
altogether although the water is as free from ice as it
was in October.

(This was my last visit this month. The 19th was
very cold and the weather after this cold on Friday
most of the time. I saw no Gulls flying over on
Monday after the 19th.)